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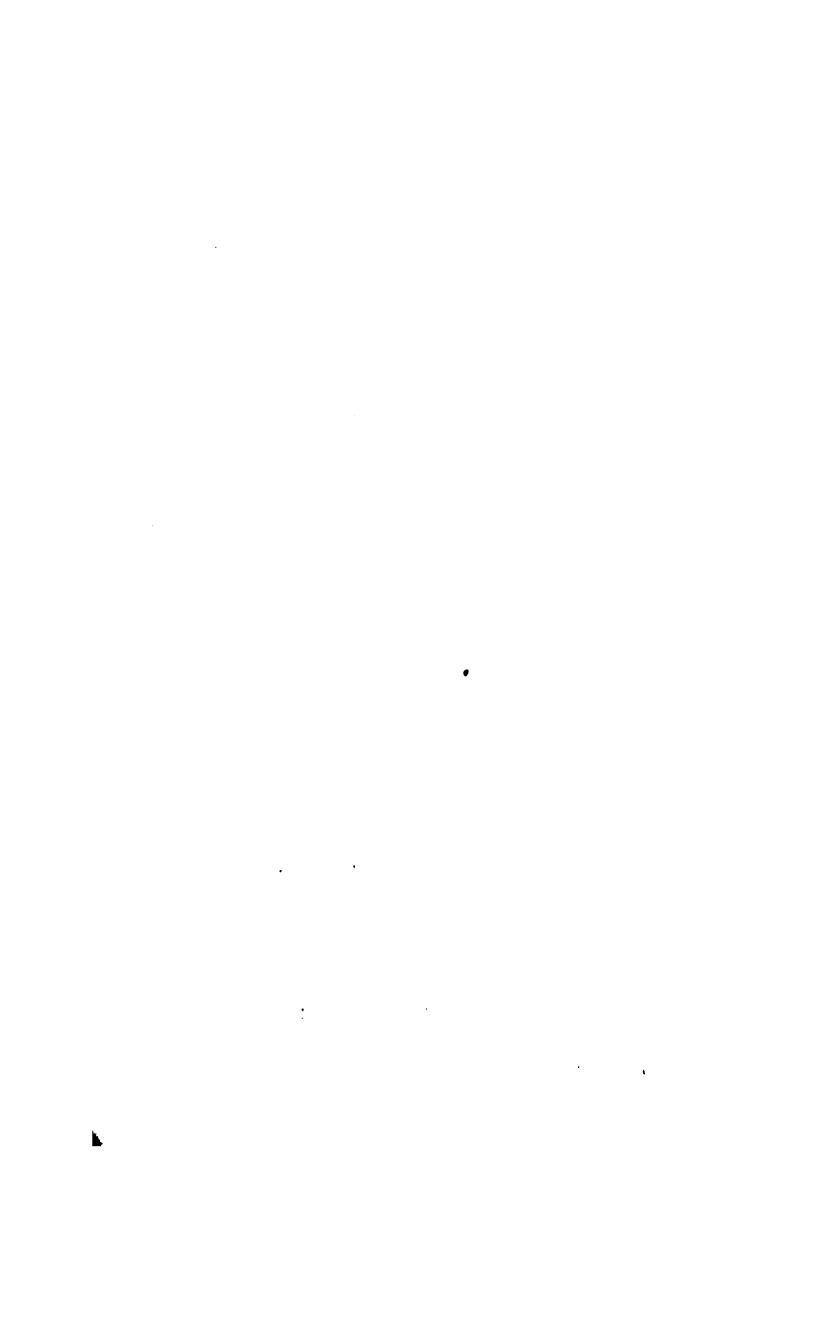
FRONTISPIECE.

THE BOY'S
SECOND HELP TO READING.



CHATTERTON'S STUDY.

LONDON:
GEO. ROUTLEDGE & CO., FARRINGDON STREET.
1854.



THE
BOY'S SECOND HELP
TO
READING:

A SELECTION
OF
CHOICE PASSAGES FROM ENGLISH AUTHORS, ADAPTED
FOR MORE ADVANCED PUPILS.

BY THE
REV. T. A. BUCKLEY, M.A., F.S.A.

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PREFACE.

IN publishing a *series* of volumes intended for the instruction of youth, it is difficult to avoid repetition in writing the prefaces to each. I will, however, attempt to point out the peculiar characteristics of the present volume, and its relation to the three by which it is accompanied.

My reasons for avoiding the stiff classification of articles by which Enfield's "Speaker" was distinguished, were these. Firstly, there was a temptation held out to read only such pieces as were sufficiently horrible, sentimental, or otherwise, as the head-line might suggest. Secondly, there was as much inconsistency in style as there was affectation of consistency in arrangement. These two evils were only to be met by the system which Mr. Charles Knight (to whose honoured name in literature I gladly acknowledge the idea of the present plan) has so successfully pursued in his "Half Hours." To enjoy the thoughts of a variety of writers—to study the interpretation of those thoughts in the wondrous varieties of our language—to meet with a perpetual contrast—in which the manly vigour or the courtly smoothness of prose is illumined and refined by the fiery heroism or the graceful softness of poesy—such, to my own feeling, has ever been the grand object of a book which should teach, not only to read, but to think.

But a more serious objection, which clung to old works of a similar character, will be found removed in the present one. Not only were the extracts at times ill chosen, but words and phrases, unfit for the ears of youth, were suffered to remain in passages where their presence or absence was a matter of perfect indifference, and where the moral beauty of the author's meaning was impaired by his yielding to the coarseness which the refinement of English society has long since excluded from the language of ordinary life.

Passages of various writers, in which the most sacred things were held, so to say, in a solution of doubt or ridicule, have been carefully excluded from this, as from its companion volumes; while, it is hoped, a rich store of the real gems of English literature will be found collected together, forming a treasury whence the reader may at once derive information alike profitable to his life as a student and a Christian.

If my readers complain that they do not find certain favourite passages included in this volume, I must remind them of two things; firstly, that space, although a relative term according to the axiom of Sir Isaac Newton, becomes a terribly definite one in the compilation of a book; and, secondly, that many of the favourite "pieces" for reading or recitation, will probably be found in the other "Helps to Reading."

The printing and general style of the volume will, I think, leave no reason to complain of want of spirit on the part of the publishers, while the illustrations may certainly challenge comparison both as to number and quality, with those of any work ever put forward at a similar price. The names of Harvey, Gilbert, Birket Foster, Weir, McConnell, and others, in conjunction with those of the brothers Dalziel, as engravers, are sufficient to settle the question of comparison between the present work and any of those from which we first became acquainted with "Hamlet and Ghost," or "Grongar Hill."

The brief biographical outlines are intended merely to give an idea of the *date* of the writer's existence, and thereby serve as a sort of index to the character of his style. The notes, though necessarily brief, will, I trust, remove such difficulties as generally distress the young reader, without obtruding on him that mass of over-annotation which is so prevalent in the present day, and which, without rendering the student a whit more independent of the teacher, prevents him thinking for himself. Teasing a young mind with the minute elaborations of mere verbal details too frequently impairs its perception of the whole.

With the sincere hope that this, and its fellow volumes may contribute some humble share to the all-pervading movement in favour of education—that they may contribute to elevate and inspire some taste for diving "deeper and deeper still" into the great works of the men which these brief extracts so feebly represent, I take farewell of my readers. The labour of their compilation has been greater than might at first appear; but should they make but a few of the young prefer the book to the play-ground—should they lead some poor boy (whose means have been scant, whose temptations have been many)—should they lead some young soul from the despair of ignorance to the hope and inspiration of that knowledge which alike becomes the man and the Christian, my end will have been fully answered; and I shall venture to hope that a Press and Public (to whose verdict I have so often, and so satisfactorily, appealed), will recognise these efforts to make good reading cheap, and to combine the power of the artist and the author for the instruction of our English youth, and the wholesome entertainment of our English fireside.

THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY.

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THE
BOY'S SECOND HELP TO READING.

*Sir Robert Peel's Address to the Students of the
Glasgow University.*

THIS discourse was delivered on the 13th November, 1837, when Sir Robert occupied the office of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. The melancholy death of this "Nestor of politics," and invaluable man, is too recent an event to render a biographical sketch of his career necessary; but the beautiful remarks here laid before the reader carry us back to the days of his early successes at Christ Church, Oxford. Sir Robert Peel, as having himself achieved the highest honours the University could confer, both in classical literature and mathematics, has left behind him a name to be revered, and an example to be imitated, by every reader of these volumes. For the sake of clearness his observations have been here arranged under different heads.

I should not be acting in conformity with the established usage of the University, I should still less be acting in unison with my own feelings, if I did not on this occasion address myself immediately to those who are pursuing their studies within these walls. Yes, let me, who have not survived my sympathies with the feelings and aspirations of academic youth, who have drunk from the same pure spring from which you are allaying the thirst for knowledge, who have felt the glow of your emulation, and have panted, like you, for academic distinction—let me, after being engaged in the active scenes of public life, and buffeted by the storms and contentions of party,—let me bring the living testimony of practical experience to confirm the truth of those precepts, to enforce those exhortations which you hear from the higher authority of the distinguished men of whom your instruction is the immediate and peculiar province. Let me assure you, with all the earnestness of the deepest conviction, founded on the opportunities of observation which public life and intercourse

with the world have afforded, that your success, your eminence, your happiness, are much more independent of the accidents and caprices of fortune, infinitely more within your own control, than they appear to be to superficial observers. There lies before you a boundless field of exertion. Whatever be your pursuit, whatever be the profession which you may choose, the avenues to honourable fame are widely open to you, or, at least, are obstructed by no barriers of which you may not command the key. Does the study of theology engage your attention? Is the office of the sacred ministry to be your destination? To what nobler aim can you dedicate your faculties and acquirements than to vindicate the great principles of our common faith, to defend them from the assaults of infidelity, to establish them on the only foundation on which the spirit of free inquiry will allow them to rest—the authority of Scriptural truth? But be not content with mediocrity. Aspire to that eminence which has been attained by the great preachers of other ages, the honoured champions of the Protestant religion. Why should you despair of attaining it? Bring to your sacred functions the spirit by which they were animated, treasure up the same stores of professional learning, make them available by the command of the same simplicity of style and energy of expression; above all, enforce the precepts you inculcate by that highest argument, the pure example of your own lives, and despair not of exercising a moral influence like that which they exercised, and founding a reputation lasting as theirs. In the commanding authority of your station—in the frequent opportunities for the public exertion of your powers—in the eagerness with which men will listen to truths that concern their eternal interests, if they be but enforced (and they too frequently are not) with the same measure of earnestness, of ability, and of eloquence, with which their worldly interests are defended,—in these things you will find all that can satisfy the highest ambition for honourable fame. Is science your pursuit? “The great ocean of truth,” to quote the expression of Newton, “the great ocean of truth” lies expanded before you. “I do not know,” said he, at the close of his illustrious career, “what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, finding sometimes a brighter pebble or a smoother shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.” Each subsequent advance in science has served, not to contract the field of inquiry, but to extend it on every side. It has served, like the telescope, to make us familiar with objects before imperfectly comprehended; but, at the same time, by the obscure vision of things unknown, of relations and dependencies of which we had no conception, it has shown us the comparative nothingness of human knowledge. Are you destined for the legal profession? or are you ambitious of distinction in the public service of your country? Surely the recent competition for this office, which now entitles me to address you, *is pregnant with signal proof that whatever be the place of your*

nativity, whatever be the accidents of your birth, the highest distinctions are accessible to all, and that no national jealousies remain to obstruct your advancement, or to envy you the possession of them when obtained.

Cultivation of the Mind.

Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of your apprehension, the strengthening of your memory, the forming of a sound, rapid, and discriminating judgment, are of even more importance than the store of learning. If you will consider these faculties as the gifts of nature, by far the first in value,—if you will be persuaded, as you ought to be, that they are capable of constant, progressive, and, therefore, almost indefinite improvement,—that by arts similar to those by which magic feats of dexterity and bodily strength are performed, a capacity for the nobler feats of the mind may be acquired,—the first, the especial object of your youth, will be to establish that control over your own minds, and your own habits, that shall insure the proper cultivation of this precious inheritance. Try, even for a short period, the experiment of exercising such control. If, in the course of your study, you meet with a difficulty, resolve on overcoming it; if you cannot, by your own unaided efforts, be not ashamed to admit your inability, and seek for assistance. Practise the economy of time; consider time, like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate,—that every moment of it well applied is put out to an exorbitant interest. I do not say, devote yourselves to unremitting labour, and forego all amusement; but I do say, that the zest of amusement itself, as well as the successful result of application, depend in a great measure upon the economy of time. When you have lived half a century, you will have seen many instances in which he who finds time for everything,—for punctuality in all the relations of life, for the pleasures of society, for the cultivation of literature, for every rational amusement,—is the same man who is the most assiduous and the most successful in the active pursuits of his profession. Estimate also, properly, the force of habit. Exercise a constant, an unremitting vigilance over the acquirement of habit, in matters that are apparently of entire indifference, that perhaps are really so, independent of the habits they engender. It is by the neglect of such trifles that bad habits are acquired, and that the mind, by tolerating negligence and procrastination in matters of small account, but frequent recurrence,—matters of which the world takes no notice,—becomes accustomed to the same defects in matters of higher importance. If you will make the experiment of which I have spoken; if, for a given time, you will resolve that there shall be a complete understanding of everything you read, or the honest admission that you do not understand it; that there shall be a strict regard to the distribution of time; that there shall be a constant struggle against the bondage of bad habits; a constant effort, which can only be made

from within, to master the mind, to subject its various processes to healthful action,—the early fruits of this experiment, the feeling of self-satisfaction, the consciousness of growing strength, the force of good habit, will be inducements to its continuance more powerful than any exhortations. These are the arts, this is the patient and laborious process, by which, in all times and in all professions, the foundations of excellence and of fame have been laid. Is it possible to consult the works of any man of real eminence, who has left a record of the discipline by which his own mind was trained, without finding abundant proofs that it was not by trusting to the inspirations of genius, but by constant perseverance, and vigilance, and care, that success was obtained? Take as an eminent example of this, the account which Cicero gives of his own early education. Mark the intentness on one object—mark how every occupation, amusement, foreign travel, society, the conversation of the lightest hour, all were made ancillary* to the one great purpose of improving the mind, and fitting it for the high functions to which its faculties were to be applied. Speaking of himself, he says:—“During this whole time I have been engaged night and day in meditating upon every class of study. . . . So given was I to this great teacher, Diodotus, and to his many and various pursuits, than no day passed without the practice of exercise in oratory. . . . Both friends and physicians exhorted me to give up pleading, but I thought it preferable to run any risk, rather than lose the glory I hoped to attain as a speaker.” Observe, I beseech you, when the same great man was engaged in foreign travel, how different were his occupations from those of many who trust to the inspiration of genius, and who complain of the want of success without having resorted to any one of the means by which success is to be attained! Again he says: “When I reached Athens, I spent six months with Antiochus, a most noble and experienced philosopher of the old school, and, under this first-rate author and teacher, I again renewed that study of philosophy which had never been intermitted, which had been cultivated from my earliest youth, and had ever been on the increase. . . . After this, I travelled throughout Asia, accompanied by some first-class orators, with whom, by their own consent, I assiduously practised. Not content with this, I came to Rhodes, and again studied under Molo, whose pupil I had been at Rome. . . . I may seem to have said too much about myself; but the purport of my whole discourse is, not that you should marvel at my wit and eloquence, in which I am far deficient, but at my toil and industry.” When such records of perseverance in study and in mental discipline are presented to us, they abate, in some degree, our wonder at the accomplishments and acquirements which were the legitimate results.

* Subservient, from *ancilla*, a female slave.

How to Grapple with and overcome Difficulties.

I have said that the field for exertion is boundless ; I have said the avenues to distinction are free ; and that it is within your power to command an entrance to them. I repeat, with the earnestness of the deepest conviction, that there is a presumption, amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent, in whatever profession you may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, you will, if health and strength be given to you, infallibly succeed. Yes, even if what is called genius shall have been denied to you, you have faculties of the mind, which may be so improved by constant exercise and vigilance, that they shall supply the place of genius, and open to you brighter prospects of ultimate success than genius, unaided by the same discipline, can hope to attain. There may be—there are, no doubt—original differences in different persons, in the depth and in the quality of the intellectual mine ; but, in all ordinary cases, the practical success of the working of that mine depends, in by far the greatest degree, upon the care, the labour, the perfection of the machinery which is applied to it. Do I say that you can command success without difficulty ? No ; difficulty is the condition of success. " Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. *Pater ipse colendi haud facilem esse viam voluit.** He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial." These are the memorable words of the first of philosophic statesmen, of the greatest orator of modern ages, at least if it were allowed to judge of oratory by the compositions it has bequeathed to posterity, without reference to the aid it has derived from the authoritative position or the physical qualifications of the speaker. They are words which, if this office hath authority in your eyes, should have especial weight with you ; for their illustrious author, Mr. Burke, from this place,† and on an occasion similar to the present, might have exhorted the youth of this university by the example of his own life, as well as by the eloquence of his precepts, to seek the antagonist which is also our helper. Enter, then, into the amicable conflict with difficulty. Whenever you encounter it, turn not aside ; say not, " there is a lion in the path ;" resolve upon mastering it, and every successive triumph will inspire you with that confidence in yourselves, that habit of victory, that will make future conquests easy.

* " The father [Jove] did not wish the task of cultivation to be an easy one."
—VIRGIL.

† Mr. Burke had been Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

Classical Knowledge.

The name, the authority, the example of Cicero, conduct me naturally to a topic which I should be unwilling to pass in silence—I allude to the immense importance to all who aspire to conspicuous stations in any department of public or learned professional life—the immense importance of classical acquirements, of imbuing your minds with a knowledge of the pure models of antiquity, and a taste for their constant study and cultivation. Do not disregard this admonition, from the impression that it proceeds from the natural prejudice in favour of classical learning, which education at an English University may have unconsciously instilled, or that it is offered presumptuously by one who is ignorant of that description of knowledge which is best adapted to the habits and occupations of society in Scotland. Oh, let us take higher and more extensive views! Feel assured that a wider horizon than that of Scotland is opening upon you—that you are the candidates starting with equal advantage for every prize of profit or distinction which the wide circle of an empire extended through every quarter of the globe can include. Bear in mind, too, that every improvement in the means of communication between distant parts of that empire is pointing out a new avenue to fame, particularly to those who are remote from the seat of Government. This is not the place where injustice should be done to that mighty discovery, which is effecting a daily change in the pre-existing relations of society. It is not within the college of Glasgow that a false and injurious estimate should be made of the results of the speculations of Black, and of the inventive genius of Watt. The steam-engine and the railroad are not merely facilitating the transport of merchandize,—they are not merely shortening the duration of journeys, or administering to the supply of physical wants,—they are speeding the intercourse between mind and mind—they are creating new demands for knowledge—they are fertilizing the intellectual as well as the material waste—they are removing the impediments which obscurity, or remoteness, or poverty may have heretofore opposed to the emerging of real merit. They are supplying you, in the mere facility of locomotion, with a new motive for classical study. They are enabling you with comparative ease to enjoy that pure and refined pleasure which makes the past predominate over the present, when we stand upon the spots where the illustrious deeds of ancient times have been performed, and meditate on monuments that are associated with names and actions that can never perish. They are offering to your lips the intoxicating draught that is described with such noble enthusiasm by Gibbon. “At the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye, and

several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool or minute investigation." I need not recall to your recollection the earnest and eloquent exhortations to the study of ancient, and particularly of Attic, composition, which have been delivered from this seat. I need not remind you of the manifold facilities which that study affords you towards the comprehension of the structure of modern languages, and towards the formation of style on the purest models; nor need I tell you how indispensable it is to the understanding of a thousand allusions to the usages and expressions and annals of classical antiquity, which are scattered with happy prodigality through some of the finest of modern compositions—allusions that have a "voice to the wise"*—that are intelligible to those, but to those alone, who have been initiated in these delightful mysteries. Let me, however, attempt to bring from the examples of public life a practical confirmation of the truth of these maxims, and the wisdom of these exhortations. I ask you simply to pass in succession the names of those who have stood most conspicuous in the great arena of public competition, and to remark the proportion borne to the total number by those who have been eminent for classical acquirements. I purposely exclude the remoter periods of our history, pregnant as they are with examples in favour of the position I maintain; because, when education was in a great degree confined to classical learning, the possession of it would almost necessarily accompany other superior qualifications for high public trusts. But take recent periods of our history—take the most recent preceding our own, when the means of acquiring various knowledge have been so extensive, that there is the opportunity for fair comparison between the several attainments which may have assisted the competitor for public honours. What are the chief names (I am speaking of public life) that have floated down and are likely to remain buoyant on the stream of time? Of the whole number, how large is the proportion of men eminent for classical acquirements and classical tastes! In the judicial station there are Lord Mansfield, Lord Stowell, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Tenterden. In political life, Lord North, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Lord Grenville, Mr. Windham, Mr. Canning—all pre-eminent for classical attainments. This, at least, is demonstrated, that the time devoted by them to classical studies had not obstructed their elevation. But surely there is a very strong presumption, from the proportion which they bear to the total number of distinguished men of their time, that classical learning, and the accomplishments derived from the study of it, must have given them great advantages in the competition for distinction. No doubt high, perhaps equal, eminence has been obtained in some few instances by men who have not cultivated, or who at least have not been remarkable for, classical acquirements; but is there not strong reason to believe that, in their case, success

* A proverb applied to words used in the ancient mysteries, and could only be understood by the initiated.

would have been more easy and more complete, had such acquirements been superadded to their other qualifications? Do not, however, contemplate the men whom I have named merely amid the excitement of political or forensic contention; do not consider their classical knowledge merely as a useful instrument for the improvement of their style, and for gilding with the charms of happy illusion or learned illustration, the public displays of their eloquence. Follow them into the retirement of private life, witness the refined taste with which classical studies have inspired them, and learn to estimate the compensation they have offered for the loss of power, or for the interruption of active employment. Take as examples the men the most prominent in recent political history, the great rivals, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. In the case of each you have the most unexceptionable evidence as to the pursuits and studies in which they found relaxation and amusement, whenever the contentions and occupations of public life were intermitted. Lord Holland thus speaks of Mr. Fox in the preface to the "History of the Reign of James II."—"During his retirement, the love of literature and fondness for poetry, which neither pleasure nor business had ever extinguished, revived with an ardour such as few, in the eagerness of youth, or in the pursuit of fame or advantage, are capable of feeling. Hence it was, that in the interval between his active attendance in Parliament and the undertaking of his history, he never felt the tedium of a vacant day. It was more difficult to fortify himself against the seductions of his own inclination, which was continually drawing him off from historical researches to critical inquiries, to the study of the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry. Abundant proof exists of the effect of these interruptions, both on his labours and on his mind. His letters are filled with complaints of such as arose from politics, while he speaks with delight and complacency of whole days devoted to Euripides and Virgil." Still more recent testimony has been borne to the acquirements, the tastes, the studies of Mr. Pitt, by one who, combining the character of a statesman with the highest acquirements of a scholar, is an authority inferior to none, as to the importance and value of classical accomplishments.

In a letter of the Marquis Wellesley, which has been made public within a few weeks, he says of Mr. Pitt:—"He was perfectly accomplished in classical literature, both Latin and Greek. The accuracy and strength of his memory surpassed every example which I have observed; but the intrinsic vigour of his understanding carried him far beyond the mere recollection of the great models of antiquity in oratory, poetry, history, and philosophy; he had drawn their essence into his own thoughts and language, and with astonishing facility he applied the whole spirit of ancient learning to his daily use. Those studies were his constant delight and resort. At Holwood, in Kent, and at Walmer Castle, his apartments were strewed with Latin and Greek classics; and his conversation with those friends who delighted in similar studies, frequently turned on that most attractive branch of learning. In

these pursuits, his constant and congenial companion was Lord Grenville, who has often declared to me that Mr. Pitt was the best Greek scholar he ever conversed with. I have dwelt on this branch of Mr. Pitt's accomplishments, because I know not any source from which more salutary assistance can be derived, to chase from the spirits those clouds and vapours which infest vacant minds, and, by self-weariness, render retirement melancholy and intolerable." How striking is the contrast between the retirement of these men and that of others, scarcely less eminent in public life, who had not congenial tastes for literary and classical studies. "Though he had not forgotten his classical attainments," says the biographer of Walpole, "he had little taste for literary occupations. He once expressed his regret on this subject to a friend who was reading in the library at Houghton. 'I wish,' he said, 'that I took as much delight in reading as you do; it would be the means of alleviating many tedious hours in my present retirement; but, to my misfortune, I derive no pleasure from such pursuits.'" Surely these testimonies and these contrasts are pregnant with lessons of instruction. Surely they encourage us to acquire those habits, and cultivate those studies, which, at the same time that they are the highest solace and the most grateful relaxation from the cares of business and the world, are furnishing to him who takes delight in them, new capacity for intellectual exertion, new stores of precious knowledge. "Dost thou believe," said the kindred spirit of antiquity—"dost thou think that, amidst such a variety of circumstances, aught can supply us with matter for conversation, unless we cultivate our minds; or that our minds can bear such a constant stretch, unless we relax them by the pursuit of learning?" Noble relaxation! which, while it unbends, invigorates the mind—while it is relieving and refreshing it from the exhaustion of present contention, is bracing and fortifying it for that which is to come.

Education based on Christian Knowledge.

Hitherto I have referred exclusively to the considerations of worldly advantage and worldly fame, as encouragements to early and continued exertion. We have seen how powerful they were in animating the ambitious spirit of the Roman orator. And yet not one of the motives by which he was stimulated is wanting to you. His field for competition was not more ample, his reward of success was not more splendid. You have a country as much endeared to you by proud recollections—you have institutions, civil and religious, standing in equal need of your solicitude, and infinitely more worthy of your defence. But for you there are incitements to labour, to zeal in the cause of knowledge and of virtue, infinitely beyond any which could have animated the exertions of Cicero. The love of praise, the hope of posthumous glory, were with him the chief springs of action—the great, the only reward of anxiety and labour. "Virtue," says he, "requires no

other reward of its toils or risks, beyond this sole one of praise and glory; and this being removed, what is there, judges, what motive is there in this small and brief career of life, why we should give way to toils so great and so oppressing?" You can give an answer to that appeal, which he could not anticipate. To you there will remain encouragements to exertion—compensations for toil and danger—should the hope of worldly praise and glory be obscured. You have the express command of God to improve the faculties which distinguish you from the beasts that perish. You have the awful knowledge, that of the use or neglect of those faculties a solemn account must be rendered. You have the assurance of an immortality far different from that of worldly fame. By every motive which can influence a reflecting and responsible being—"a being of a large discourse, looking before and after"—by the memory of the distinguished men who have shed a lustre on these walls—by regard for your own success and happiness in this life—by the fear of future discredit—by the hope of lasting fame—by all these considerations do I conjure you, while you have yet time, while your minds are yet flexible, to form them on models which approach the nearest to perfection. *Sursum corda!** By motives yet more urgent—by higher and purer aspirations—by the duty of obedience to the will of God—by the awful account you will have to render, not merely of moral actions, but of faculties entrusted to you for improvement—by these high arguments do I conjure you, so "to number your days, that you may apply your hearts unto wisdom"—unto that wisdom which, directing your ambition to the noble end of benefiting mankind, and teaching you humble reliance on the merits and on the mercy of your Redeemer, may support you "in the time of your tribulation," may admonish you "in the time of your wealth," and "in the hour of death and in the day of judgment" may comfort you with the hope of deliverance.

The Youth and the Philosopher.

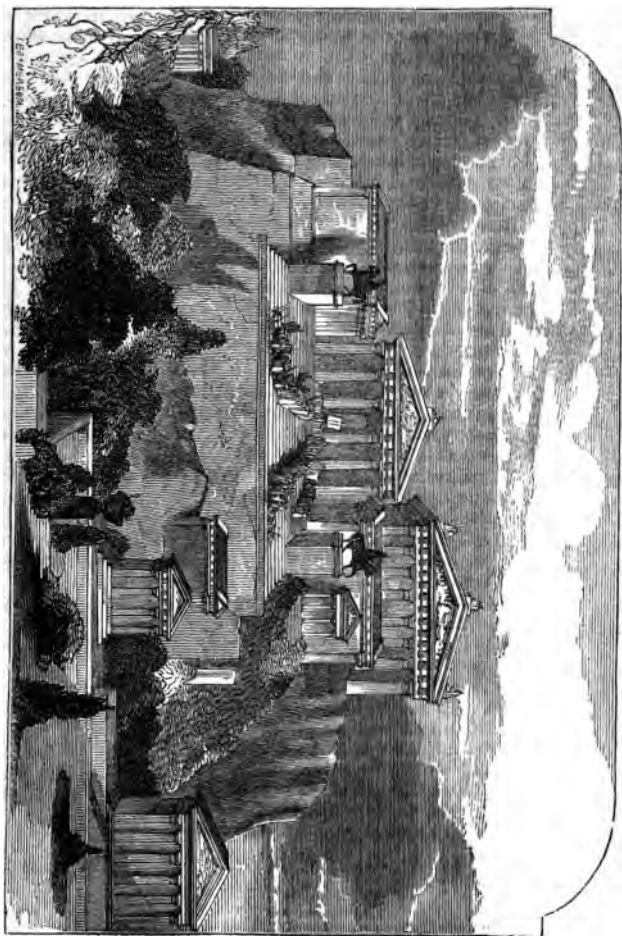
WHITEHEAD.

BORN 1715, died 1785. Originally the son of a baker, he rose to high distinction at Cambridge, and eventually became Poet-laureate, after the office had been refused by Gray.

A Grecian youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for Virtue's nobler view,
By precepts and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;

* Let your hearts be above!

VIEW OF ATHENS, THE UNIVERSITY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.



And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do ;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd its fright ;
The wood-nymphs started at the sight ;
The muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire.

Howe'er the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car :
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring ;
And gath'ring crowds with eager eyes
And shouts pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd ;
And now along th' indented plain,
The selfsame track he marks again,
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seized the circling crowd ;
The youth with emulation glow'd ;
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gazed with joy ;
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field.
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flushed with hope, had caught his eye,
" Alas ! unhappy youth," he cried,
" Expect no praise from me," and sigh'd :
" With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away ;
The time profusely squander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expense,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And raised thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men, and guide the state."

Death of Pliny the Elder.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

BORN A.D. 23, perished A.D. 79. He is renowned as the author of a voluminous and interesting, though often inaccurate, work on Natural History. This epistle is from a collection of letters by his nephew, Pliny the Younger, the intimate friend and correspondent of the Emperor Trajan.

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works, yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternalize his name. Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands, and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum.* On the 23rd of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study: he immediately rose, and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to a pine-tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more

* A promontory of Sicily, so called from Misenus, a faithful companion of Æneas.

or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies, for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic, turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina but several others, for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and, the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for, being pretty fat and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now

almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum— But as this has no connexion with your history, so your inquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that, therefore, I will put an end to my letter: suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eyewitness of myself or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is great difference between what is proper for a letter and a history, between writing to a friend and writing to the public.—Farewell.

Eva and Topsy:

MRS. HARRIETT BEECHER STOW.

THIS world-known authoress needs no panegyric from our pen. Her success, both as an advocate of humanity, and as a witty and pointed writer of fiction, must be known to every reader of these volumes.



"O Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder, "I love you, because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

Scene from the *Prometheus Chained*.*

ÆSCHYLUS.

ÆSCHYLUS, son of Euphorion, was born at Eleusis, B.C. 525. He is said to have written from seventy to ninety dramas, and is universally renowned as the most sublime poet of antiquity, after Homer.

CHORUS.

Speak now, and let us know the whole offence
 Jove charges thee withal; for which he seized,
 And with dishonour and dire insult loads thee.
 Unfold the tale; unless, perhaps, such sorrow
 Irks thee to tell.

PROMETHEUS.

To tell or not to tell

Irks me the same; which way I turn is pain.
 When first the gods their fatal strife began,
 And insurrection raged in Heaven—some striving
 To cast old Kronos † from his hoary throne,
 That Jove might reign, and others to crush i' the bud
 His swelling mastery—I wise counsel gave
 To the Titans, sons of primal Heaven and Earth;
 But gave in vain. Their dauntless stubborn souls
 Spurned gentle ways, and patient-working wiles,
 Weening swift triumph with a blow. But me,
 My mother Themis, not once but oft, and Earth
 (One shape of various names), prophetic told
 That violence and rude strength in such a strife
 Were vain—craft haply might prevail. This lesson
 I taught the haughty Titans, but they deigned,
 Scarce with contempt, to hear my prudent words.
 Thus baffled in my plans, I deemed it best,
 As things then were, leagued with my mother Themis,
 To accept Jove's proffered friendship. By my counsels
 From his primeval throne was Kronos hurled
 Into the pit Tartarean, dark, profound,

* Prometheus, the son of Iapetus and Clymene, incurred the wrath of Zeus (Jupiter), by his conduct in teaching men the various arts of life, especially the use of fire. For this he was doomed to be chained in a ravine on Mount Caucasus, and, some say, with a vulture perpetually gnawing his liver (see "Classical Dictionary.") The chorus in the present play (the noblest poem of Æschylus extant) are condoling with Prometheus on his sufferings, and he relates the manner in which he had served Zeus, and the ingratitude with which he had been treated. The translation is from the spirited pen of Mr. Blackie.

† Saturn. It must not, however, be supposed that the Greek deities were precisely the same with the Latin ones, whose names are usually given as equivalents. In fact, the two mythologies are entirely distinct.

With all his troop of friends. Such was the kindness
 From me received by him who now doth hold
 The masterdom of Heaven; these the rewards
 Of my great zeal: for so it hath been ever.
 Suspicion's a disease that cleaves to tyrants,
 And they who love most are the first suspected.
 As for your question, for what present fault
 I bear the wrong that now afflicts me, hear.
 Soon as he sat on his ancestral throne
 He called the gods together, and assigned
 To each his fair allotment, and his sphere
 Of sway supreme; but, ah! for wretched man!
 To him nor part nor portion fell: Jove vowed
 To blot his memory from the earth, and mould
 The race anew. I only of the gods
 Thwarted his will; and but for my strong aid,
 Hades had whelmed, and hopeless ruin swamped
 All men that breathe. Such were my crimes; these pains
 Grievous to suffer, pitiful to behold,
 Were purchased thus; and mercy's now denied
 To him whose crime was mercy to mankind:
 And here I lie, in cunning torment stretched,
 A spectacle inglorious to Jove.

CHORUS.

An iron-heart were his, and flinty hard,
 Who on thy woes could look without a tear,
 Prometheus; I had liefer not so seen thee,
 And seeing thee, fain would call mine eyesight liar.

PROMETHEUS.

Certes no sight am I for friends to look on.

CHORUS.

Was this thy sole offence?

PROMOTHEUS.

I taught weak mortals
 Not to foresee harm, and forestall the Fates.

CHORUS.

A sore disease to anticipate mischance:
 How didst thou cure it?

PROMETHEUS.

Blind hopes of good I planted
 In their dark breasts.

CHORUS.

That was a boon, indeed,
 To ephemeral man.

PROMETHEUS.

Nay more, I gave them fire.

CHORUS.

And flame-faced fire is now enjoyed by mortals

PROMETHEUS.

Enjoyed, and of all acts the destined mother.

CHORUS.

And is this all the roll of thy offendings
That he should rage so fierce? Hath he not set
Bounds to his vengeance?

PROMETHEUS.

None, but his own pleasure.

CHORUS.

And when shall he please? Vain the hope; thou see'st
That thou hast erred; and that thou hast to us
No pleasure brings, to thee excess of pain.
Of this enough. Seek now to cure the evil.

PROMETHEUS.

'Tis a light thing for him whose foot's unwarped
By misadventure's meshes to advise
And counsel the unfortunate. But I
Foreknew my fate, and if I erred, I erred
With conscious purpose, purchasing man's weal
With mine own grief. I knew I should offend
The Thunderer, though deeming, not that he
Would perch me thus to pine 'twixt earth and sky,
Of this wild wintry waste sole habitant.

The Christening of Martinus Scriblerus.*

ABBUTHNOT.

JOHN ABBUTHNOT was born near Montrose, in 1865, embraced the medical profession, and became the intimate friend of Pope and Swift, forming with them a triumvirate, whose united wit was devoted to satirizing the frequent abuse of human learning, and the absurdities consequent thereon. He died in 1735, after leading a life as renowned for its integrity and benevolence, as for its intellectual superiority.

The day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeable to his character; that is to say, not without

* This story, like the whole work from whence it is taken, is intended to ridicule the pedantry and passion for useless knowledge, which resulted from too great a study of the ancients, and of the abstruse sciences, rather than of such matters as are conversant with common life.

some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of an ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle Hercules was a shield: and being possessed of an antique buckler which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to ha the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into th study, to be shown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield had caused him formerly t compile a dissertation concerning it, proving from the several pro perties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to enter-tain his guests, though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust), and entrusted it to his housemaid, with orders that, when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium,* and the manner of Decubitus, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:—

“This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomist examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but, above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate) expense of all the plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insuperus!”

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child: he took it in his arms and proceeded:—

“Behold then my child, but first behold the shield, behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious serugo; behold this beautiful varnish of time, this venerable verdure of so many ages!” In speaking these words he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till, on sight of the whole, the tremor became universal, the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, “O God! my shield, my shield!”

* The *triclinium* here means the arrangement of three couches round the dining tables of the ancients; the *decubitus* refers to their habit of reclining, instead of sitting, while at their meals.

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as her hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the doctor in a trance; Hungary-water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him, when, opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the housemaid. "O woman! woman!" he cried (and snatched it violently from her), "was it to thy ignorance, that this relic owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and fingers as it were of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and uncertainty went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? And this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The curious prominence of the belly of that figure, which some, taking for the cuspis of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shown to be the head of a nail. O my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, '*Non bene relicta parmula.*'"*

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt; and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty, a tight cleanly wench, I warrant her; what a stir a man makes about a bason,† that an hour ago, before her labour was bestowed upon it, a country barber would not have hung at his shop-door!" "A bason! (cried another) no such matter; 'tis nothing but a paltry old sconce, with the nozzle broken off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon, looking on the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion; and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a sconce, and no other. But this, instead of comforting threw the doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed, where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into a passion. "How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf nowadays with no other arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper, Pithocaris? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbot, showed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers; all which have

* "Shield left not well!" This is said by Horace, in reference to when he took flight from the decisive battle which established his patron Augustus as emperor of Rome.

† The reader will perhaps call to mind Don Quixote's "Mambrino's helmet," which was nothing but a barber's brazen bason.

been, as it were, tamed and humanized by ancient musicians? Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of an ancient music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian† musicians, who should teach moral virtue to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus assures us (whence Cælius calls it *loca dolentia decantare*),‡ only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober spondæus§ and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing: yet I don't believe that the pope's whole band of music, though the best of this age, could keep his holiness's image from being burnt on the fifth of November."—"Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect; nor both of them together bring Horneck|| to common civility."—"That's a gross mistake (said Cornelius very warmly); and, to prove it so, I have here a small lyra of my own, framed, strung, and tuned after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try upon the most passionate creatures alive."—"You never had a better opportunity (says Albertus), for yonder are two apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoil one another." With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ancles, a stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body. He touched his lyra with a very unusual sort of harpegiatura,¶ nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man, and of the music, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the combatants themselves. They all approached the balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily; and it was observed he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner as upon that occasion. The mob laughed,

* So we are told of Orpheus.

† The Dorian melody was said to be of a severe, staid character.

‡ To charm a sore place by singing.

§ The spondæus is a slow foot of two long syllables.

¶ All these were low resorts for bear-baiting, and such like amusements.

¶ A quick, brilliant sort of prelude.

ung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures; all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. 'Mark (quoth he) in this the power of the Ionian, in that you can see the effect of the Æolian.' But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones; Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother," said he, "do you observe I have mixed unawares too much of the Phrygian; might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers. But it is enough; learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyre in my unskilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or Terpander?" Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and it is said he behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient tibicen to calm his temper.

Hamlet and Ghost.

SHAKSPEARE.

TO write a memoir of the greatest of English poets (born at Stratford-on-Avon, 1564), is utterly beyond our limits. Equally hopeless were the task of raising the efforts of the poet who was "for all time." As regards the extract now presented, it is a noble and striking example of the terrible and pathetic poetry, and is so time-honoured in the recollection of our own childhood, that we feel persuaded no book of the present character would be thought complete without it.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, Father, Royal Dane; O answer me;
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in earth,
 Have burst their cerements? * Why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel, †
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and us fools of nature

* A cloth in which the body was wrapped, so called from being steeped in wax (*cera*).

† Olaus Magnus mentions the fact that the ancient Danish warriors used to be buried in the armour they had worn during life.

So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas! poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And, for the day, confined to fast in fire,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.* But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May fly to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Letho's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear;
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown,

* Shakspeare is guilty of an anachronism in making the Danes believe in Roman-Catholic doctrines at this early period.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, and adult'rate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
 (O wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
 Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
 But soft! methinks I scent the morning air—
 Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebona in a phial,
 And in the porches of mine ear did pour
 The leperous distilment.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin;
 No reck'ning made! but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head!

Ham. Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heav'n,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! O earth! what else?
 And shall I couple hell? oh fie! hold heart!
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe! Remember thee!
 Yea, from the tablet of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,*
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter.

* Impressions.



SPRING.

On Spring.

HORACE.

HORACE, born at Venusia, or Venusium, B.C. 65, was the chosen friend and companion of Augustus Caesar and Mæcenas. The present Ode is a pleasing specimen of the graceful lyric poetry, to which, though in many instances borrowed from the Greek, the power of Horace, as an adapter, has lent a grace and beauty never surpassed.

TO SESTIUS.

Now winter melts in vernal gales,
 And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails ;
 No more the ploughman loves his fire ;
 No more the lowing herds their stalls desire,
 While earth her richest verdure yields,
 Nor hoary frosts now whiten o'er the fields.
 Now joyous thro' the verdant meads,
 Beneath the rising moon, fair Venus leads
 Her various dance, and with her train
 Of nymphs and modest graces, treads the plain,
 While Vulcan's glowing breath inspires
 The toilsome forge, and blows up all its fires.
 Now crown'd with myrtle, or the flow'r's
 Which the glad earth from her free bosom pours,
 We'll offer, in the shady grove,
 Or lamb, or kid, as Pan should best approve.
 With equal pace, impartial Fate
 Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate,
 Nor should our sum of life extend
 Our growing hopes beyond their destin'd end.
 When sunk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,
 Oppressed with darkness, and the fabled ghosts,
 No more the dice shall there assign
 To thee, the jovial monarchy of wine ;*
 No more shall you the fair admire,
 The virgin's envy, and the youth's desire.

 The Earthquake at Lisbon. †

There never was a finer morning seen than the 1st of November, the sun shone out in its full lustre; the whole face of the sky was perfectly serene and clear, and not the least signal or warning of that approaching event, which has made this once flourishing,

* It was customary to cast lots who should be the king or chief of the feast.

† In the year 1755. The authorship of this article is uncertain. It has been ascribed to the Rev. Charles Davy, but is more probably the work of a British merchant resident during the awful catastrophe.

opulent, and populous city a scene of the utmost horror and desolation, except only such as served to alarm, but scarcely left a moment's time to fly from the general destruction.

It was on the morning of this fatal day, between the hours of nine and ten, that I was set down in my apartment, just finishing a letter, when the papers and table I was writing on began to tremble with a gentle motion, which rather surprised me, as I could not perceive a breath of wind stirring. Whilst I was reflecting with myself what this could be owing to, but without having the least apprehension of the real cause, the whole house began to shake from the very foundation, which at first I imputed to the rattling of several coaches in the main street, which usually passed that way, at this time, from Belem to the palace; but on hearkening more attentively, I was soon undeceived, as I found it was owing to a strange, frightful kind of noise under ground, resembling the hollow distant rumbling of thunder. All this passed in less than a minute, and I must confess I now began to be alarmed, as it naturally occurred to me that this noise might possibly be the forerunner of an earthquake, as one I remembered, which had happened about six or seven years ago, in the island of Madeira, commenced in the same manner, though it did little or no damage.

Upon this I threw down my pen, and started upon my feet, remaining a moment in suspense, whether I should stay in the apartment or run into the street, as the danger in both places seemed equal; and still flattering myself that this tremor might produce no other effects than such inconsiderable ones as had been felt at Madeira; but in a moment I was roused from my dream, being instantly stunned with a most horrid crash, as if every edifice in the city had tumbled down at once. The house I was in shook with such violence that the upper stories immediately fell, and though my apartment (which was the first floor) did not then share the same fate, yet everything was thrown out of its place, in such a manner that it was with no small difficulty I kept my feet, and expected nothing less than to be soon crushed to death, as the walls continued rocking to and fro in the frightfullest manner, opening in several places; large stones falling down on every side from the cracks, and the ends of most of the rafters starting out from the roof. To add to this terrifying scene, the sky in a moment became so gloomy that I could now distinguish no particular object; it was an Egyptian darkness, indeed, such as might be felt; owing, no doubt, to the prodigious clouds of dust and lime raised from so violent a concussion, and, as some reported, to sulphurous exhalations, but this I cannot affirm; however, it is certain I found myself almost choked for near ten minutes.

As soon as the gloom began to disperse, and the violence of the shock seemed pretty much abated, the first object I perceived in the room was a woman sitting on the floor, with an infant in her arms, all covered with dust, pale and trembling. I asked her how

she got hither, but her consternation was so great she could give me no account of her escape. I suppose that when the tremor first began, she ran out of her own house, and finding herself in such imminent danger from the falling stones, retired into the door of mine, which was almost contiguous to hers, for shelter; and when the shock increased, which filled the door with dust and rubbish, ran upstairs into my apartment, which was then open; be it as it might, this was no time for curiosity. I remember the poor creature asked me, in the utmost agony, if I did not think the world was at an end; at the same time she complained of



being choked, and begged, for God's sake, I would procure her a little drink. Upon this I went to a closet where I kept a large jar of water, (which you know is sometimes a pretty scarce commodity in Lisbon,) but finding it broken in pieces, I told her she must not now think of quenching her thirst but saving her life, as the house was just falling on our heads, and if a second shock came, would certainly bury us both. I bade her take hold of my arm, and that I would endeavour to bring her into some place of security.

I shall always look upon it as a particular providence that I happened on this occasion to be undressed; for had I dressed myself as proposed when I got out of bed, in order to breakfast with a friend, I should, in all probability, have run into the street at the beginning of the shock, as the rest of the people in the house did, and, consequently, have had my brains dashed out, as every one of them had. However, the imminent danger I was in did not hinder me from considering that my present dress, only a

gown and slippers, would render my getting over the ruins almost impracticable: I had, therefore, still presence of mind enough left to put on a pair of shoes and a coat, the first that came in my way, which was everything I saved; and in this dress I hurried downstairs, the woman with me, holding by my arm, and made directly to that end of the street which opens to the Tagus. Finding the passage this way entirely blocked up with the fallen houses to the height of their second stories, I turned back to the other end which led into the main street (the common thoroughfare to the palace), having helped the woman over a vast heap of ruins, with no small hazard to my own life. Just as we were going into this street, as there was one part I could not well climb over without the assistance of my hands as well as feet, I desired her to let go her hold, which she did, remaining two or three feet behind me, at which instant there fell a vast stone from a tottering wall, and crushed both her and the child in pieces. So dismal a spectacle at any other time would have affected me in the highest degree; but the dread I was in of sharing the same fate myself, and the many instances of the same kind which presented themselves all around, were too shocking to make me dwell a moment on this single object.

I had now a long narrow street to pass, with the houses on each side four or five stories high, all very old, the greater part already thrown down, or continually falling, and threatening the passengers with inevitable death at every step, numbers of whom lay killed before me, or what I thought far more deplorable—so bruised and wounded that they could not stir to help themselves. For my own part, as destruction appeared to me unavoidable, I only wished I might be made an end of at once, and not have my limbs broken, in which case I could expect nothing else but to be left upon the spot, lingering in misery, like these poor unhappy wretches, without receiving the least succour from any person.

As self-preservation, however, is the first law of nature, these sad thoughts did not so far prevail as to make me totally despair. I proceeded on as fast as I conveniently could, though with the utmost caution; and having at length got clear of this horrid passage, I found myself safe and unhurt in the large open space before St. Paul's church, which had been thrown down a few minutes before, and buried a great part of the congregation, that was generally pretty numerous, this being reckoned one of the most populous parishes in Lisbon. Here I stood some time considering what I should do, and not thinking myself safe in this situation, I came to the resolution of climbing over the ruins of the west end of the church, in order to get to the river's side, that I might be removed as far as possible from the tottering houses, in case of a second shock.

This, with some difficulty, I accomplished; and here I found a prodigious concourse of people of both sexes, and of all ranks and conditions, among whom I observed some of the principal *canons of the patriarchal church*, in their purple robes and rochets,

se all go in the habits of bishops ; several priests who had on the altars in their sacerdotal vestments in the midst of celebrating mass ; ladies half dressed, and some without : all these, whom their mutual dangers had here assembled in a place of safety, were on their knees at prayers, with the signs of death in their countenances, every one striking his forehead ; and crying out incessantly, *Miserecordia meu Dios.*

In the midst of this crowd I could not avoid taking notice of an old venerable priest, in a stole and surplice, who, I apprehend, had fled from St. Paul's. He was continually moving to and fro among the people, exhorting them to repentance, and endeavouring to comfort them. He told them, with a flood of tears, that God had grievously provoked at their sins, but that if they would call to the Blessed Virgin, she would intercede for them. Every body flocked around him, earnestly begging his benediction, happy did that man think himself who could get near enough to touch the hem of his garment ; several, I observed, had little wooden crucifixes and images of saints in their hands, which they offered me to kiss, and one poor Irishman, I remember, held out Antonio to me for this purpose, and when I gently put his hand aside, as giving him to understand that I desired to be content with this piece of devotion, he asked me with some indignation, whether I thought there was a God. I verily believe many of those bigoted creatures who saved these useless pieces of wood, and their children to perish. However, you must not imagine that we have now the least inclination to mock at their superstitions. We merely pity them, and must own, that a more affecting spectacle was never seen. Their tears, their bitter sighs and lamentations, would have touched the most flinty heart. I knelt amongst them, and prayed as fervently as the rest, though I had no such proper object, the only Being who could hear my prayers to afford me any succour.

In the midst of our devotions, the second great shock came on, less violent than the first, and completed the ruin of those buildings which had been already much shattered. The contention now became so universal, that the shrieks and cries of *ecordia* could be distinctly heard from the top of St. Catharine's Hill, at a considerable distance off, whither a vast number of people had likewise retreated ; at the same time we could hear the bells of the parish church there, whereby many persons were on the spot, and others mortally wounded. You may judge of the force of this shock, when I inform you it was so violent that I could scarce keep on my knees ; but it was attended with circumstances still more dreadful than the former. On a sudden I heard a general outcry, "The sea is coming in, we shall be lost." Upon this, turning my eyes towards the river, which in that place is near four miles broad, I could perceive it heaving and swelling in a most unaccountable manner, as no wind was blowing. In an instant there appeared, at some small distance, a *body of water, rising as it were like a mountain.* It came

on foaming and roaring, and rushed towards the shore with such impetuosity, that we all immediately ran for our lives as fast as possible; many were actually swept away, and the rest above their waist in water at a good distance from the banks. For my own part, I had the narrowest escape, and should certainly have been lost, had I not grasped a large beam that lay on the ground, till the water returned to its channel, which it did almost at the same instant, with equal rapidity. As there now appeared at least as much danger from the sea as the land, and I scarce knew whither to retire for shelter, I took a sudden resolution of returning back, with my clothes all dripping, to the area of St. Paul's. Here I stood some time, and observed the ships tumbling and tossing about as in a violent storm; some had broken their cables, and were carried to the other side of the Tagus; others were whirled round with incredible swiftness; several large boats were turned keel upwards; and all this without any wind, which seemed the more astonishing. It was at the time of which I am now speaking, that the fine new quay, built entirely of rough marble, at an immense expense, was entirely swallowed up, with all the people on it who had fled thither for safety, and had reason to think themselves out of danger in such a place: at the same time, a great number of boats and small vessels, anchored near it (all likewise full of people, who had retired thither for the same purpose), were all swallowed up, as in a whirlpool, and never more appeared.

This last dreadful incident I did not see with my own eyes, as it passed three or four stones' throws from the spot where I then was, but I had the account as here given from several masters of ships, who were anchored within two or three hundred yards of the quay, and saw the whole catastrophe. One of them in particular informed me, that when the second shock came on, he could perceive the *whole* city waving backwards and forwards, like the sea when the wind first begins to rise; that the agitation of the earth was so great, even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the mooring, which swam, as he termed it, on the surface of the water; that immediately upon this extraordinary concussion, the river rose at once near twenty feet, and in a moment subsided; at which instant he saw the quay, with the whole concourse of people upon it, sink down, and at the same time every one of the boats and vessels that were near it, were drawn into the cavity, which he supposed instantly closed upon them, inasmuch as not the least sign of a wreck was ever seen afterwards. This account you may give full credit to, for as to the loss of the vessels, it is confirmed by everybody; and with regard to the quay, I went myself a few days after to convince myself of the truth, and could not find even the ruins of a place, where I had taken so many agreeable walks, as this was the common rendezvous of the factory in the cool of the evening. I found it all deep water, and in some parts scarcely to be fathomed.

This is the only place I could learn which was swallowed up in or about Lisbon, though I saw many large cracks and fissures in

different parts; and one odd phenomenon I must not omit, which was communicated to me by a friend who has a house and wine-cellar on the other side of the river, viz., that the dwelling-house, being first terribly shaken, which made all the family run out, there presently fell down a vast high rock near it; that upon this the river rose and subsided in the manner already mentioned, and immediately a great number of small fissures appeared in several contiguous pieces of ground, from whence there spouted out, like a *jet d'eau*, a large quantity of fine white sand to a prodigious height. It is not to be doubted the bowels of the earth must have been excessively agitated to cause these surprising effects; but whether the shocks were owing to any sudden explosion of various minerals mixing together, or to air pent up, and struggling for vent, or to a collection of subterraneous waters forcing a passage, God only knows. As to the fiery eruptions then talked off, I believe they are without foundation, though it is certain, I heard several complaining of strong sulphurous smells, a dizziness in their heads, a sickness in their stomachs, and difficulty of respiration, not that I felt any such symptoms myself.

I had not been long in the area of St. Paul's, when I felt the third shock, which though somewhat less violent than the two former, the sea rushed in again, and retired with the same rapidity, and I remained up to my knees in water, though I had gotten upon a small eminence at some distance from the river, with the ruins of several intervening houses to break its force. At this time I took notice the waters retired so impetuously, that some vessels were left quite dry, which rode in seven fathom water; the river thus continued alternately rushing on and retiring several times together, in such sort, that it was justly dreaded Lisbon would now meet the same fate which a few years before had befallen the city of Lima; and no doubt had this place lain open to the sea, and the force of the waves not being somewhat broken by the winding of the bay, the lower parts of it at least would have been totally destroyed.

The master of a vessel which arrived here just after the 1st of November, assured me, that he felt the shock above forty leagues at sea so sensibly, that he really concluded he had struck upon a rock, till he threw out the lead, and could find no bottom, nor could he possibly guess at the cause, till the melancholy sight of this desolate city left him no room to doubt of it. The two first shocks, in fine, were so violent, that several pilots were of opinion the situation of the bar, at the mouth of the Tagus, was changed. Certain it is, that one vessel, attempting to pass through the usual channel, foundered, and another struck on the sands, and was at first given over for lost, but at length got through. There was another great shock after this, which pretty much affected the river, but I think not so violently as the preceding, though several persons assured me, that as they were riding on horseback in the great road leading to Belem, one side of which lies open to the

river, the waves rushed in with so much rapidity, that they were obliged to gallop as fast as possible to the upper grounds, for fear of being carried away.

I was now in such a situation, that I knew not which way to turn myself; if I remained there, I was in danger from the sea; if I retired further from the shore, the houses threatened certain destruction; and, at last, I resolved to go to the Mint, which being a low and very strong building, had received no considerable damage, except in some of the apartments towards the river. The party of soldiers, which is every day set there on guard, had all deserted the place, and the only person that remained was the commanding officer, a nobleman's son, of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, whom I found standing at the gate. As there was still a continued tremor of the earth, and the place where we now stood (being within twenty or thirty feet of the opposite houses, which were all tottering) appeared too dangerous, the court-yard likewise being full of water, we both retired inward to a hillock of stones and rubbish: here I entered into-conversation with him, and having expressed my admiration that one so young should have the courage to keep his post, when every one of his soldiers had deserted theirs, the answer he made was, though he were sure the earth would open and swallow him up, he scorned to think of flying from his post. In short, it was owing to the magnanimity of this young man, that the Mint, which at this time had upwards of two millions of money in it, was not robbed; and indeed I do him no more than justice, in saying, that I never saw any one behave with equal serenity and composure, on occasions much less dreadful than the present. I believe I might remain in conversation with him near five hours; and though I was now grown faint from the constant fatigue I had undergone, and having not yet broken my fast, yet this had not so much effect upon me as the anxiety I was under for a particular friend, with whom I was to have dined that day, and who, lodging at the top of a very high house in the heart of the city, and being a stranger to the language, could not but be in the utmost danger; my concern, therefore, for his preservation, made me determine, at all events, to go and see what was become of him, upon which I took my leave of the officer.

As I thought it would be the height of rashness to venture back through the same narrow street I had so providentially escaped from, I judged it safest to return over the ruins of St. Paul's to the river side, as the water now seemed little agitated. From hence I proceeded, with some hazard, to the large space before the Irish convent of Corpo Santo, which had been thrown down, and buried a great number of people who were hearing mass, besides some of the friars; the rest of the community were standing in the area, looking, with dejected countenances, towards the ruins: from this place I took my way to the back street leading to the palace, leaving the ship-yard on one side, but found the further passage, opening into the principal street, stopped up by the ruins of the

Opera House, one of the solidest and most magnificent buildings of the kind in Europe, and just finished at a prodigious expense; a vast heap of stones, each of several tons' weight, had entirely blocked up the front of Mr. Bristow's house, which was opposite to it, and Mr. Ward, his partner, told me the next day, that he was just that instant going out at the door, and had actually set one foot over the threshold, when the west end of the Opera House fell down, and had he not in a moment started back, he should have been crushed into a thousand pieces.

From hence I turned back, and attempted getting by the other way into the great square of the palace, twice as large as Lincoln's Inn-fields, one side of which had been taken up by the noble quay I spoke of, now no more; but this passage was likewise obstructed by the stones fallen from the great arched gateway: I could not help taking particular notice, that all the apartments wherein the royal family used to reside were thrown down, and themselves, without some extraordinary miracle, must unavoidably have perished, had they been there at the time of the shock. Finding this passage impracticable, I turned to the other arched way which led to the new square of the palace, not the eighth part so spacious as the other, one side of which was taken up by the Patriarchal Church, which also served for the Chapel Royal, and the other by a most magnificent building of modern architecture, probably indeed by far the most so, not yet completely finished; as to the former, the roof and part of the front walls were thrown down, and the latter, notwithstanding their solidity, had been so shaken, that several large stones fell from the top, and every part seemed disjointed. The square was full of coaches, chaises, horses, and mules, deserted by their drivers and attendants, as well as their owners.

The nobility, gentry, and clergy, who were assisting at divine service when the earthquake began, fled away with the utmost precipitation, every one where his fears carried him, leaving the splendid apparatus of the numerous altars to the mercy of the first comer; but this did not so much affect me, as the distress of the poor animals, who seemed sensible of their hard fate; some few were killed, others wounded, but the greater part, which had received no hurt, were left there to starve.

From this square, the way led to my friend's lodgings, through a long, steep, and narrow street: the new scenes of horror I met with here exceed all description; nothing could be heard but sighs and groans; I did not meet with a soul in the passage who was not bewailing the death of his nearest relations and dearest friends, or the loss of all his substance; I could hardly take a single step, without treading on the dead or the dying: in some places lay coaches, with their masters, horses, and riders, *almost* crushed in pieces; here mothers with infants in their arms: there ladies, richly dressed, priests, friars, gentlemen, mechanics, either in the same condition, or just expiring; some had their backs or thighs broken, others vast stones on their breasts; some lay *almost* buried.

in the rubbish, and, crying out in vain to the passengers for succour, were left to perish with the rest.

At length I arrived at the spot opposite to the house where my friend, for whom I was so anxious, resided; and finding this as well as the contiguous buildings thrown down (which made me give him over for lost), I now thought of nothing but saving my own life in the best manner I could; and in less than an hour got to a public-house, kept by one Morley, near the English burying-ground, about half a mile from the city, where I still remain, with a great number of my countrymen, as well as Portuguese, in the same wretched circumstances, having almost ever since lain on the ground, and never once within doors, with scarcely any covering to defend me from the inclemency of the night air, which, at this time, is exceedingly sharp and piercing.

Perhaps you may think the present doleful subject here concluded; but, alas! the horrors of the 1st of November are sufficient to fill a volume. As soon as it grew dark, another scene presented itself, little less shocking than those already described; the whole city appeared in a blaze, which was so bright that I could easily see to read by it. It may be said without exaggeration, it was on fire at least in a hundred different places at once, and thus continued burning for six days together, without intermission, or the least attempt being made to stop its progress.

It went on consuming everything the earthquake had spared, and the people were so dejected and terrified, that few or none had courage enough to venture down to save any part of their substance; every one had his eyes turned towards the flames, and stood looking on with silent grief, which was only interrupted by the cries and shrieks of the women and children calling on the saints and angels for succour, whenever the earth began to tremble, which was so often this night, and indeed I may say ever since, that the tremors, more or less, did not cease for a quarter of an hour together. I could never learn that this terrible fire was owing to any subterraneous eruption, as some reported, but to three causes, which all concurring at the same time, will naturally account for the prodigious havoc it made. The 1st of November being All Saints' Day, a high festival among the Portuguese, every altar in every church and chapel (some of which have more than twenty) was illuminated with a number of wax tapers and lamps, as customary; these setting fire to the curtains and timber-work that fell with the shock, the conflagration soon spread to the neighbouring houses, and being there joined with the fires in the kitchen chimneys, increased to such a degree, that it might easily have destroyed the whole city, though no other cause had concurred, especially as it met with no interruption.

But what would appear incredible to you, were the fact less public and notorious, is, that a gang of hardened villains, who had been confined, and got out of prison when the wall fell, at the first shock, were busily employed in setting fire to those buildings which stood some chance of escaping the general destruction. I

cannot conceive what could have induced them to this hellish work, except to add to the horror and confusion, that they might, by this means, have the better opportunity of plundering with security. But there was no necessity for taking this trouble, as they might certainly have done their business without it, since the whole city was so deserted before night, that I believe not a soul remained in it, except those execrable villains, and others of the same stamp. It is possible some among them might have had other motives besides robbing, as one in particular being apprehended, (they say he was a Moor, condemned to the galleys,) confessed at the gallows, that he had set fire to the king's palace with his own hand; at the same time glorying in the action, and declaring, with his last breath, that he hoped to have burnt all the royal family. It is likewise generally believed that Mr. Bristow's house, which was an exceeding strong edifice, built on vast stone arches, and had stood the shocks without any great damage, further than what I have mentioned, was consumed in the same manner. The fire, in short, by some means or other, may be said to have destroyed the whole city, at least everything that was grand or valuable in it.

With regard to the buildings, it was observed that the solidest in general fell the first. Every parish church, convent, nunnery, palace, and public edifice, with an infinite number of private houses, were either thrown down or so miserably shattered, that it was rendered dangerous to pass by them.

The whole number of persons that perished, including those who were burnt, or afterwards crushed to death whilst digging in the ruins, is supposed, on the lowest calculation, to amount to more than sixty thousand; and though the damage in other respects cannot be computed, yet you may form some idea of it, when I assure you that this extensive and opulent city is now nothing but a vast heap of ruins; that the rich and poor are at present upon a level; some thousands of families, which but the day before had been easy in their circumstances, being now scattered about in the fields, wanting every conveniency of life, and finding none able to relieve them.

A few days after the first consternation was over, I ventured down into the city by the safest ways I could pick out, to see if there was a possibility of getting anything out of my lodgings, but the ruins were now so augmented by the late fire, that I was so far from being able to distinguish the individual spot where the house stood, that I could not even distinguish the street amidst such mountains of stones and rubbish which rose on every side. Some days after I ventured down again with several porters, who, having long plied in these parts of the town, were well acquainted with the situation of particular houses; by their assistance I at last discovered the spot; but was soon convinced to dig for anything here, besides the danger of such an attempt, would never answer the expense; but what further induced me to lay aside all *thoughts of the matter, was the sight of the ruins still smoking*

from whence I knew for certain that those things I set the greatest value on, must have been irrecoverably lost in the fire.

On both the times when I attempted to make this fruitless search, especially the first, there came such an intolerable stench from the dead bodies, that I was ready to faint away; and though it did not seem so great this last time, yet it had like to have been more fatal to me, as I contracted a fever by it, but of which, God be praised, I soon got the better. However, this made me so cautious for the future, that I avoided passing near certain places, where the stench was so excessive that people began to dread an infection. A gentleman told me, that going into the town a few days after the earthquake, he saw several bodies lying in the streets, some horribly mangled, as he supposed, by the dogs; others half burnt; some quite roasted; and that in certain places, particularly near the doors of churches, they lay in vast heaps, piled one upon another. You may guess at the prodigious havoc which must have been made, by the single instance I am going to mention. There was a high-arched passage, like one of our old city gates, fronting the west door of the ancient cathedral; on the left hand was the famous church of St. Antonio, and on the right some private houses, several stories high. The whole area surrounded by all these buildings did not much exceed one of our small courts in London. At the first shock, numbers of people who were then passing under the arch, fled into the middle of this area for shelter; those in the two churches, as many as could possibly get out, did the same: at this instant the arched gateway, with the fronts of the two churches and contiguous buildings, all inclining one towards another with the sudden violence of the shock, fell down, and buried every soul as they were standing here crowded together.

Thus, my dear friend, have I given you a genuine, though imperfect, account of this terrible judgment, which has left so deep an impression on my mind, that I shall never wear it off. I have lost all the money I had by me, and have saved no other clothes than what I have on my back; but what I regret most, is the irreparable loss of my books and papers. To add to my present distress, those friends to whom I could have applied on any other occasion, are now in the same wretched circumstances with myself. However, notwithstanding all that I have suffered, I do not think I have reason to despair, but rather to return my gratefulest acknowledgments to the Almighty, who hath so visibly preserved my life amidst such dangers, where so many thousands perished: and the same good Providence, I trust, will still continue to protect me, and point out some means to extricate myself out of these difficulties.

Picture of Domestic Love.

CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, born at Glasgow, 1777, a successful clerical scholar, and the author of many poems, which have rendered his name a "household word" in the literature of England. His "Gertrude of Wyoming" is unsurpassed, and has been pointed out by Sheridan Knowles as one of the books which young women should read; no small compliment to the graceful taste and high moral feeling which could have given birth to lines like the following.

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
 Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
 Where lore and love may claim alternate hours,
 With peace embosomed in Idalian bowers!
 Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
 O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway,
 Free on the sunny slope or winding shore
 With hermit steps to wander and adore!
 There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
 Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
 To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
 And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!

And when the sun's last splendor lights the deep,
 The woods and waves and murmuring winds asleep,
 When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
 And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
 His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
 Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
 Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
 Mingling with darker tints the living green;
 No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
 Heaven, and earth and ocean, blazing all around!

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
 And down the vale his sober step returns;
 But pauses oft as winding rocks convey
 The still sweet fall of music far away;
 And oft he lingers from his home a while,
 To watch the dying notes, and start, and smile!

Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
 The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep;
 Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
 And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
 Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
 With mental light, the melancholy day!
 And when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
 The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,

How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth and warm the pictured wall !
How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend by nature marked his own ;



And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he called her his before the holy man !
Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home ;

And let the half-uncurtained window hail
 Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
 Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
 As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky;
 While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
 And bathe in lurid light the milky way;
 Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
 Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;
 With pathos shall command, with wit beguile
 A generous tear of anguish, or a smile!

Othello's Apology.

SHAKSPEARE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her:
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battles;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking of myself. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceedings I am charged withal,)
 I won his daughter with.
 Her father loved me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes, in the imminent deadly breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slav'ry; of my redemption thence,
 And with it all my travel's history:

Wherein of antres* vast, and deserts wild,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n,
 It was my bent to speak. All these to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline.
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a pray'r of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
 Whercof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
 She wish'd she had not heard it—yet she wish'd
 That Heav'n had made her such a man:—she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

The Fair and Happy Milkmaid.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

THIS accomplished gentleman and writer fell a victim to "secret poisoning," at the hands of the beautiful but wicked Countess of Essex, in the year 1618. The following extract from his quaint and witty "characters," is a happy specimen of his descriptive powers.

THE FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for, though she be not arrayed in the

* *Caves.*



THE FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID.

spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore* or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when the winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being† her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments counts no bravery‡ in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are ever chaste; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she; and all her care is she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding sheet.

The River Thames.

DENHAM.

SIR JOHN DENHAM lived from 1615 to 1668, and is known as one of the happiest of reflective and descriptive poets. The present quotation is from his poem on Cooper's Hill, in which he has indulged in some pleasing ruminations upon what Sir Roger de Coverley terms "the finest river in the world."

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
 Thames the most loved of all the ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.

* *i. e.* Almond-paste.

† "Being" is frequently used by writers of this date for "since," "seeing that."

‡ *i. e.* Finery.

Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring,
 And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.



TWICKENHAM.

No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil,
 But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind.
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying tours
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours :
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants ;
 So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.



GODFREY DE BOULLON.

Character of Godfrey de Bouillon.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY, one of the most diligent, as well as the most learned, of English chroniclers, was born about the year 1095, and was educated in the convent from which he takes his name. He is the author of more than twenty works, some of them of a theological, but the majority of an historical character. The most important among these productions, from which the subjoined extract has been chosen, as a specimen of his terse, nervous style, is the "Chronicle of the Kings of England, from the earliest period to the reign of King Stephen." William of Malmesbury died during, or immediately subsequent to, the year 1143.

King Godfrey takes the lead in my commendation: he was the son of Eustace, Count of Boulogne, of whom I have spoken in the time of king Edward, but was still more ennobled on the mother's side, as by that line he was descended from Charlemagne. For his mother, named Ida, daughter of the ancient Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, had a brother called Godfrey, after his father, surnamed Boiard. This was at the time when Robert Friso, of whom I have made mention above, on the death of Florence, married his widow Gertrude; advancing Theodoric, his son-in-law, to the succession of the duchy. Boiard could not endure this; but expelling Friso, subjected the country to his own will. Friso, unable to revenge himself by war, did it by stratagem, effecting the death of his enemy, through the agency of his Flemings. The son-in-law thus succeeded to the duchy, by means of his father-in-law. The wife of this Godfrey was the Marchioness Matilda, who, on her husband's death, bravely retained the duchy in opposition to the emperor; more especially in Italy, for of Lorraine and the hither-countries he got possession. Ida then, as I began to relate, animated her son Godfrey with great hopes of attaining to the Earldom of Lorraine; for the paternal inheritance had devolved on her eldest son Eustace, the youngest, Baldwin, being yet a boy. Godfrey, on arriving at a sufficient age to bear arms, dedicated his services to the Emperor Henry, and acquiring the friendship of that prince by strenuous exertions, he received from the emperor's singular liberality the whole of Lorraine as a recompense. Hence it came, that when the quarrel arose between the pope and Henry, he went with the latter to the siege of Rome; was the first to break through that part of the wall which had been assigned for him to attack, thereby facilitating the entrance of the besiegers. Being in extreme perspiration, and panting with heat, he entered a subterraneous vault which he found in his way, and having there appeased the violence of his thirst by a too abundant draught of wine, it brought on a quartan fever. Others say that he fell a victim to poisoned wine, as the Romans, and men of that country, are wont to poison whole casks. *Others report, that a portion of the walls fell to his lot.*

where the river Tiber exhales destructive vapours in the morning; that by this fatal pest, all his soldiers, with the exception of ten, perished; and that himself, losing his nails and his hair, never entirely recovered. But be it which it might of these things, it appears that he was never after free from a slow fever, until, on hearing the report of the expedition to Jerusalem, he made a vow to go thither, if God would deign to restore his health. The moment this vow was made, the strength of the duke revived; so that, recovering apace, he shook off disease from his limbs, and rising with expanded breast, as it were, from years of decrepitude, shone forth with renovated youth. Grateful for the mercies of God thus showered down upon him, he went to Jerusalem the very first, or among the first, leading a numerous army to the war. And though he commanded a hardy and experienced band, yet none was esteemed readier to attack, or more efficient in the combat than himself. Indeed, it is known that, at the siege of Antioch, with a Lorraine sword, he cut asunder a Turk, who had demanded single combat, and that one half of the man lay panting on the ground, while the horse, at full speed, carried away the other; so firmly did the miscreant sit. Another, who attacked him, he clave asunder from the neck to the groin, by taking aim at his head with a sword; nor did the dreadful stroke stop here, but cut entirely through the saddle, and the backbone of the horse. I have heard a truthful man declare, that he had witnessed what I here subjoin, during the siege. A soldier of the duke's had gone out to forage, and, being attacked by a lion, avoided destruction for some time, by the interposition of his shield. Godfrey, grieved at this sight, transfixing the savage animal with a hunting spear. Wounded, and growing fiercer from the pain, it turned against the prince with such violence as to hurt his leg with the iron which projected from the wound; and had he not hastened with his sword to rip it up, this pattern of valour must have fallen a victim to the fury of a wild beast. Renowned from such successes, he was exalted to be King of Jerusalem, more especially because he was conspicuous in rank and courage without being arrogant. His dominion was small and confined, containing, save the few surrounding towns, scarce any cities. For the king's illness, which attacked him immediately after the Babylonish war, caused a cessation of warlike enterprise, so that he made no acquisitions; yet by able management, he so well restrained the rapacity of the barbarians for the whole of that year, that no portion of his territory was lost. It is also reported that the king, from being unused to a state of indolence, fell again into his original fever; but I conjecture that God, in his own good time, chose early to translate to a better kingdom, a soul rendered acceptable to him, and tried by so many labours, lest wickedness should change his heart, or deceit beguile his understanding. Revolving time thus completing a reign of one year, he died placidly, and was buried on Mount Golgotha; a king as invincible in death as he had formerly been in battle; often kindly repressing the

ers of the sorrowing bystanders. Being asked who was to succeed him, he mentioned no person by name, but said merely, "Whoever was most worthy."* He never would wear the ensign of royalty, saying, "It was too great arrogance for him to be crowned for glory, in that city in which God had been crowned in mockery." He died on the fifteenth before the kalends of August.

Death and Sleep.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

A promising young poet, whose Newdegate prize-poem, entitled "Belshazzar's Feast," has been amongst the most successful in latter years, has subsequently published a small volume of graceful miscellaneous poems, from which we select the following:—



The last good-night of the vesper-bell
 Shook the still leaf with a longer swell ;
 The small bird slept in his woven bed,
 With brown wing shrouding his weary head.
 You looked—and the stars were all away ;
 You looked—and they spangled the silent grey,
 Blossoming out as sudden and soon
 As the last new buds in a night of June ;
 And over the hills was a silver bar
 Where the moon kept watch for the evening-star ;

* Probably having in mind the similar answer of Alexander the Great on his death-bed.

For never unloved, and never alone,
 The star-queen comes to her cloudy throne.
 'Twas even then when the sky was still
 I saw two shapes on a western hill ;
 One was sadly and sweetly fair,
 Stoled in the gloss of his sable hair,
 His fingers were filled with a sheaf of spears,
 But the blades were dull with his falling tears.
 One was a fair and a blooming boy,
 His forehead alight with a quiet joy ;
 But his lids were low, and his lips locked tight,
 And he spake the speech of a dream at night.
 One had wings of the raven's plume,
 The other was winged with silver bloom ;
 I knew them then, and I know them now—
 The gods of the dark and the drooping brow ;
 Dreams beyond counting, and nights without number,
 I had seen the smile of the god of slumber,
 The other not yet—but I know his name,
 Before from his brother its accent came.

SLEEP.

Brother of me ! I have waved my wing !
 The world and its sorrows are slumbering ;
 I have driven the morning and noon away,
 And man is free to forget to-day ;
 They sleep by the river and on the hill,
 Never, before, were their hearts as still ;
 For I fastened the fingers of sorrow and pain
 With a bond, till the sunlight shall break it again.
 And Silence, our beautiful sister, keeps
 The door of their dreams till the morning peeps.
 Thou, who dost love them better than they
 Have the wit to know, or the strength to say,
 Wilt thou not sit thee and sharpen to-night
 The sting of thy spears, that they strike aright,
 And tell me thy tales of the sorrow of life,
 And the soul's sweet joy at the ended strife :
 How Anguish doth strive for its angel-prey,
 Till the glad life springs from the sinking clay ;
 And the groan of pain is a cry of bliss
 When the spirit hath sight of its happiness ?
 Why dost thou sorrow, strong brother, now
 With a drooping plume, and a darkened brow ?

DEATH.

Silver-winged Sleep ! when the dawns break
 Do they sing thee hymns for thy service-sake ?
 Cometh there ever a blessing or prayer
 For thy gentle love and thy tender care ?

SLEEP.

Dost thou not know that the poets keep
 Their rarest rhymes for the soother, sleep?
 Hast thou not heard as thou flittest along
 A mother sing to me her cradle-song?
 At the sick girl's pillow they know me well,
 And woo me with many a magical spell!
 But most thou mayst hear them at break of day,
 Chorussing sleep, when the gloom is away;
 The lover that leaps from the promise of dreams
 To a bride and a kiss, that no longer seems;
 The worker that wakes from his healthful rest
 With a steadier hand and a stronger breast;
 The love-stricken lady and sorrowing man,
 And the captive that slept while the watches ran;
 All sing me praise at the step of morn,
 For the pleasant sleep that is over and gone.

DEATH.

Have I not loved them as well as thou,
 Though I come with a sterner and sadder brow?
 The spears that I bear in my strong right-hand,
 Are they not keys to the Better-Land?
 Alas! if they strike to the sinking heart,
 So must the soul and the body part;
 But they open the prison and shatter the chain,
 And loosen from life and its lingering pain;
 Yet never to me do the mortals sing
 A carol of thanks for my comforting.
 When shall the blindness of man have end?
 When shall they know me their lover and friend?

SLEEP.

Comfort thee, brother! they do but sleep,
 And the darkness of life doth their senses keep:
 Spake I not now, that my praise is said
 Most when the midnight is vanished and fled?
 Kind-hearted brother! the time shall be,
 When anthems and hymns shall be all to thee;
 For the morning shall come to the long life-night,
 Then shall they know thee and love thee aright.

And I saw them fade into the stars above,
 With hands fast locked, as in spirit love.
 And I wandered again to the city by,
 With a hope to live and a heart to die.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Character of Benjamin Franklin.

BANCROFT.

MR. BANCROFT'S name, happily, still exists among the living ones of America. From his gracefully written history (so free from the too frequent turgidity of our Transatlantic brethren), we select the following sketch of one of the greatest teachers, and yet self-taught men, of modern times.

Benjamin Franklin, when but seventeen years old, sailed clandestinely for New York, and finding there no employment, went to Amboy; went on foot to the Delaware; for want of a wind rowed in a boat from Burlington to Philadelphia; and, bearing marks of his labour at the oar, weary, hungry, having for his whole stock of cash a single dollar, the runaway apprentice—greatest of the sons of New England of that generation, the humble pupil of the free schools of Boston, rich in the boundless hope of youth, and the unconscious power of genius which modesty adorned—stepped on shore to seek food, occupation, shelter, and fortune.

On the deep foundations of sobriety, frugality, and industry, the young journeyman built his fortunes and fame; and he soon came to have a printing-office of his own. Toiling early and late, with his own hands he set types and worked at press; with his own hands would trundle to the office in a wheelbarrow the reams of paper which he was to use. His ingenuity was such, he could form letters, make types and woodcuts, and engrave vignettes in copper. The Assembly of Pennsylvania respected his merit, and chose him its printer. He planned a newspaper, and when he became its proprietor and editor, he fearlessly defended absolute freedom of thought and speech, and the inalienable power of the people. Desirous of advancing education, he proposed improvements in the schools of subscription libraries, and laid the foundation of one that was long the most considerable library in America; he suggested the establishment of an academy, which has ripened into a university; he saw the benefit of concert in the pursuit of science, and gathered a philosophical society for its advancement. The intelligent and highly-cultivated Logan bore testimony to his merits before they had burst upon the world:—"Our most ingenious printer has the clearest understanding, with extreme modesty. He is certainly an extraordinary man—excellent, yet humble. Do not imagine," he adds, "that I overdo in my character of Benjamin Franklin, for I am rather short in it."

When the scientific world began to investigate the wonders of electricity, Franklin excelled all observers in the marvellous simplicity and lucid exposition of his experiments, and in the admirable sagacity with which he elicited from them the laws which they illustrated. It was he who first suggested the expla-

nation of thunder-gusts and the northern lights on electrical principles; and in the summer of 1752, going out into the fields with no instrument but a kite, no companion but his son, established his theory, by obtaining a line of connexion with a thunder-cloud. Nor did he cease till he had made the lightning a household pastime, taught his family to catch the subtle fluid in its inconceivably rapid leaps between the earth and the sky, and compelled it to give warning of its passage, by the harmless ringing of bells.

With placid tranquillity, Benjamin Franklin looked quietly and deeply into the secrets of nature. His clear understanding was never perverted by passion, or corrupted by the pride of theory. The son of a rigid Calvinist, the grandson of a tolerant Quaker, he had from boyhood been familiar not only with theological subtleties, but with a catholic respect for freedom of mind. Sceptical of tradition as the bases of faith, he respected reason rather than authority; and after a momentary lapse into fatalism, escaping from the mazes of fixed decrees and free-will, he gained with increasing years an increasing trust in the overruling providence of God. Adhering to none of "all the religions" in the colonies, he yet devoutly, though without form, adhered to religion. But though famous as a disputant, and having a natural aptitude for metaphysics, he obeyed the tendency of his age, and sought, by observation, to win an insight into the mysteries of being. Loving truth without prejudice and without bias, he discerned intuitively the identity of the laws of nature with those of which humanity is conscious; so that his mind was like a mirror, in which the universe, as it reflected itself, revealed her laws. He was free from mysticism, even to a fault. His morality, repudiating ascetic severities, and the system which enjoins them, was indulgent to appetites of which he abhorred the sway; but his affections were of a calm intensity; in all his career, the love of man gained the mastery over personal interest. He had not the imagination which inspires the bard, or kindles the orator; but an exquisite propriety, parsimonious of ornament, gave ease of expression and graceful simplicity even to his most careless writings. In life, also, his tastes were delicate. Indifferent to the pleasures of the table, he relished the delights of music and harmony, of which he enlarged the instruments. His blandness of temper, his modesty, the benignity of his manners, made him the favourite of intelligent society; and with healthy cheerfulness, he derived pleasure from books, from philosophy, from conversation—now calmly administering consolation to the sorrower, now indulging in the expressions of light-hearted gaiety. In his intercourse, the universality of his perceptions bore, perhaps, the character of human; but while he clearly discerned the contrast between the grandeur of the universe and the feebleness of man, a serene benevolence saved him from contempt of his race, or disgust at its toils. To superficial observers, he might have seemed *as an alien from speculative truth, limiting himself to the world of*

the senses ; and yet, in study and among men, his mind always sought, with unaffected simplicity, to discover and apply the general principles by which nature and affairs are controlled—now deducing from the theory of caloric improvements in fire-places and lanterns, and now advancing human freedom by firm inductions from the inalienable rights of men. Never professing enthusiasm, never making a parade of sentiment, his practical wisdom was sometimes mistaken for the offspring of selfish prudence ; yet his hope was steadfast, like that hope which rests on the Rock of Ages, and his conduct was as unerring as though the light that led him was a light from heaven. He never anticipated action by theories of self-sacrificing virtue ; and yet, in the moments of intense activity, he, from the highest abodes of ideal truth, brought down and applied to the affairs of life the sublimest principles of goodness, as noiselessly and unostentatiously as became the man who, with a kite and hempen string, drew the lightning from the skies. He separated himself so little from his age, that he has been called the representative of materialism ; and yet, when he thought on religion, his mind passed beyond reliance on sects to faith in God ; when he wrote on politics, he founded the freedom of his country on principles that know no change ; when he turned an observing eye on nature, he passed always from the effect to the cause, from individual appearances to universal laws ; when he reflected on history, his philosophic mind found gladness and repose in the dear anticipation of the progress of humanity.

Infancy.

B. MONTGOMERY

POSSESSES a world-known name, both as a preacher of the gospel, a poet, and a moralist.

A child beside a mother kneels,
 With lips of holy love ;
 And fain would lip the vow it feels
 To Him enthroned above.

That cherub gaze, that stainless brow,
 So exquisitely fair !
 Who would not be an infant now,
 To breathe an infant's prayer ?

No sin hath shaded its young heart,
 The eye scarce knows a tear ;
 'Tis bright enough from earth to part,
 And grace another sphere !

And I was once a happy thing,
 Like that which now I see ;
 No May-bird on ecstatic wing,
 More beautifully free.

The cloud that bask'd in noontide glow,
 The flower that danced and shone,
 All hues and sounds, above, below,—
 Were joys to feast upon !



Let wisdom smile—I oft forget
 The colder haunts of men,
 To hie where infant hearts are met,
 And be a child again ;
 I look into the laughing eyes,
 And see the wild thoughts play,
 While o'er each cheek a thousand dyes
 Of mirth and meaning stray.

Oh! manhood, could thy spirit kneel,
 Beside that sunny child,
 As fondly pray, and purely feel,
 With soul as undefiled ;
 That moment would encircle thee,
 With light and love divine ;
 Thy gaze might dwell on Deity,
 And heaven itself be thine !

Midnight Scene in Rome : the Coliseum.

LORD BYRON.

BORN in London, January 22nd, 1788, of a good, but reduced family, died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, April 19th, 1824, universally mourned by the Greeks, whose restoration to liberty had been the darling scheme of his whole life, and the constant subject of his writings.



1. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
 I linger yet with Nature, for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,
 I learned the language of another world.

2. I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering,—upon such a night,
 I stood within the Coliseum's* wall,
 'Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome :
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
 The watch-dog bay'd † beyond the Tiber ; and
 More near, from out the Cæsar's palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

3. Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bow-shot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;
 But the gladiator's bloody circus stands
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
 While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.

4. And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which softened down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries ;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old—
 The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
 Our spirits from their urns !

* The Coliseum is the most gigantic ruin in Rome. It was the largest amphitheatre ever erected by Roman magnificence, and was built by Vespasian (about A.D. 70), who completed it in one year, by the compulsory labour of twelve thousand Jews and Christians. It could contain one hundred and ten thousand spectators, of whom ninety thousand could be seated. It obtained its name of Coliseum from the colossal statue of Nero, which was placed in it. Its ruins, overgrown with trees and shrubs, have been repeatedly used as a stone-quarry, which accounts for the injury sustained by so vast a pile.

† Barked.

‡ *Gladiator*, one who fought with a sword, either in mock or real battle. Such exhibitions were very common in Rome.

On Satirical Wit.

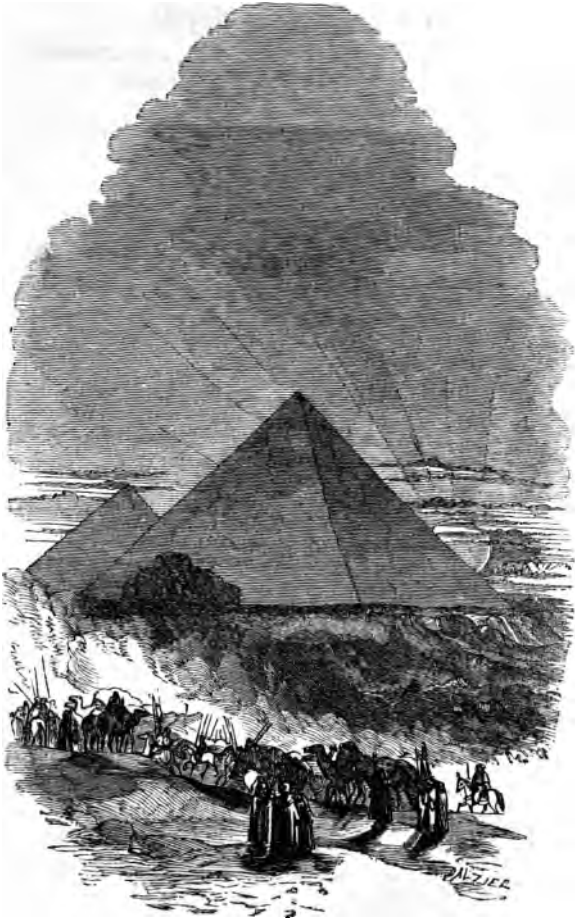
STERNE.

DR. LAWRENCE STERNE, born at Clonmel, in Ireland, in 1713, was more distinguished as a wit than as a clergyman. Combining a vivid perception of human frailties with an unfortunate incapability to avoid them, he is a character to be admired only in his writings. What he has written, leads us, by its very beauties, only to think of the insincerity by which it was dictated; but his wit and genius must remain to us as melancholy lessons as to the mighty gifts which God may bestow, and bestow in vain. The present quotation is a happy warning to those who prefer cleverness to good-nature, and who look rather to the dark side of their fellow-creatures, than to the brighter qualities which reconcile us to, and teach us to make allowance for, the failings of others. Of such feeling Sterne possessed little, in a practical sense; but no man has so deeply and forcibly expressed what man *should feel*.

Trust me, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no afterwit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft, I see, it happens, that the person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light, too, and reckonest upon his friends, his family, his kindred and allies, and musterest up with them the many recruits, which will list under him from a sense of common danger; it is no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and, till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies. I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive; but consider, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other; whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life, too.

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it—thy faith questioned—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes; the best of us, my friend, lie open there; and trust me, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.



THE PYRAMIDS.

The Fallen State of Egypt.

B. MONTGOMERY.

Low wondrous Egypt lies! Come, royal heirs
 Of Ptolemy, and patriarchal kings,
 And see the shadow of your once sublime
 And storied Egypt! True, her fostering Nile,
 That flowing wand'rer of mysterious birth,
 Her annual life-flood generously yields;
 But where the soul of science? where the font
 Of wisdom, from whose deep and dateless spring
 The Greek and Roman drank?—Colossal Thebes,
 How lowly sleep thy ruins, where of yore,
 Like billows trooping at the whirlwind's call,
 Forth from thy hundred gates the battle-cars
 Were roll'd. Thy tombs and arches, temples huge
 As sculptured mountains, darkling yet remain,
 But sadness broods o'er all: and yet august,
 In blackened, blighted majesty uprear'd.
 Ye pyramids!* that point your heads to Heaven,
 As pillars that could prop the spheres,—a day
 Is coming when you moulder into dust,
 And melt away, like dew upon the wind!

So sink the monuments of ancient might,
 So fade the gauds and splendours of the world.
 Her empires brighten, blaze, and pass away,
 And trophied fanes, and adamantine domes,
 That threaten'd an eternity, depart.
 Amid the dying change, or lapse of things,
 Enthroned o'er all, a desolation frowns,
 Save mind,—omnipotent, surpassing mind!
 One scintillation of a soul inspired,
 Though kindled in an atmosphere of gloom
 Or loneliness, will strengthen, glow, and live,
 And burn from age to age, till it become
 The sun and glory of a thinking world,
 When thrones are shatter'd, and their kings forgot!

* The pyramids of Jizeh are the most stupendous masses of building in stone that human labour has ever been known to accomplish. The date of their erection, according to Sir G. Wilkinson, was about 2100 B.C. The view on the opposite page represents the great pyramid at a distance of about five miles.

The Progress of Sin.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

BORN of a poor, but respectable family, entered Caius College, Cambridge, on the 18th of August, 1626, and distinguished himself not only by his opposition to the Presbyterian party, but by his powerful and feeling writings on various theological subjects. After a life of various trouble and anxiety, he died at Lisburn, aged fifty-five, having for seven years fulfilled the office of a bishop.

I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate* the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief.

So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger.

He that hath passed many stages of a good life, to prevent his being tempted to a single sin, must be very careful that he never entertain his spirit with the remembrances of his past sin, nor amuse it with the fantastic apprehensions of the present. When the Israelites fancied the sapidness and relish of the flesh-pots, they longed to taste and to return.

So when a Libyan tiger, drawn from his wilder foragings, is shut up and taught to eat civil meat, and suffer the authority of a man, he sits down tamely in his prison, and pays to his keeper fear and reverence for his meat; but if he chance to come again, and taste a draught of warm blood, he presently leaps into his natural cruelty.

He scarce abstains from eating those hands that brought him discipline and food. So is the nature of a man made tame and gentle by the grace of God, and reduced to reason, and kept in awe by religion and laws, and by an awful virtue is taught to forget those alluring and sottish relishes of sin; but if he diverts from his path, and snatches handfuls from the wanton vineyards, and remembers the lasciviousness of his unwholesome food that pleased his childish palate, then he grows sick again, and hungry after unwholesome diet, and longs for the apples of Sodom.

* *i. e.*, soften, make tender (*Lat.* tener).

The Pannonian bears, when they have clasped a dart in the region of their liver, wheel themselves upon the wound, and with anger and malicious revenge strike the deadly barb deeper, and cannot be quit from that fatal steel, but in flying bear along that which themselves make the instrument of a more hasty death.

So is every vicious person struck with a deadly wound, and his own hands force it into the entertainments* of the heart; and because it is painful to draw it forth by a sharp and salutary repentance, he still rolls and turns upon his wound, and carries his death in his bowels, where it first entered by choice, and then dwelt by love, and at last shall finish the tragedy by divine judgments and an unalterable decree.

The Great Fire of London.

JOHN EVELYN.

OF Wotton, Surrey, the younger son of an ancient family. During a long life, he maintained a character for independence and honesty; and in a profligate age, displayed every virtue of an English gentleman. His "Memoirs" were found, in a mutilated state, in the old family mansion of Wotton, near Dorking; and they furnish some of the most curious pictures we possess of the events and manners of the seventeenth century. He died in 1706, aged eighty-six.

1666. 2nd Sept. This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish-street in London.

3. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son and went to the Bank-side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapside down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower-street, Fenchurch-street, Gracechurch-street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what dependency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that

* Rather strangely used for the "interior."

there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for



the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what

goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. London was, but is no more!

4. The burning still rages, and it has now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleet-street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's-chain, Watling-street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

5. It crossed towards Whitehall; oh the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of the Fetter-lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved nearly the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower as made us all despair. It also broke out

again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his majesty and published, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was looked on as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board; who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruin was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

7. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have been beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that

the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near 100 more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the vorages of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy: to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, &c. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. I was not able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest, the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour continued so intense that my hair was almost singed and my feet insufferably surheated. The bye lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His majesty and council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the city. There was in truth some days before great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people.

sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his majesty's proclamation also invited them.



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Clarence's Dream.

SHAKSPEARE.

CLARENCE AND BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling
 Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord! Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
 What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
 I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air:
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life;
 O then began the tempest to my soul:
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
 "Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury!
 Seize on him, furies! take him to your torments!"
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling waked; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah ! Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
Oh, God ! if my deep pray'rs cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !
I prithee, Brakenbury, stay by me :
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Speech of Demosthenes to the Athenians,

INCITING THEM TO PROSECUTE THE WAR AGAINST PHILIP WITH MORE VIGOUR.

THIS greatest of ancient orators was born at Athens, about B.C. 380. Although, in consequence of his father's premature death, his education in early life was neglected, while his own health was extremely weak, he became equally great as a politician and an orator, animating the Athenians against their crafty foe, Philip of Macedon. After various vicissitudes, he poisoned himself, B.C. 322, to avoid falling into the hands of Antipater, to whom he had been delivered up by the conquered Athenians.



Athenians ! had this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have waited to hear the opinions of others before I had offered my own ; and if what they had proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have given my reasons from those who had spoken before me. But as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up first to offer my opinion. Had the schemes formerly proposed been successful, there had been no occasion for the present consultation.

First, then, my countrymen, let me entreat you not to look upon *the state of our affairs* as desperate, though it be unpromising :

for, as, on one hand, to compare the present with times past, matters have, indeed, a very gloomy aspect; so, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the distresses we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be asked, what probability there is of this? I answer, I hope it will appear that it is our egregious misbehaviour alone that has brought us into these disadvantageous circumstances: from which follows the necessity of altering our conduct, and the prospect of bettering our circumstances by doing so.

If we had nothing to accuse ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their present disorderly condition, we should not have room left even for the hope of recovering ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how gloriously the Lacedæmonian war was sustained, in which we engaged in defence of our own rights against an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war, nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian state; and this within these few years past. My intention, in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is to show you that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned and vigorously executed.

The enemy has, indeed, gained considerable advantages, by treaty as well as by conquest; for it is to be expected that princes and states will court the alliance of those who seem powerful enough to protect both themselves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly, if you will, even now resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich by contributing liberally towards the expense of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? when irresistible necessity drives you? What think ye of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity, or do ye wait for somewhat yet to come, more forcible and urgent? How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news,* as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What, is Philip dead?"

* "For all the Athenians, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing."—*Acta xvii. 21.*

"No," it is answered; "but he is very ill." How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you whether Philip is sick or well? Suppose he were dead, your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead; for it is not his strength that has made him what he is, but your indolence, which has of late been such, that you seem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it if it were gained by others for you.

Wisdom directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take; whereas you Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war—as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you order troops to be sent thither; if at Pylæ, forces are to be detached to secure that post. Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence; you attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general: but you never think of striking out for yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being beforehand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time; but in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous!

Oh, shame to the Athenian name! We undertook this war against Philip in order to obtain redress of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us; and we have conducted it so successfully, that we shall by and by think ourselves happy if we escape being defeated and ruined. For who can think that a prince of his restless and ambitious temper will not improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and timidity present him? Will he give over his designs against us, without being obliged to it? And who will oblige him—who will restrain his fury? Shall we wait for assistance from some unknown country? In the name of all that is sacred, and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise; if we should not be able to raise as many as we would wish, let us do somewhat to curb this insolent tyrant of his pursuits. Let us not trifle away the time in hearing the ineffectual wranglings of orators, while the enemy is strengthening himself and we are declining, and our allies growing more and more cold to our interest, and more apprehensive of the consequences of continuing on our side.

Dr. Johnson and his Times.

MACAULAY.

LITTLE need be said to remind the reader of the name of Macaulay, equally great as the orator, the historian of England, as the poet who has brought back the stories of ancient Rome, and the essayist.

Johnson grown old—Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune—is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morningslumpers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings,



his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank,—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him, not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed . . . Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by the Crown had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates, towards the close of his life, the only one, as far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David

Garrick; and it does not appear that, during those years, David Garrick saw much of his fellow-townsmen.

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. The number of readers is at present so great, that a popular author may subsist in comfort and opulence on the profits of his works. In the reigns of William the Third, of Anne, and of George the First, even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement, by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid, at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided patronized literature with emulous munificence. Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. . . . Rowe was not only Poet-Laureate, but also Land-Surveyor of the Customs in the Port of London, Clerk of the Council to the Prince of Wales, and Secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. . . . Locke was Commissioner of Appeals and of the Board of Trade. Newton was Master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk-mercator, became a Secretary of Legation at five-and-twenty. . . . Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the Queen, would have been a bishop. Oxford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell, when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps and a Member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a Commissioner of the Customs and Auditor of the Imprest. Tickell was Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was Secretary of State.

This liberal patronage was brought into fashion, as it seems, by the magnificent Dorset, almost the only noble versifier in the court of Charles the Second, who possessed talents for composition which were independent of the aid of a coronet. Montague owed his elevation to the favour of Dorset, and imitated, through the whole course of his life, the liberality to which he was himself so greatly indebted. The Tory leaders, Harley and Bolingbroke, in particular, vied with the chiefs of the Whig party in zeal for the encouragement of letters. But soon after the accession of the House of Hanover a change took place. The supreme power passed to a man who cared little for poetry or eloquence. The importance of the House of Commons was constantly on the increase. The

government was under the necessity of bartering, for Parliamentary support, much of that patronage which had been employed in fostering literary merit; and Walpole was by no means inclined to devote any part of the fund of corruption to purposes which he considered as idle. He had eminent talents for government and for debate. But he had paid little attention to books, and felt little respect for authors. He had observed that some of the distinguished writers whom the favour of Halifax had turned into statesmen, had been mere incumbrances to their party, dawdlers in office, and mutes in Parliament. During the whole course of his administration, therefore, he scarcely befriended a single man of genius. The best writers of the age gave all their support to the Opposition, and contributed to excite that discontent which, after plunging the nation into a foolish and unjust war, overthrew the Minister to make room for men less able and equally immoral. The Opposition could reward its eulogists with little more than promises and caresses. St. James's would give nothing; Leicester House had nothing to give.

Thus, at the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word Poet. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scare-crow, familiar with compters* and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench prison and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet,† Even the poorest pitied him: and they well might pity him: for, if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub-street to St. George's-fields, and from St. George's-fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's-church; to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December; to die in an hospital and be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer

* *i. e.*, one accustomed to borrow money of bill-discounters. "Spunging-houses," now happily abolished, were places whither persons arrested for debt were taken, in order to try to find bail for the amount for which they were sued, being meanwhile compelled to submit to the most exorbitant charges.

† *i. e.*, as to the comparative merits of the lowest parts of the two prisons. The "Fleet" is now abolished and destroyed.

who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-cat or the Scriblerus club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the High Allies—who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle-street or in Paternoster-row.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults, vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night* or a well-received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while he was sleeping amidst the cinders, and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe-lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyce, and of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; . . . sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste; they knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gipsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untamable, as much wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken into the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, the poet was again pestering all his acquaintance for

* It was customary for the writer of a successful piece to receive the profits of the third night's performance as the first instalment of his remuneration, and, if it continued to occupy the stage, of the sixth and ninth nights, and frequently of several more. In latter times, plays are frequently bought at once.

twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cook-shop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into taverns. All order was destroyed; all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress, when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

A few eminent writers were more fortunate. Pope had been raised above poverty by the active patronage which, in his youth, both the great political parties had extended to his Homer. Young had received the only pension ever bestowed, to the best of our recollection, by Sir Robert Walpole, as the reward of mere literary merit. One or two of the many poets who attached themselves to the Opposition, Thomson in particular, and Mallet, obtained, after much severe suffering, the means of subsistence from their political friends. Richardson, like a man of sense, kept his shop; and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they were, would scarcely have done. But nothing could be more deplorable than the state, even of the ablest men, who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson, were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time till he was three or four and fifty, we have little information respecting him—little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cock-lofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension, sufficient for his wants, had been conferred on him; and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labour had risen; and those rising men of letters with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Wartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill, were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men, Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. Almost all had been early admitted into the most

respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age, the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub-street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects; but, if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings, which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham-park* as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's-gate,† when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate, as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but, when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends, Savage and Boyce. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to

* The abode of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale.

† In Clerkenwell. The chair in which Dr. Johnson used to sit is still shown in the room of this interesting station of the Knights of St. John, long since converted into a tavern and assembly-house.

eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be *eo immitior quia toleraverat*, that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh world inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum: nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache, with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and sorrow. Goldsmith, crying because the *Good-natured Man* had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. "People, whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might weep," he said, "for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh." He was not much moved even by the spectacle of Lady Tavistock dying of a broken heart for the loss of her lord. Such grief he considered as a luxury reserved for the idle and wealthy. A washerwoman, left a widow with nine small children, would not have sobbed herself to death.

A person who troubled himself so little about small or sentimental grievances, was not likely to be very attentive to the feelings of others in the ordinary intercourse of society. He could not understand how a sarcasm or a reprimand could make any man really unhappy. "My dear doctor," said he to Goldsmith, "what harm does it do to a man to call him *Holofernes*?" "Pooh, ma'am," he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter, "who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?" Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live no fourpence-halfpenny a day.



WINTER.

Winter.

SOUTHEY.

BORN at Bristol, August 12th, 1774; distinguished as one of the most brilliant and voluminous writers of modern times, whether in prose or verse. In 1813 he became poet-laureate, and died at Greta, March 21st, 1843, having been a victim to paralysis the last three years of his life.

Though now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,
I love thee, Winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
And sweet the autumnal winds that shake
The many colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober'd soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds.

And see the spangled branches shine
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
As o'er the gray stone spreads.

And mark the cluster'd berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
And, by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the Spring,
Whose waters hid from summer sun
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
 When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
 No more expands the bursting bud,
 Or bids the flowret bloom ;

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms
 Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
 Expand the bursting bud again,
 And bid the flower rebloom.

Æ Allegro.

MILTON.

THIS Homer of England, alike resembling the bard of Chios in his blindness and his poetical glory, was born in Bread-street, in 1608, and, after a life devoted to learning, conscientious opposition to infringements on national liberty, and the production of immortal poems, died in 1674. The two following poems are "household words" in English literature.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n yclep'd* Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore :
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring-
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.†
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,

* Named.

† Graceful.



MILTON AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides ;
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unproved pleasures free :
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 While the landscape round it measures,
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied ; *

* Dappled, spotted.

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure* of neighb'ring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their sav'ry dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nutbrown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets ate;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friar's lantern led;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,†
 When in one night, ere glimpe of morn,
 His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And, cropful, out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tow'rd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,

* The Dog-star; i. e., the mark; alluding to the star, Sirius, the chief guide to mariners.

† Alluding to the Kobold, or household spirit, who was supposed to play all kinds of merry tricks at people's expense, but who was equally obliging, if his favours were purchased by a bowl of milk. A full account of such spirits will be found in Keightley's "Fairy Mythology."

Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With masque and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,
 On summer eves, by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock* be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native woodnotes wild.

And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the melting soul may pierce.
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of Harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

I. Penseroso.

MILTON.

Hence vain deluding joys,
 The brood of Folly, without father bred !
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless

* *i. e.*, The buskin worn by tragic actors, *soccus*.

As the gay notes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!

Hail, divinest Melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright,

To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view

O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's* sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen,† that strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended,

Yet thou art higher far descended;

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore

To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign

Such mixture was not held a stain).

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades

He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,

Sober, steadfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,

Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cypress lawn,

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,

With even step and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;

There, held in holy passion still,

Forget thyself to marble, till

With a sad leaden downward cast,

Thou fix them on the earth as fast;

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,

Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And hear the Muses in a ring,

Aye round about Jove's altar sing;

And add to these retired Leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;

But first and chiefest with thee bring

Him that yon soars on golden wing,

* Son of Tithonus, by Aurora, and king of Ethiopia. He was slain in a night attack during the Trojan war.

† Cassiopeia, whose daughter, Andromeda, was, in consequence of her mother's boasting, exposed by the nymphs to be devoured by a sea-monster, which was slain by Perseus.

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In his sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ;
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy ;
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
 I woo to hear thy ev'ning song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still, removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen on some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,*
 With thrice great Hermes,† or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall‡ come sweeping by,

* A constellation which never sets.

† Not the god Mercury, but the mystical philosopher, Hermes Trismegistus.

‡ The *pallium*, or long cloak, worn by leading characters in tragedy.

Presenting* Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin! that thy pow'r
 Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what Love did seek;
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride;
 And if aught else great bards beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
 Of forests and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear.

Nor trick'd and flounced as she was wont
 With the Attic boy† to hunt,
 But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that sylvan loves,
 Of pine or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
 Was never heard, the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish‡ eye,
 While the bee with honey'd thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,

* Representing. The following were favourite subjects with the Greek tragedians and the mediæval romancists.

† Cephalus.

‡ Bright, gaudy.

With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep :
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eyelids laid :
 And as I wake sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high imbowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth show,
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old Experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

The Sloth.

WATERTON.

AN enthusiastic naturalist, still living, in Yorkshire. The following is an extract from his "Wanderings in South America," between the years 1812 and 1824.

Let us now turn our attention to the Sloth, whose native haunts have hitherto been so little known, and probably little looked into. Those who have written on this singular animal have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain ; that he is proverbially slow in his movements ; that he is a prisoner in space ; and that, as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he has

ted, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, and then falls to round. This is not the case.

the naturalists who have written the history of the Sloth had into the wilds, in order to examine his haunts and economy, would not have drawn the foregoing conclusions; they would learned, that though all other quadrupeds may be described resting upon the ground, the Sloth is an exception to this and that his history must be written while he is in the tree. is singular animal is destined by nature to be produced, to and to die in the trees; and, to do justice to him, naturalists examine him in this upper element. He is a scarce and ry animal, and being good food he is never allowed to escape. nhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up



abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and
 ops, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the
 of civilized man. Were you to draw your own conclusions
 the descriptions which have been given of the Sloth, you
 d probably suspect that no naturalist has actually gone into
 wilds with the fixed determination to find him out, and examine
 aunts, and see whether nature has committed any blunder in
 formation of this extraordinary creature, which appears to us
 rlornd and miserable, so ill put together, and so totally unfit to
 r the blessings which have been so bountifully given to the
 of animated nature; for he has no soles to his feet, and he is
 ently ill at ease when he tries to move on the ground, and it is
 that he looks up in your face with a countenance that says,
 ve pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow."

It mostly happens that Indians and Negroes are the people who catch the Sloth, and bring it to the white man: hence it may be conjectured that the erroneous accounts we have hitherto had of the Sloth have not been penned down with the slightest intention to mislead the reader, or give him an exaggerated history, but that these errors have naturally arisen by examining the Sloth in those places where nature never intended that he should be exhibited.

However, we are now in his own domain. Man but little frequents these thick and noble forests, which extend far and wide on every side of us. This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the Sloth. We will first take a near view of him. By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we shall be enabled to account for his movements hereafter, when we see him in his proper haunts. His fore-legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew. Both the fore and hind-legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported by their legs. Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Now, granted that he supported himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp, and long, and curved; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be, were you to throw yourself on all fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers—a trying position. Were the floor of glass, or of a polished surface, the Sloth would actually be quite stationary; but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, &c., this just suits the Sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but at the same time in so tardy and awkward a manner as to acquire him the name of Sloth.

Indeed his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation; and, as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

Some years ago I kept a Sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards, by means of his fore-legs, at a pretty good pace; and he invariably immediately shaped his course towards the nearest tree. But, if I put him upon a smooth and well-trodden part of the road, he appeared to be in trouble and distress: his favourite abode was the back of a chair; and, after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him.

The Sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in trees, and never leaves them but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience: but the Sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and what is more extraordinary, not *upon* the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but *under* them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped.

Hence his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for; and in lieu of the Sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it just enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but further proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence.

It must be observed that the Sloth does not hang head downwards like the vampire. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other; and after that brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch; so that all four are in a line; he seems perfectly at rest in this position. Now, had he a tail, he would be at a loss to know what to do with it in this position; were he to draw it up within his legs, it would interfere with them; and were he to let it hang down, it would become the sport of the winds. Thus his deficiency of tail is a benefit to him; it is merely an apology for a tail, scarcely exceeding an inch and a half in length.

I observed, when he was climbing, he never used his arms both together, but first one, and then the other, and so on alternately. There is a singularity in his hair, different from that of all other animals, and, I believe, hitherto unnoticed by naturalists; his hair is thick and coarse at the extremity, and gradually tapers to the root, where it becomes fine as a spider's web. His fur has so much the hue of the moss which grows on the branches of the trees, that it is very difficult to make him out when he is at rest.

The male of the three-toed Sloth has a longitudinal bar of very fine black hair on his back, rather lower than the shoulder blades; on each side of this black bar there is a space of yellow hair, equally fine; it has the appearance of being pressed into the body, and looks exactly as if it had been singed. If we examine the anatomy of his fore-legs, we shall immediately perceive, by their firm and muscular texture, how very capable they are of supporting the pendant weight of his body, both in climbing and at rest; and, instead of pronouncing them a bungled composition, as a celebrated naturalist has done, we shall consider them as remarkably well calculated to perform their extraordinary functions.

As the Sloth is an inhabitant of forests within the tropics, where the trees touch each other in the greatest profusion, there seems to be no reason why he should confine himself to one tree alone for food, and entirely strip it of its leaves. During the many years I have ranged the forests, I have never seen a tree in such a state of nudity; indeed, I would hazard a conjecture that, by the time the animal had finished the last of the old leaves, there would be a new crop on the part of the tree he had stripped first, ready for him to begin again, so quick is the process of vegetation in these countries.

There is a saying amongst the Indians, that when the wind blows the Sloth begins to travel. In calm weather he remains tranquil, probably not liking to cling to the brittle extremity of the branches, lest they should break with him in passing from one tree to another; but as soon as the wind rises, the branches of the neighbouring trees become interwoven, and then the Sloth seizes hold of them, and pursues his journey in safety. There is seldom an entire day of calm in these forests. The trade-wind generally sets in about ten o'clock in the morning, and thus the Sloth may set off after breakfast, and get a considerable way before dinner. He travels at a good round pace; and were you to see him pass from tree to tree, as I have done, you would never think of calling him a Sloth.

Thus it would appear that the different histories we have of this quadruped are erroneous on two accounts: first, that the writers of them, deterred by difficulties and local annoyances, have not paid sufficient attention to him in his native haunts; and, secondly, they have described him in a situation in which he was never intended by nature to cut a figure,—I mean on the ground. The Sloth is as much at a loss to proceed on his journey upon a smooth and level floor, as a man would be who had to walk a mile in stilts upon a line of feather-beds.

One day, as we were crossing the Essequibo, I saw a large two-toed Sloth on the ground upon the bank; how he had got there, nobody could tell: the Indian said he had never surprised a Sloth in such a situation before: he would hardly have come there to drink, for both above and below the place the branches of the trees touched the water, and afforded him an easy and safe access to it. Be this as it may, though the trees were not above twenty yards from him, he could not make his way through the sand time enough to escape before we landed. As soon as we got up to him he threw himself upon his back, and defended himself in gallant style with his fore-legs. "Come, poor fellow," said I to him, "if thou hast got into a hobble to-day, thou shalt not suffer for it: I'll take no advantage of thee in misfortune; the forest is large enough both for thee and me to rove in: go thy ways up above, and enjoy thyself in these endless wilds; it is more than probable thou wilt never have another interview with man. So fare thee well." On saying this, I took a long stick which was lying there, held it for *him to hook on*, and then conveyed him to a high and stately mora.

He ascended with wonderful rapidity, and in about a minute he was almost at the top of the tree. He now went off in a side direction, and caught hold of the branch of a neighbouring tree; he then proceeded towards the heart of the forest. I stood looking on, lost in amazement at his singular mode of progress. I followed him with my eye till the intervening branches closed in betwixt us; and then I lost sight for ever of the two-toed Sloth. I was going to add, that I never saw a Sloth take to his heels in such earnest; but the expression will not do, for the Sloth has no heels.

That which naturalists have advanced, of his being so tenacious of life, is perfectly true. I saw the heart of one beat for half an hour after it was taken out of the body. The wourali poison seems to be the only thing that will kill it quickly. On reference to a former part of my "Wanderings," it will be seen that a poisoned arrow killed the Sloth in about ten minutes.

So much for this harmless unoffending animal. He holds a conspicuous place in the catalogue of the animals of the New World. Though naturalists have made no mention of what follows, still it is not less true on that account. The Sloth is the only quadruped known, which spends its whole life from the branch of a tree suspended by its feet. I have paid uncommon attention to him in his native haunts. The monkey and squirrel will seize a branch with their fore-feet, and pull themselves up, and rest or run upon it; but the Sloth, after seizing it, still remains suspended, and suspended moves along under the branch, till he can lay hold of another. Whenever I have seen him in his native woods, whether at rest, or asleep, or on his travels, I have always observed that he was suspended from the branch of a tree. When his form and anatomy are attentively considered, it will appear evident that the Sloth cannot be at ease in any situation where his body is higher, or above his feet. We will now take our leave of him.

The Skylark.

SHELLEY.

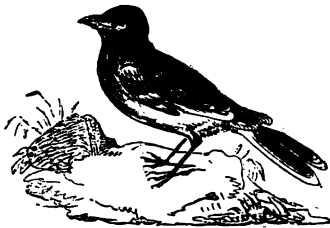
THIS great poet, but unhappy and ill-fated man, was born in Sussex, August 4th, 1792. His whole life was one of resistance to established opinions, and indulgence in wild speculations, tintured, however, with a natural generosity, that made his eccentricities of opinion the more to be lamented. He was drowned, July 8th, 1822, while returning from Leghorn to welcome his brother poet, Leigh Hunt.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight,
 Thou art unseen, but, yet, I hear thy shrill delight.



Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed

What thou art, we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be :
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream.
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?
 We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught:
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
 Yet if we could scorn,
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joys we ever should come near.
 Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!
 Teach me half the gladness
 That my brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Alexander Selkirk.*

COWPER.

THIS distinguished poet was born in Hertfordshire, 1731, of a good family; and, after a melancholy life of nervousness and physical debility, he died 1800. His latter days were soothed by the amusement of keeping some tame hares.

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

* It is well known that the adventures of this hero form the groundwork of Defoe's ever-popular "Robinson Crusoe."

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone!
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own.



The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see:
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage,
In the ways of religion and truth ;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion !— what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard ;
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more !

My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
Oh ! tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But, alas ! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her rest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place ;
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

Curiosity.

JOHNSON.

THE life of this great writer, born in 1709, and deceased in 1784, has been already touched upon in an extract from the brilliant pen of Macaulay.

Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to farther progress. All the attainments possible in our present state are evidently inadequate to our capacities of enjoyment; conquest serves no purpose but that of kindling ambition; discovery has no effect but of raising expectation; the gratification of one desire, encourages another: and after all our labours, studies, and inquiries, we are continually at the same distance from the completion of our schemes, have still some wish importunate to be satisfied, and some faculty restless and turbulent for want of its enjoyment.

The desire of knowledge, though often animated by extensive and adventitious motives, seems on many occasions to operate without subordination to any other principle; we are eager to see and hear, without intention of referring our observations to a further end; we climb a mountain for a prospect of the plain; we run to the strand in a storm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water; we range from city to city, though we profess neither architecture nor fortification; we cross seas only to view nature in nakedness, or magnificence in ruins; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a desert or a palace, a cataract or a cavern, by everything rude, and everything polished, everything great, and everything little. We do not see a thicket but with some temptation to enter it, nor remark an insect flying before us, but with an inclination to pursue it.

This passion is, perhaps, regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. Lucan therefore introduces Cæsar speaking with dignity suitable to the grandeur of his designs and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high-priest of Egypt, that he has no desire equally powerful with that of finding the origin of the Nile, and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a sight of those fountains which had been so long concealed. And Homer, when he would furnish the sirens with a temptation, to which his hero, renowned for wisdom, might yield without disgrace, makes them declare, that none ever departed from them but with increase of knowledge.

There is, indeed, scarce any kind of ideal acquirement which may not be applied to some use, or which may not at least gratify pride with occasional superiority; but whoever attends the motions of his own mind, will find that, upon the first appearance of an object, or the first start of a question, his inclination to a nearer view or more accurate discussion, precedes all thoughts of profit, or of competition; and that his desires take wing by instantaneous

impulse, though their flight might be invigorated, or their efforts renewed by subsequent considerations. The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance, than delighted by instruction. Curiosity is the thirst of the soul; it inflames and torments us, and makes us taste everything with joy, however otherwise insipid, by which it may be quenched.

It is evident that the earliest searchers after knowledge must have proposed knowledge only as their reward: and that Science, though perhaps the nursing of Interest, was the daughter of Curiosity: for who can believe that they who first watched the course of the stars foresaw the use of their discoveries to the facilitation of commerce, or the mensuration of time? They were delighted with the splendour of the nocturnal skies, they found that the lights changed their places; what they admired they were anxious to understand, and in time traced their revolutions.

There are, indeed, beings in the form of men, who appear satisfied with their intellectual possessions, and seem to live without desire of enlarging their conceptions, before whom the world passes without notice, and who are equally unmoved by nature or art.

This negligence is sometimes only the temporary effect of a predominant passion; a lover finds no inclination to travel any path but that which leads to the habitation of his mistress; a trader can spare little attention to common occurrences, when his fortune is endangered by a storm. It is frequently the consequence of a total immersion in sensuality; corporeal pleasure may be indulged till the memory of every other kind of happiness is obliterated; the mind, long habituated to a lethargic and quiescent state, is unwilling to wake to the toil of thinking; and though she may sometimes be disturbed by the obtrusion of new ideas, shrinks back again to ignorance and rest.

But, indeed, if we deduct those to whom the continual task of procuring the supports of life, denies all opportunities of deviation from their own narrow track, the number of such as live without the ardour of inquiry is very small, though many content themselves with cheap amusement, and waste their lives in researches of no importance.

There is no snare more dangerous to busy and excursive minds, than the cobwebs of petty inquisitiveness, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute studies, and detain them in a middle state, between the tediousness of total inactivity, and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once with ease and novelty, and vitiate them with the luxury of learning. The necessity of doing something, and the fear of undertaking much, sinks the historian to a genealogist, the philosopher to a journalist of the weather, and the mathematician to a constructor of dials.

It is happy when those who cannot content themselves to be idle, nor resolve to be industrious, are at least employed without *injury to others*; but it seldom happens that we can contain our-

selves long in a neutral state, or forbear to sink into vice, when we are no longer soaring towards virtue.

Nugaculas was distinguished in his earlier years by an uncommon liveliness of imagination, quickness of sagacity, and extent of knowledge. When he entered into life he applied himself, with particular inquisitiveness, to examine the various motives of human actions, the complicated influence of mingled affections, the different modifications of interest and ambition, and the various causes of miscarriage and success, both in public and private affairs.

Though his friends did not discover to what purpose all these observations were collected, or how Nugaculas would much improve his virtue or his fortune by an incessant attention to changes of countenance, bursts of inconsideration, sallies of passion, and all the other casualties by which he used to trace a character, yet they could not deny the study of human nature to be worthy of a wise man; they therefore flattered his vanity, applauded his discoveries, and listened with submissive modesty to his lectures on the uncertainty of inclination, the weakness of resolves, and the instability of temper; to his account of the various motives which agitate the mind, and his ridicule of the modern dream of the ruling passion.

Such was the first incitement of Nugaculas to a close inspection into the conduct of mankind. He had no interest in view, and therefore no design of supplantation; he had no malevolence, and therefore detected faults without any intention to expose them; but having once found the art of engaging his attention upon others, he had no inclination to call it back to himself, but has passed his time in keeping a watchful eye upon every rising character, and lived upon a small estate, without any thoughts of increasing it.

He is, by continual application, become a general master of secret history, and can give an account of the intrigues, private marriages, competitions, and stratagems of half a century. He knows the mortgages upon every man's estate, the terms upon which every spendthrift raises his money, the real and reputed fortune of every lady, the jointure stipulated by every contract, and the expectations of every family from maiden aunts and childless acquaintances. He can relate the economy of every house, knows how much one man's cellar is robbed by his butler, and the land of another underlet by his steward; he can tell when the manor-house is falling, though large sums are yearly paid for repairs; and when the tenants are felling wood without the consent of the owner.

To obtain all this intelligence, he is inadvertently guilty of a thousand acts of treachery. He sees no man's servant without draining him of his trust; he enters no family without flattering the children into discoveries; he is a perpetual spy upon the doors of his neighbours, and knows, by long experience, at whatever distance, the looks of a creditor, a borrower, a lover, and a pimp.

Nugaculas is not ill-natured, and therefore his industry has not hitherto been very mischievous to others, or dangerous to himself;

but since he cannot enjoy his knowledge but by discovering it, and if he had no other motive to loquacity is obliged to traffic like the chemists, and purchase one secret with another, he is every day more hated as he is more known; for he is considered by great numbers as one that has their fame and their happiness in his power, and no man can much love him of whom he lives in fear.

Meditation.

THOMSON.



Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the sun
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless languor through the deeps;
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade:
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his eyry builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead
 Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
 Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,

And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Marmion's Departure from the Castle of Douglas.

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

THE immortal novelist and poet, was born 1776, and died September 21st, 1832, paralysis, after a life spent in the production of more works than we can venture to enumerate.

Not far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troop array
 To Surrey's camp to ride ;
 He had safe-conduct for his band,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide :
 The ancient earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,
 And whispered, in an under tone,
 " Let the hawk stoop,—his prey is flown !"
 The train from out the castle drew ;
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—
 " Though something I might plain,"* he said,
 " Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;—
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble earl, receive my hand."
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
 " My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
 Be open at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer ;
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation-stone,—
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp !"

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire,

* Complain.

And—"This to me!" he said,—
 "And 't were not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head!
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus,* be thy mate!
 "And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword),
 I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
 And if thou said'st I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
 On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth:—"And dar'st thou, then,
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
 No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—
 Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
 Let the portecullis fall!"
 Lord Marmion turn'd—well was his need!—
 And dashed the rowels† in his steed.
 Like arrow through the arch-way sprung,
 The ponderous grate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, rased his plume.

The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
 But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
 "A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name.
 A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
 Did ever knight so foul a deed!

* The Earl Douglas was Earl of Angus, a maritime country in the north-east of Scotland, now better known by the name of Forfarshire.

† The little wheel which forms the sharp points of the spur.

At first in heart it liked me ill,
 When the king praised his clerkly skill.
 Thanks to Saint Bothun, son of mine,
 Save Gawain,* ne'er could pen a line:
 So swore I, and I swear it still,
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.
 "Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood;
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
 I warrant him a warrior tried."—
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle's halls.

The Tournament.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists,† had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened, upon the appointed morning, to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. At each of the portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms, for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

* Gawain was a son of Douglas, and a bishop in the church. The story of Marmion, from which this piece is extracted, is a tale of the sixteenth century, during the reign of James IV. of Scotland, a contemporary of Henry VIII. of England, and grandfather of James I. of the latter country. The feudal system prevailed, and chivalry was still an honoured institution. During the prevalence of these characteristics of the middle ages, the profession of arms was the only avenue to distinction. Learning was held in light estimation, and was cultivated only by ecclesiastics, and others who were debarred from the military profession. Douglas himself, although one of the most powerful men of the times, could neither read nor write; and the light estimation in which he held these most useful accomplishments of the present day, may be seen from his thanks to his patron saint, *Bothun*, that no child of his, except his "boy-bishop," could write a line.—Note by PARKER.

† Lines inclosing or forming the extremity of a piece of ground selected for the combat. To enter the lists is to accept a challenge, or engage in contest.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colour of the five knights challengers. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a savage or sylvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character which he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connexion with the knights who had undertaken this passage of arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as a chief. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin; and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestors had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, occupied the fifth pavilion.

The northern access to the lists terminated in an entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armourers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend upon the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf, prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to look over the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow, and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

Spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations,—not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men-at-arms with brief ceremony; the shafts of their battle-axes, and pommels of their swords, being readily employed as arguments to convince the most refractory. Others, which involved the rank of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles,

in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, that, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford them much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry as, from modesty, poverty, or dubious title, durst not assume any higher place. It was, of course, amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

Prince John, being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows:—First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers. Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield.* Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and, in addition to this reward of valor, it was now announced he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day. Fourthly, it was announced, that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully, until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat.

The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day, the knightly games ceased. But on that which followed, feats of archery, of bull-baiting, and other popular amusements, were to be practised, for the more immediate amusement of the populace.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful, in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich.

The heralds ceased their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces

* If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy,—that is, lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and spears. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at *outrance*,—that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.—Note by PARKER.

were showered on them from the galleries,—it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the age accounted the secretaries, at once, and historians, of honour.

The heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed *cap-à-pie*,* sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights, desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets, and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached many pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority records at great length their devices, their colours, and the embroidery of their horse-trappings.

The champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, they advanced up to the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself.

The lower orders of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher, and it is even said several of the ladies—were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground.

The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-

* From head to foot.

against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so n the direct line as to break his weapon athwart the his opponent—a circumstance which is accounted more id than being actually unhorsed; because the one might om accident, whereas the other evinced awkwardness, of management of the weapon and of the horse. The ht alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted h the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances, dvantage on either side.

outs of the multitude, together with the acclamations of lds, and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The treated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering them- as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and to agree with their victors concerning the redemption rms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the nt, they had forfeited.

th of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough eted with the applauses of the spectators, amongst which ted, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' ion.

ad and third party of knights took the field; and although various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage de- mained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his erved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or eir antagonists, in each encounter. The spirits, there- ose opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped ontinued success.

knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding ls of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented them- th touching those of the three other knights, who had ether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This lection did not alter the luck of the field. The challengers successful; one of their antagonists was overthrown, and others failed in the *attaint*—that is, in striking the helmet d of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance direct line, so that the weapon might break, unless the i was overthrown. After this fourth encounter, there was rable pause: nor did it appear that any one was very of renewing the encounter.

th, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded ee long and high flourishes with which they had broken ce of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, eathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. es were turned to see the new champion which these ounced; and no sooner were the barriers opened than he o the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed r, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His mour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and

the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists, he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance.

The dexterity with which he managed his horse, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by crying, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat—he is your cheapest bargain!" The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, until it rung again.

All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat. "Have you confessed yourself, brother?" said the Templar; "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"—"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight—for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney. "Then take your place in the lists," said De Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun: for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise!"—"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; "and, to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance; for, by my honour, you will need both." Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backwards through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse—an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars' qualities, which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and the wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto *Gare le Corbeau*.*

* "Beware of the raven!"

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its hams. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a *demi-volte*,* and retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter,—the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before. In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground, under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror.

The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred

* A turn half around.

their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us!"—"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee." More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day, in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armour, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum*.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both champions broke their lances fairly; but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque, that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin—only saved from falling by being unhelmed—was declared vanquished, like his companions.

In his fourth encounter, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim; and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised the lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter.

This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent. Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists. The

* "Take care,—I am here!"

acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals, announcing that day's honours to the Disinherited Knight.

Will Waddle.

COLMAN,

THE younger of that name, was born 1733, and died 1794, highly celebrated as a wit and a dramatist.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face.
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.
Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat he appeared like a tun,—
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.
Next night 'twas the same, and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week; till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin "like a lady's loose gown" hung about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."
The doctor looked wise; "a slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there without paying for drugs!"

Will kicked out the doctor; but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?
Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so hanged hot, that I'm sure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord, "Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven."
"The oven!" says Will. Says the host, "Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.

Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds!" cries Will, in a taking,
 "Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's baking?"
 Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,
 "Well, I see you've been going away half a year."—
 "Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel," Will said;
 "But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread."

Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

GRAY.

BORN in London, 1716; educated at Eton College; and distinguished both as a scholar and a poet. He died in 1771.

Ye distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow



Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers
 among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace ;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
 The captive linnet which enthrall ?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball ?



While some, on earnest business bent,
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Their buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play !
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day ;



Yet see how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murd'rous band,
 Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind:
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath,
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand
 And slow-consuming Age.
 To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

On Decision of Character.

JOHN FOSTER.

BORN in Yorkshire, in 1770; died in 1843. His "Essays" possess a world-known reputation.

I have repeatedly remarked to you, in conversation, the effect of what has been called a Ruling Passion. When its object is noble, and an enlightened understanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great felicity; but whether its object be noble or not, it infallibly creates, where it exists in great force, that active ardent constancy, which I describe as a capital feature of the decisive character. The Subject of such a commanding passion wonders, if indeed he were at leisure to wonder, at the persons who pretend to attach importance to an object which they make none but the most languid efforts to secure. The utmost powers of the man are constrained into the service of the favourite Cause by this passion, which sweeps away, as it advances, all the trivial objections and little opposing motives, and seems almost to open a way through impossibilities. This spirit comes on him in the morning as soon as he recovers his consciousness, and commands and impels him through the day with a power from which he could not emancipate himself if he would. When the force of habit is added, the determination becomes invincible, and seems to assume rank with the great laws of nature, making it nearly

certain that such a man will persist in his course as that in the morning the sun will rise.

A persisting untamable efficacy of the soul gives a seductive and pernicious dignity even to a character and a course which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often in the narrations of history and fiction, an agent of the most dreadful designs, compels a sentiment of deep respect for the unconquerable mind displayed in their execution. While we shudder at his activity, we say with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality, What a noble being this would have been, if goodness had been his destiny! The partiality is evinced in the very selection of terms, by which we show that we are tempted to refer his atrocity rather to his destiny than to his choice. I wonder whether an emotion like this has not been experienced by each reader of "Paradise Lost," relative to the Leader of the infernal spirits; a proof, if such were the fact, that a very serious error has been committed by the greatest poet. In some of the high examples of ambition, we almost revere the force of mind which impelled them forward through the longest series of action, superior to doubt and fluctuation, and disdainful of ease, of pleasures, of opposition, and of hazard. We bow to the ambitious spirit, which reached the true sublime, in the reply of Pompey to his friends who dissuaded him from venturing on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome on an important occasion: "It is necessary for me to go, it is not necessary for me to live."

Revenge has produced wonderful examples of this unremitting constancy to a purpose. Zanga is a well-supported illustration. And you may have read a real instance of a Spaniard, who, being injured by another inhabitant of the same town, resolved to destroy him: the other was apprized of this, and removed with the utmost secrecy, as he thought, to another town at a considerable distance; where however he had not been more than a day or two, before he found that his enemy was arrived there. He removed in the same manner to several parts of the kingdom, remote from each other; but in every place quickly perceived that his deadly pursuer was near him. At last he went to South America, where he had enjoyed his security but a very short time, before his unrelenting enemy came up with him and effected his purpose.

You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, of a young man, who wasted in two or three years a large patrimony in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates who called themselves his friends, and who, when his last means were exhausted, treated him of course with neglect or contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house, with an intention to put an end to his life; but wandering awhile, almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement exulting emotion. *He had formed his resolution, which was, that all these estates*

should be his again: he had formed his plan, too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind, to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of whatever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of carts on the pavement before a house. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labour; and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer, and went, with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile employments, in different places, of longer and shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily, but cautiously, turned his first gains into second advantages; retained, without a single deviation, his extreme parsimony; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life; but the final result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth £60,000. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, although in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary *effect*, which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.

But not less decision has been displayed by men of virtue. In this distinction no man ever exceeded, for instance, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard.

The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of anything like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds: as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been *the amount* of that bribe in emolument or pleasure, that

would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity, was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings toward the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scenes which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds, to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive, when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotism of duty as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred everything he did and thought to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent: and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence.

Unless the eternal happiness of mankind be an insignificant concern, and the passion to promote it an inglorious distinction, *I may cite George Whitefield*, as a noble instance of this attribute

a decisive character, this intense necessity of action. The cause which was so languid a thing in the hands of many of the advocates, assumed in his administrations an unmitigable urgency.

Many of the Christian missionaries among the heathens, such as Herd, Elliot, and Schwartz, have displayed memorable examples of this dedication of their whole being to their office, this total abjuration of all the quiescent feelings.

This would be the proper place for introducing (if I did not hesitate to introduce in any connexion with merely human interests) the example of Him who said, "I must be about my Father's business. My meat and drink is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work. I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished."

Harvest.

HERRICK.

BORN in the seventeenth century; died soon after the Restoration.



Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
 We are the lords of wine and oil;
 By whose tough labours and rough hands
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.
 Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
 And to the pipe sing harvest-home.

Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.
See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet ;
'The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.
About the cart hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves ;
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat :
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef ;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal,
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As, here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumentie.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer ;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
Next to your flails, your fanes, your fatts ;
Then to the maids with wheaten hats ;
To the rough sickle, and crook'd scythe,
Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blythe.
Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their full of meat ;
And know, besides, you must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hang'd up now.
And you must know, your lord's words true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you,
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

The First Man.

BUFFON.

THE Comte de Buffon, the most eloquent, if not the most accurate, of naturalists, was born in 1707, and died in 1788.

The first man describes his first movements, his first sensations, and his first ideas, after the creation.

I recollect that moment, full of joy and perplexity, when, for the first time, I was aware of my singular existence; I did not know what I was, where I was, or where I came from. I opened my eyes: how my sensations increased! the light, the vault of heaven, the verdure of the earth, the crystal of the waters, everything interested me, animated me, and gave me an inexpressible sentiment of pleasure. I thought at first that all these objects were in me, and made a part of myself. I was confirming myself in this idea, when I turned my eyes towards the sun: its brilliancy distressed me: I involuntarily closed my eyelids, and I felt a slight sensation of grief. In this moment of darkness I thought I had lost my entire being.

Afflicted and astonished, I was thinking of this great change, when suddenly I heard sounds: the singing of the birds, the murmuring of the air, formed a concert, the sweet influence of which touched my very soul; I listened for a long time, and I soon felt convinced that this harmony was myself. Intent upon and entirely occupied with this new part of my existence, I had already forgotten light, that other portion of my being, the first with which I had become acquainted, when I reopened my eyes. What happiness to possess once more so many brilliant objects! My pleasure surpassed what I had felt the first time, and for awhile suspended the charming effect of sound.

I fixed my eyes on a thousand different objects; I soon discovered that I might lose and recover these objects, and that I had, at my will, the power of destroying and reproducing this beautiful part of myself; and, although it seemed to me immense in its grandeur, from the quality of the rays of light, and from the variety of the colours, I thought I had discovered that it was all a portion of my being.

I was beginning to see without emotion, and to hear without agitation, when a slight breeze, whose freshness I felt, brought to me perfumes that gave me an inward pleasure, and caused a feeling of love for myself.

Agitated by all these sensations, and oppressed by the pleasures of so beautiful and grand an existence, I suddenly rose, and I felt myself taken along by an unknown power. I only made one step; the novelty of my situation made me motionless, my surprise was extreme; I thought my existence was flying from me: the movement I had made disturbed the objects around me, I imagined every thing *was* *disordered*.

I put my hand to my head, I touched my forehead and eyes felt all over my body; my hand then appeared to me the principal organ of my existence. What I felt was so distinct and so complete, the enjoyment of it appeared so perfect, compared with pleasure that light and sound had caused me, that I gave myself up entirely to this substantial part of my being, and I felt that ideas acquired profundity and reality.

Every part of my body that I touched seemed to give back my hand feeling for feeling, and each touch produced a double idea in my mind. I was not long in discovering that this fact of feeling was spread over every part of my body; I found out the limits of my existence, which had at first seemed to me immense in extent. I had cast my eyes over my body; I thought of enormous dimensions, so large, that all the objects that struck my eye appeared to me, in comparison, mere luminous points. I examined myself for a long time, I looked at myself with pleasure, I followed my hand with my eyes, and I observed its movements. My mind was filled with the strangest ideas. I thought the movement of my hand was only a kind of fugitive existence, a succession of similar things. I put my hand near my eyes; it seemed to me larger than my whole body, and it hid an infinite number of objects from my view.

I began to suspect that there was an illusion in the sensations that my eyes made me experience. I had distinctly seen that my hand was only a small part of my body, and I could not understand how it could increase so as to appear of immoderate size. I then resolved to trust only to touch, which had not yet deceived me, and to be on my guard with respect to every other way of feeling and being.

This precaution was useful to me. I put myself again in motion and I walked with my head high and raised towards heaven. I struck myself slightly against a palm-tree; filled with fear, I placed my hand on this foreign substance, for such I thought it, because it did not give me back feeling for feeling. I turned away with a sort of horror, and then I knew for the first time, that there was something distinct from myself. More agitated by this new discovery than I had been by all the others, I had great difficulty in reassuring myself; and, after having meditated upon this even came to the conclusion that I ought to judge of external objects I had judged of the parts of my own body, that it was only by touching them that I could assure myself of their existence. I then tried to touch all I saw; I wanted to touch the sun; I stretched out my arms to embrace the horizon, and I only clasped an emptiness of air.

At every experiment that I made, I became more and more surprised; for all the objects around appeared to be equally near me, and it was only after an infinite number of trials, that I learnt to use my eyes to guide my hand, and, as it gave me totally different ideas from the impressions that I received through the sense of sight, my opinions were only more imperfect, and my whole being was to me still a confused existence.

Profoundly occupied with myself, with what I was, and what I might be, the contrarieties I had just experienced humiliated me. The more I reflected, the more doubts arose in my mind. Tired out by so much uncertainty, fatigued by the workings of my mind, my knees bent, and I found myself in a position of repose. This state of tranquillity gave new vigour to my senses. I was seated under the shadow of a fine tree; fruits of a red colour hung down in clusters within reach of my hand. I touched them lightly, they immediately fell from the branch, like the fig when it has arrived at maturity. I seized one of these fruits, I thought I had made a conquest, and I exulted in the power I felt of being able to hold in my hand another entire being. Its weight, though very slight, seemed to me an animated resistance, which I felt pleasure in vanquishing. I had put this fruit near my eyes; I was considering its form and colour. Its delicious smell made me bring it nearer; it was close to my lips; with long respirations I drew in the perfume, and I enjoyed in long draughts the pleasures of smell. I was filled with this perfumed air. My mouth opened to exhale it; it opened again to inhale it. I felt that I possessed an internal sense of smell, purer and more delicate than the first. At last, I tasted.

What a flavour! What a novel sensation! Until then I had only experienced pleasure; taste gave me the feeling of voluptuousness. The nearness of the enjoyment to myself, produced the idea of possession. I thought the substance of the fruit had become mine, and that I had the power of transforming beings.

Flattered by this idea of power, and urged by the pleasure I had felt, I gathered a second and a third fruit, and I did not tire of using my hand to satisfy my taste; but an agreeable languor by degrees taking possession of my senses, weighed on my members, and suspended the activity of my mind. I judged of my inactivity by the faintness of my thoughts; my weakened senses blunted all the objects around, which appeared feeble and indistinct. At this moment, my now useless eyes closed, and my head, no longer kept up by the power of my muscles, fell back to seek support on the turf. Everything became effaced, everything disappeared. The course of my thoughts was interrupted. I lost the sensation of existence. This sleep was profound, but I do not know whether it was of long duration, not yet having an idea of time, and therefore unable to measure it. My waking was only a second birth, and I merely felt that I had ceased to exist. The annihilation I had just experienced caused a sensation of fear, and made me feel that I could not exist for ever.

Another thing disquieted me. I did not know that I had not lost during my sleep some part of my being. I tried my senses. I endeavoured to know myself again.

At this moment, the sun, at the end of the course, ceased to give light. I scarcely perceived that I lost the sense of sight; I existed too much to fear the cessation of my being; and it was in vain that the obscurity recalled to me the idea of my first sleep.



SUMMER.

Summer.

MRS. BARBAULD.

MRS. BARBAULD was born 1743, died 1823. Her name will ever be remembered as the authoress, in conjunction with her father, Dr. Aikin, of "Evenings at Home," and numerous charming works adapted to juvenile capacity.

'Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south
 Has spent his short-lived rage: more grateful hours
 Move silent on; the skies no more repel
 The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams
 Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
 To wander o'er their sphere, where, hung aloft,
 Dian's bright crescent, "like a silver bow
 New strung in heaven," lifts high its beamy horns,
 Impatient for the night, and seems to push
 Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
 Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
 Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
 Of soften'd radiance from her dewy loins.
 The shadows spread apace; while meekn'd Eve,
 Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
 Through the Hesperian gardens of the West,
 And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
 When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
 The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
 Of unpierced woods, where wrapt in solid shade
 She mused away the gaudy hours of noon,
 And, fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
 Moves forward, and with radiant finger points
 To yon blue concave, swell'd by breath divine,
 Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
 Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
 One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
 And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,
 Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined
 O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
 And worthy of the Master: He whose hand,
 With hieroglyphics older than the Nile,
 Inscribed the mystic tablet; hung on high
 To public gaze; and said, Adore, O man,
 The finger of thy God! From what pure wells
 Of milky light what soft o'erflowing urn,
 Are all these ramps so fill'd? these friendly lamps
 For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
 To point our path, and light us to our home.
 How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
 And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil
 Their destined course! Nature's self is hush'd,

And but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles through
 The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
 To break the midnight air; though the raised ear,
 Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.
 How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
 But are they silent all? or is there not
 A tongue in every star that talks with man,
 And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain:
 This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
 And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
 At this still hour the self-collected soul
 Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
 Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
 An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
 Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
 (Fair transitory creature of a day)
 Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
 Forgets his wonted journey through the East.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods—
 Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
 Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
 With recollected tenderness, on all
 The various busy scenes she left below,
 Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
 As on some fond and doating tale that soothed
 Her infant hours—oh, be it lawful now
 To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
 And with mute wonder and delighted awe
 Approach your burning confines! Seized in thought,
 On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
 From the green borders of the peopled earth,
 And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
 From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
 Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
 Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
 To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
 Where cheerless Saturn, midst his watery moons,
 Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
 Sits like an exiled monarch; fearless thence
 I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
 Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
 Of elder beams; which ask no leave to shine
 Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
 From the proud regent of our scanty day;
 Sons of the Morning, first-born of creation,
 And only less than Him who marks their track,
 And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
 Or is there aught beyond? What Hand unseen
 Impels me onward through the glowing orbs

Of habitable nature far remote,
 To the dread confines of eternal night,
 To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
 The deserts of creation wide and wild,
 Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
 Sleep in the womb of Chaos? fancy droops,
 And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.
 But, O thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word
 Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
 Where shall I seek Thy presence? how unblamed
 Invoke Thy dread perfection?—
 Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld Thee?
 Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
 Support Thy throne? Oh, look with pity down
 On erring, guilty man! not in Thy names
 Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
 That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
 The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice,
 That whispers comfort to the swelling heart
 Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers
 In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
 And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
 Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams;
 A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
 And full, replete with wonders. Let me here,
 Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
 And ripen for the skies. The hour will come
 When all these splendours, bursting on my sight,
 Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
 Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

To the Ship in which Virgil sailed to Athens.

HORACE

So may the Cyprian queen divine,
 And the twin-stars with saving lustre shine;
 So may the father of the wind
 All but the western gales propitious bind,
 As you, dear vessel, safe restore
 Th' intrusted pledge to the Athenian shore,
 And of my soul the partner save,
 My much-loved Virgil, from the raging wave.
 Or oak, or brass, with triple fold,
 That hardy mortal's daring breast enroll'd,
 Who first, to the wild ocean's rage,
 Launch'd the frail bark, and heard the winds engage

Tempestuous, when the south descends
 Precipitate, and with the north contends ;
 Nor fear'd the stars portending rain,
 Of power supreme the storm to raise,
 Or calmer smooth the surface of the seas.
 What various forms of death could fright
 The man, who view'd with fix'd, unshaken sight,
 The floating monsters, waves inflam'd,
 And rocks, for shipwreck'd fleets, ill-fam'd ?
 Jove has the realms of earth in vain
 Divided by th' inhabitable main :
 If ships profane, with fearless pride,
 Bound o'er th' inviolable tide,
 No laws, or human, or divine,
 Can the presumptuous race of man confine.
 Thus from the sun's ethereal beam,
 When bold Prometheus stole th' enlivening flame,
 Of fevers dire a ghastly brood,
 'Till then unknown, th' unhappy fraud pursu'd.
 On earth their horrors baleful spread
 And the pale monarch of the dead,
 'Till then slow-moving to his prey,
 Precipitately rapid swept his way.
 Thus did the venturous Cretan dare
 To tempt, with impious wings, the void of air ;
 Through hell Alcides urged his course ;
 No work too high for man's audacious force.
 Our folly would attempt the skies,
 And with gigantic boldness impious rise ;
 Nor Jove, provok'd by mortal pride,
 Can lay his angry thunderbolts aside.

Satan's Soliloquy.

MILTON.

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King :
 Ah, wherefore ? he deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was

In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none: nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
 How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
 I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome, still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still received;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
 O had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou, then, or what t' accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely, what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O then at last relent; is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission! and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell:
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,

By act of grace, my former state ; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What faint submission swore ! ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep,
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear,
 Short intermission, bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace ;
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell, hope, and with hope, farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

An Antiquary.

SAMUEL BUTLER,

THE greatest and bitterest of English satirists, was born in 1612, died in 1680, after a varied life. His "Hudibras" is the work on which his fame chiefly rests, but his other publications were very numerous. The following passage, in reference to the over-affectation of love for the ancients, may be advantageously compared with the passage given from "Martinus Scriblerus," p. 19.

An antiquary is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future ; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world ; and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may *truly say to dust and worms*, "You are my father," and to

rotteness, "Thou art my mother." He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

My Study.

KIRKE WHITE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, born at Nottingham, in 1785, applied himself so earnestly to study, that his constitution gave way, and he died in 1806.



You bid me, Ned, describe the place
 Where I, one of the rhyming race,
 Pursue my studies *con amore*,
 And wanton with the muse in glory.
 Well, figure to your senses straight,
 Upon the house's topmost height,
 A closet, just six feet by four,
 With whitewashed walls and plaster floor :

So noble large, 'tis scarcely able
 T'admit a single chair or table ;
 And (lest the muse should die with cold)
 A smoky grate my fire to hold—
 So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose
 To melt the ice-drop on one's nose ;
 And yet so big, it covers o'er
 Full half the spacious room and more.

A window, vainly stuff'd about
 To keep November's breezes out,
 So crazy, that the panes proclaim
 That soon they mean to leave the frame.

My furniture I sure may crack—
 A broken chair, without a back ;
 A table, wanting just two legs,
 One end sustain'd by wooden pegs ;
 A desk—of that I am not fervent—
 The work of, sir, your humble servant
 (Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler) ;
 A glass decanter, and a tumbler,
 From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
 Luxurious with the limpid wave.
 A chest of drawers in antique sections,
 A-saw'd by me in all directions :
 So small, sir, that whoever views 'em,
 Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
 To these, if you will add a store
 Of oddities upon the floor,
 A pair of globes, electric balls,
 Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobbler's awls ;
 And crowds of books on rotten shelves,
 Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves ;
 I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
 You'll have my earthly catalogue.
 But stay—I nearly had left out
 My bellows, destitute of snout ;
 And on the walls, good heavens ! why, there
 I've such a load of precious ware,
 Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,
 And organ-works, and broken pedals
 (For I was once a-building music,
 Though soon of that employ I grew sick) ;
 And skeletons of laws, which shoot
 All out of one primordial root ;
 That you, at such a sight, would swear
 Confusion's self had settled there.
 There stands, just by a broken sphere,
 A Cicero, without an ear ;
 A neck, on which, by logic good,
 I know for sure a head once stood ;

But who it was the able master
 Had moulded in the mimic plaster,
 Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
 I never yet could justly learn :
 But knowing well that any head
 Is made to answer for the dead
 (And sculptors first their faces frame,
 And after pitch upon a name,
 Nor think it aught of a misnomer
 To christen Chaucer's busto Homer,
 Because they both have beards, which, you know,
 Will mark them well from Joan and Juno),
 For some great men, I could not tell
 But neck might answer just as well,
 So perch'd it up, all in a row
 With Chatham and with Cicero.
 Then all around, in just degree,
 A range of portraits you may see,
 Of mighty men, and eke of women,
 Who are no whit inferior to men.
 With these fair dames and heroes round,
 I call my garret classic ground ;
 For though confined, 'twill well contain
 The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
 No dungeon's walls, no cell confined,
 Can cramp the energies of mind !
 Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
 I've friends, and 'twill contain them all !
 And should it e'er become so cold
 That these it will no longer hold,
 No more may Heaven her blessings give,—
 I shall not then be fit to live.

The Imitation of Christ.

BEVERIDGE.

A DISTINGUISHED divine, critic, and Oriental scholar, born in 1638, at Barrow, in Lincolnshire; died 1707.

Hoping that all who profess themselves to be the friends and disciples of Jesus Christ, desire to manifest themselves to be so by following both his precepts and example, I shall give the reader a short narrative of his life and actions, wherein we may all see what true piety is, and what real Christianity requires of us; and may not content ourselves, as many do, with being professors, and adhering to parties or factions amongst us, but strive to be thorough Christians, and to carry ourselves as such, by walking as Christ

himself walked; which, that we may know at least how to do, looking upon Christ as a mere man, I shall show how he did, and by consequence how we ought to carry ourselves both to God and man, and what graces and virtues he exercised all along for our example and imitation.

Now for our more clear and methodical proceeding in a matter of such consequence as this is, I shall begin with his behaviour towards men, from his childhood to his death.

Just, therefore, when he was a child of twelve years of age, it is particularly recorded of him, that he was subject or obedient to his parents, his real mother and reputed father.* It is true, he knew at that time that God himself was his Father, for, said he,



BETHLEHEM.

“Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”† And knowing God to be his Father, he could not but know likewise that he was infinitely above his mother; yea, that she could never have borne him, had not himself first made and supported her. Yet, howsoever, though as God he was Father to her, yet as man she was mother to him, and therefore he honoured and obeyed both her and him to whom she was espoused. Neither did he only respect his mother whilst he was here, but he took care of her too when he was going hence. Yea, all the pains he suffered upon the cross could not make him forget his duty to her that bore him; but seeing her standing by the cross, as himself hung on it, he committed her to the care of his beloved disciple, who “took her to his own home.”‡ Now, as our Saviour did, so are we bound to carry ourselves to our earthly parents, whatsoever their temper or condition be in this world. Though

* Luke ii. 51.

† Luke ii. 49.

‡ John xix. 27.

God hath blessed some of us perhaps with greater estates than ever he blessed them, yet we must not think ourselves above them, nor be at all the less respectful to them. Christ, we see, was infinitely above his mother, yet as she was his mother he was both subject and respectful to her. He was not ashamed to own her as she stood by the cross, but, in the view and hearing of all there present, gave his disciple a charge to take care of her, leaving us an example, that such amongst us as have parents, provide for them if they need it, as for our children, both while we live and when we come to die.

And as he was to his natural so was he to his civil parents, the magistrates under which he lived, submissive and faithful; for though, as he was God, he was infinitely above them in heaven, yet, as he was man, he was below them on earth, having committed all civil power into their hands, without reserving any at all for himself. So that, though they received their commission from him, yet now himself could not act without receiving a commission from them. And therefore, having no commission from them to do it, he would not intrench so much upon their privilege and power as to determine the controversy betwixt the two brethren contending about their inheritance. "Man," saith he, "who made me a judge or a divider over you?"* And to show his submission to the civil magistrates as highly as possibly he could, rather than offend them he wrought a miracle to pay the tax which they had charged upon him.† And when the officers were sent to take him, though he had more than twelve legions of angels at his service to have fought for him if he had pleased, yet he would not employ them, nor suffer his own disciples to make any resistance.‡ And though some of late days, who call themselves Christians, have acted quite contrary to our blessed Saviour in this particular, I hope better things of my readers, even that they will behave themselves more like Christ, who though he was supreme governor of the world, yet would not resist, but submitted to the civil power which himself had entrusted men withal.

Moreover, although whilst he was here he was really not only the best but greatest man upon earth, yet he carried himself to others with that meekness, humility, and respect, as if he had been the least: as he never admired any man for his riches, so neither did he despise any man for his poverty; poor men and rich were all alike to him. He was lowly and respectful to the lowest, as he was to the highest that he conversed with: he affected no titles of honour, nor gaped after popular air, but submitted himself to the meanest services that he could, for the good of others, even to the washing his own disciples' feet, and all to teach us that we can never think too lowly of ourselves, nor do anything that is beneath us; propounding himself as our example, especially in this particular: "Learn of me," saith he, "for I am meek and lowly in heart.§

* Luke xii. 14. † Matt. xvii. 27. ‡ Matt. xxvi. 52, 53. § Matt. xi. 29.

His humility also was the more remarkable, in that his bounty and goodness to others was so great, for "he went about doing good."* Wheresoever you read he was, you read still of some good work or other he did there. Whatsoever company he conversed with, they still went better from him than they came unto him, if they came out of a good end. By him, as himself said, "The blind received their sight, and the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, and the deaf heard, the dead were raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them."† Yea, it is observable, that we never read of any person whatsoever that came to him, desiring any kindness or favour of him, but he still received it, and that whether he was friend or foe. For indeed, though he had many inveterate and implacable enemies in the world, yet he bore no grudge or malice against them, but expressed as much love and favour for them as to his greatest friends. Inso-much, that when they had gotten him upon the cross, and fastened his hands and feet unto it, in the midst of all that pain and torment which they put him to, he still prayed for them.‡

Oh! how happy, how blessed a people should we be, could we but follow our blessed Saviour in this particular! How well would it be with us, could we but be thus loving to one another, as Christ was to all, even his most bitter enemies! We may assure ourselves it is not only our misery, but our sin too, unless we be so. And our sin will be the greater, now we know our Master's pleasure, unless we do it. And therefore, let all such amongst us as desire to carry ourselves as Christ himself did, and as becometh his disciples in the world, begin here.

Be submissive and obedient both to our parents and governors, humble in our own sight, despise none, but be charitable, loving, and good to all; by this shall all men know that we are Christ's disciples indeed.

Having thus seen our Saviour's carriage towards men, we shall now consider his piety and devotion towards God: not as if it was possible for me to express the excellency and perfection of those religious acts which he performed continually within his soul to God, every one of his faculties being as entire in itself, and as perfect in its acts, as it was first made or designed to be. There was no darkness, nor so much as gloominess in his mind, no error nor mistake in his judgment, no bribery nor corruption in his conscience, no obstinacy nor perverseness in his will, no irregularity nor disorder in his affections, no spot, no blot, no blemish, not the least imperfection or infirmity in his whole soul. And, therefore, even whilst his body was on earth, his head and heart were still in heaven. For he never troubled his head nor so much as concerned himself about anything here below, any further than to do all the good he could, his thought being wholly taken up with considering how to advance God's glory and man's eternal happiness. And as for his heart, that was the altar on which the

* Acts x. 38.

† Matt. xi. 5.

‡ Luke xxiii. 34.

sacred fire of divine love was always burning, the flames whereof continually ascended up to heaven, being accompanied with the most ardent and fervent desires of, and delight in, the chiefest good.

But it must not be expected that I should give an exact description of that eminent and most perfect holiness which our blessed Saviour was inwardly adorned with and continually employed in; which I am as unable to express as desirous to imitate. But, howsoever, I shall endeavour to mind the reader in general of such acts of piety and devotion, which are particularly recorded, on purpose for our imitation.

First, therefore, it is observed of our Saviour, that "from a child he increased in wisdom as he did in stature."* Where by wisdom we are to understand the knowledge of God and divine things. For our Saviour having taken our nature into his person, with all its frailties and infirmities as it is a created being, he did not in that nature presently know all things which were to be known. It is true, as God, he then knew all things as well as he had from all eternity; but we are now speaking of him as man, like one of us in all things except sin. But we continue some considerable time after we are born before we know anything, or come to the use of our reason; the rational soul not being able to exert or manifest itself until the natural phlegm and radical moisture of the body, which in infants is predominant, be so digested that the body be rightly qualified and its organs fitted for the soul to work upon and to make use of. And though our Saviour came to the use of his reason, as man, far sooner than we are wont to do, yet we must not think that he knew all things as soon as he was born; for that the nature he assumed was not capable of; neither could he then be said, as he is, to increase in wisdom, for where there is a perfection there can be no increase.

But here, before we proceed further, it will be necessary to answer an objection which some may make against this. For, if our Saviour, as man, knew not all things, then he was not perfect, not absolutely free from sin, ignorance itself being a sin.

To this I have these things to answer: first, it is no sin for a creature to be ignorant of some things, because it is impossible for a creature to know all things; for to be omniscient is God's prerogative, neither is a creature capable of it because he is but finite, whereas the knowledge of all things, or omniscience, is itself an infinite act, and therefore to be performed only by an infinite being. Hence it is that no creature in the world ever was or ever could be made omniscient; but there are many things which Adam in his integrity, and the very angels themselves, are ignorant of; as our Saviour, speaking of the day of Judgment, saith, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."† But the angels are never the less perfect, because they know not this. Nay, it is observable

* Luke ii. 52.

† Mark xiii. 32.

that the Son himself, as man, knew it not : neither, saith he, "the Son, but the Father ;" and if he knew it not then, much less was it necessary for him to know it when a child.

Secondly, as to be ignorant of some things is no sin, so neither is any ignorance at all sin but that whereby a man is ignorant of what he is bound to know : "For all sin is the transgression of the law." And, therefore, if there be no law obliging me to know such or such things, I do not sin by being ignorant of them, for I transgress no law. Now, though all men are bound by the law of God to know him, and their duty to him, yet infants, so long as infants, are not neither can be obnoxious or subject to that law, they being in a natural incapacity, yea, impossibility to perform it ; but as they become by degrees capable of knowing anything, they are obliged, questionless, to know him first from whom they receive their knowledge.

And thus it was that our blessed Saviour perfectly fulfilled the law of God ; in that although he might still continue ignorant of many things, yet, howsoever, he all along knew all that he was bound to know, and as he grew by degrees more and more capable of knowing anything, so did he increase still more in true wisdom, or in the knowledge of God : so that by that time he was twelve years old, he was able to dispute with the great doctors and learned Rabbies among the Jews ; and after that, as he grew in stature, so did he grow in wisdom too, and in favour both with God and man.

And, verily, although we did not follow our blessed Saviour in this particular, when we were children, we ought, howsoever, to endeavour it now we are men and women, even to grow in wisdom, and every day add something to our spiritual stature, so as to let never a day pass over our heads without being better acquainted with God's goodness to us, or our duty to Him. And by this example of our Saviour's growing in wisdom when a child, we should also learn to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ; and not to strive so much to make them rich, as to use all means to make them wise and good, that they may do as their Saviour did, even grow in wisdom and in stature, and in the favour both of God and man.

And as our Saviour grew in wisdom when a child, so did he use and manifest it when he came to be a man, by devoting himself wholly unto the service of the living God, and to the exercise of all true grace and virtue ; wherein his blessed soul was so much taken up that he had neither time nor heart to mind those toys and trifles which silly mortals upon earth are so much apt to dote on. It is true, all the world was his, but he had given it all away to others, not reserving for himself so much as a house to put his head in.* And what money he had hoarded up you may gather from his working a miracle to pay his tribute or poll-money, which came not to much above a shilling. Indeed, he came into the world, and went out again, without ever taking any notice of any pleasures,

* Matt. viii. 20.

honours, or riches in it, as if there had been no such thing there, as really there was not or ever will be; all the pomp and glory of this deceitful world having no other being in existence but only in our distempered fancies and imaginations; and therefore our Saviour, whose fancy was sound, and his imagination untainted, looked upon all the world and the glory of it as not worthy to be looked upon, seeing nothing in it wherefore it should be desired. And therefore, instead of spending his time in the childish pursuit of clouds and shadows, he made the service of God not only his business but his recreation too, his food as well as work. "It is my meat," saith he, "to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."* This was all the riches, honours, and pleasures which he sought for in the world, even to do the will of him that sent him thither, to finish the work which he came about; and so he did before he went away: "Father, I have glorified thee on earth, I have finished the work which thou sentest me to do."† If, therefore, we would be Christ's disciples, so as to follow him, we see what we must do, and how we must behave and carry ourselves whilst we are here below; we must not spend our time nor throw away our precious and short-lived days upon the trifles and impertinences of this transient world, as if we came hither for nothing else but to take and scrape up a little dust and dirt together, or to wallow ourselves, like swine, in the mire of carnal pleasures and delights. No, we may assure ourselves we have greater things to do and far more noble designs to carry on whilst we continue in this vale of tears, even "to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, and to make our calling and election sure," and to serve God here so as to enjoy him for ever. This is the work we came about, and which we must not only do, but do it too with pleasure and delight, and never leave until we have accomplished it; we must make it our only pleasure to please God, account it our only honour to honour him, and esteem his love and favour to be the only wealth and riches that we can enjoy; we must think ourselves no further happy than we find ourselves to be truly holy, and therefore devote our lives wholly to him in whom we live. This is to live as Christ lived, and by consequence as Christians ought to do.

On the Day of Judgment.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BORN 1682; died 1684. The present poem is an adaptation of the celebrated hymn, "Dies iræ," and the Earl died repeating the first two lines of his own version with the most devotional fervour.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the sibyls say.

* John iv. 34.

† John xvii. 4.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.
Nature and death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.
The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?
Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

* * * * *

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death.
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find.

To the Memory of Narcissa.

YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG was born 1679; received the education of a Wykehamist, first at Winchester, and then at New College, Oxford. Originally destined for the law, he nevertheless adopted the clerical profession, and became king's chaplain. He died in 1763, leaving many works, amongst which his "Night Thoughts" (from which the following extract is made) stand pre-eminent. They are supposed to have been prompted by the death of his wife, in 1741.

"Sweet Harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For Fortune found had built her nest on high.



NARCISSA.

Like birds, quite exquisite of note and plume,
 Transfixed by Fate (who loves a lofty mark)
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious! all its charm
 Extinguish in the wonders of her song!
 Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
 Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
 Of bright ideas, flow'rs of Paradise,
 As yet unforfeit! in one bliss we bind,
 Kneel, and present it to the skies, as all
 We guess of heav'n: and these were all her own;
 And she was mine; and I was—was most blest—
 Gay title of the deepest misery!
 As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life,
 Good loss weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
 Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storms,
 Lovely in death, the beauteous ruin lay;
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,
 Far lovelier!—Pity swells the tide of love.
 And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
 Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;
 Our tears indulg'd, indeed, deserve our shame.
 Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me!
 Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight,
 And on her cheek, the residence of Spring,
 Pale morn sat, and scatter'd fears around
 On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze
 That once had seen?); with haste, parental haste,
 I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
 Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
 And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
 (As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
 Denied his wonted succour; nor with more
 Regret beheld her drooping than the bells
 Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!
 Queen lilies! and ye painted populace
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives!
 In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
 And drink the sun which gives your cheeks to glow
 And out-blush (mine excepted) ev'ry fair,
 You gladder grew, ambitious of her hand,
 Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
 To thought so pure; her flow'ry state of mind
 In joy unfallen.—Ye lovely fugitives!
 Coeval race with man; for man you smile;
 Why not smile at him too? You share, indeed,
 His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

The Advantages of a Classical Education.

ARNOLD.

THE cherished name of Dr. Arnold, the best of schoolmasters in, perhaps, any age, is too fresh in the recollection of our readers to require much comment. Born at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in 1795, he died of spasm of the heart in 1842, after a life devoted to the instruction of youth, the publication of valuable historical works, and the advocacy of the noblest principles of civil and religious liberty.

A reader unacquainted with the real nature of a classical education, will be in danger of undervaluing it, when he sees that so large a portion of time at so important a period of human life is devoted to the study of a few ancient writers, whose works seem to have no direct bearing on the studies and duties of our own generation. For instance, although some provision is undoubtedly made at Rugby for acquiring a knowledge of modern history, yet the History of Greece and Rome is more studied than that of France and England; and Homer and Virgil are certainly much more attended to than Shakspeare and Milton. This appears to many persons a great absurdity; while others, who are so far swayed by authority as to believe the system to be right, are yet unable to understand how it can be so. A Journal of Education may not be an unfit place for a few remarks on this subject.

It may be freely confessed that the first origin of classical education affords in itself no reasons for its being continued now. When Latin and Greek were almost the only written languages of civilized man, it is manifest that they must have furnished the subjects of all liberal education. The question therefore is wholly changed, since the growth of a complete literature in other languages; since France, and Italy, and Germany, and England have each produced their philosophers, their poets, and their historians, worthy to be placed on the same level with those of Greece and Rome.

But although there is not the *same* reason now which existed three or four centuries ago, for the study of Greek and Roman literature, yet there is another no less substantial. Expel Greek and Latin from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors; you will cut off so many centuries of the world's experience, and place us in the same state as if the human race had first come into existence in the year 1500. For it is nothing to say that a few learned individuals might still study classical literature; the effect produced on the public mind would be no greater than that which has resulted from the labours of our oriental scholars; it would not spread beyond themselves, and men in general, after a few generations, would know as little of Greece and Rome, as they do actually of China and Hindostan. But such an ignorant

would be incalculably more to be regretted. With the Asiatic mind we have no nearer connexion and sympathy than is derived from our common humanity. But the mind of the Greek and of the Roman is in all the essential points of its constitution our own; and not only so, but it is our mind developed to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Wide as is the difference between us with respect to those physical instruments which minister to our uses or our pleasures; although the Greeks and Romans had no steam-engines, no printing presses, no mariner's compass, no telescopes, no microscopes, no gunpowder; yet in our moral and political views, in those matters which most determine human character, there is a perfect resemblance in these respects. Aristotle, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Cicero, and Tacitus, are most untruly called ancient writers; they are virtually our own countrymen and contemporaries, but have the advantage which is enjoyed by intelligent travellers, that their observation has been exercised in a field out of the reach of common men; and that having thus seen in a manner with our eyes what we cannot see for ourselves, their conclusions are such as bear upon our own circumstances, while their information has all the charm of novelty, and all the value of a mass of new and pertinent facts, illustrative of the great science of the nature of civilized man.

Now when it is said, that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome would be forgotten, if our system of education did not keep up the knowledge of it. But it by no means shows that system to be useless, unless it followed that, when a man laid aside his Greek and Latin books, he forgot also that he had ever gained from them. This, however, is so far from being the case, that even where the results of a classical education are least tangible and least appreciated even by the individual himself, still the mind often retains much of the effect of its early studies in the general liberality of its tastes and comparative comprehensiveness of its views and notions.

All this supposes, indeed, that classical instruction should be sensibly conducted; it requires that a classical teacher should be fully acquainted with modern history and modern literature, no less than with those of Greece and Rome. What is, or perhaps what used to be, called a mere scholar, cannot possibly communicate to his pupils the main advantages of a classical education. The knowledge of the past is valuable, because without it our knowledge of the present and of the future must be scanty, but if the knowledge of the past be confined wholly to itself, if, instead of being made to bear upon things around us, it be totally isolated from them, and so disguised by vagueness and misapprehension as to appear incapable of illustrating them, then indeed it becomes little better than laborious trifling, and they who declaim against it may be fully forgiven.

A Pastoral.

VIRGIL.

THIS prince of Latin poets was born at Andes, near Mantua, about B.C. 70, and died B.C. 19. The present poem represents, under the allegory of two shepherds, his grateful delight at his restoration to the patrimony of which he had been deprived in the confusion and confiscation which took place after the great civil war was brought to an end, Tityrus being supposed to represent Virgil himself, Melibœus a wanderer less fortunate, while Augustus Cæsar is alluded to as the "god" (a frequent term of adulation in the Roman poets), to whom Virgil was indebted for his restoration.



VIRGIL.

MELIBŒUS. TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS.

Where the broad beech an ample shade displays,
Your slender reed resounds the sylvan lays,
O happy Tityrus! while we, forlorn,
Driven from our lands, to distant climes are borne,
Stretch'd careless in the peaceful shade you sing,
And all the groves with *Amaryllis* ring.

TITYRUS.

This peace to a propitious god I owe;
None else, my friend, such blessings could bestow;
Him will I celebrate with rites divine,
And frequent lambs shall stain his sacred shrine.
By him, these feeding herds in safety stray:
By him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, but wonder, at your fate,
That no alarms invade this blest retreat;

While neighbouring fields the voice of woe resound,
 And desolation rages all around.
 Worn with fatigue, I slowly onward bend,
 And scarce my feeble fainting goats attend ;
 My hand this sickly dam can hardly bear,
 Whose young new-year'd (ah, once an hopeful pair !)
 Amid the tangling hazels as they lay,
 On the sharp flint were left to pine away ;
 These ills I had foreseen, but that my mind
 To all portents and prodigies was blind.
 Oft have the blasted oaks foretold my woe,
 And often has the inauspicious crow,
 Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fateful cries
 Scream'd in my ear her dismal prophecies.
 But say, O Tityrus, what god bestows
 This blissful life of undisturbed repose ?

TITYRUS.

Imperial Rome, while yet to me unknown,
 I vainly liken'd to our country-town,
 Our little Mantua, at which is sold
 The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold:
 As in the whelp the father's shape appears,
 And as the kid its mother's semblance bears,
 Thus greater things my inexperienced mind
 Rated by others of inferior kind.
 But she, 'midst other cities, rears her head
 High, as the cypress overtops the reed.

MELIBŒUS.

And why to visit Rome were you inclined ?

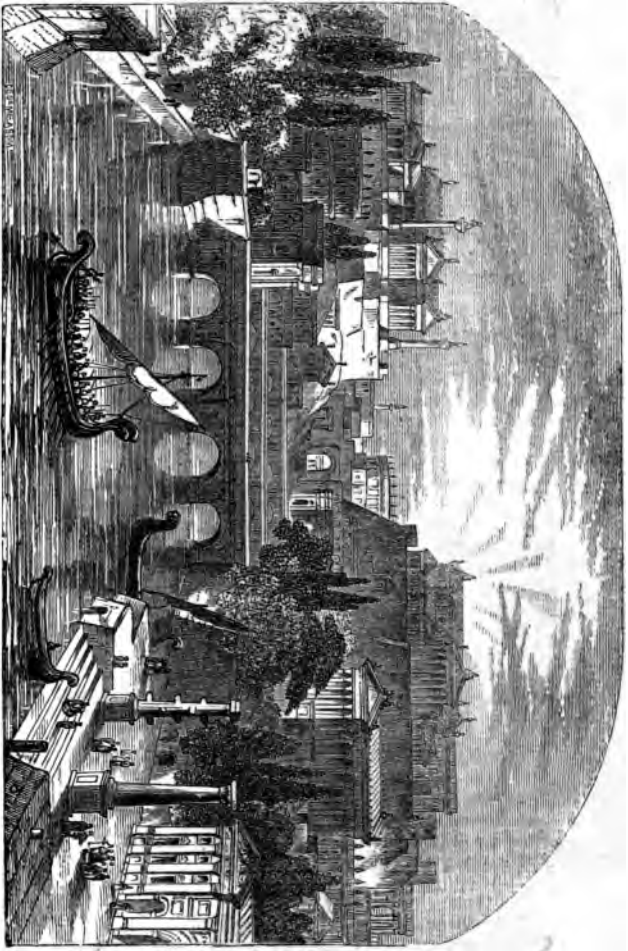
TITYRUS.

'Twas there I hoped my liberty to find,
 And there my liberty I found at last,
 Though long with listless indolence opprest ;
 Yet not till time had silver'd o'er my hairs,
 And I had told a tedious length of years ;
 Nor till the gentle Amaryllis* charm'd,
 And Galatea's* love no longer warm'd.
 For (to my friend I will confess the whole)
 While Galatea captive held my soul,
 Languid and lifeless all, I dragg'd the chain,
 Neglected liberty, neglected gain.
 Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,
 Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed ;
 For this, I ne'er perceived my wealth increase,
 I lavish'd all, her haughty heart to please.

MELIBŒUS.

Why Amaryllis pined and pass'd away
 In lonely shades, the melancholy day ;

* The names of two shepherdeses, supposed to be allegorically used for *Lame* and *Mantua*.



ROME.

Why to the gods she breathed incessant vows ;
 For whom her mellow apples press'd the boughs ;
 So late, I wonder'd—Tityrus was gone,
 And she (ah luckless maid!) was left alone.
 Your absence every warbling fountain mourn'd,
 And woods and wilds the wailing strains returned.

TITYRUS.

What could I do? to break th' enslaving chain?
 All other efforts had (alas!) been vain,
 Nor durst my hopes presume, but there, to find
 The gods so condescending and so kind.
 'Twas there these eyes the Heaven-born youth* beheld,
 To whom our altars monthly incense yield.
 My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,
 Manure your ancient farm, and feed your former flock.

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man! then shall your lands remain
 Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain!
 Though blank and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,
 And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies,
 Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,
 And never feel the dire effects of change ;
 No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane
 To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain ;
 You, by known streams and sacred fountains laid,
 Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade
 Beneath yon fence, where willow-boughs unite,
 And to their flowers the swarming bees invite,
 Oft shall the lulling hum persuade the rest,
 And balmy slumbers steal into your breast,
 While warbled from this rock, the pruner's lay
 In deep repose dissolves your soul away ;
 High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,
 And your loved ring-doves breathe a hoarser moan.

TITYRUS.

The nimble harts shall gaze in empty air,
 And seas retreating, leave their fishes bare,
 The German dwell where rapid Tigris flows,†
 The Parthian, banish'd by invading foes,
 Shall drink the Gallic Arar, from my breast
 Ere his majestic image be effaced.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must travel o'er a length of lands,
 O'er Scythian snows, or Afric's burning sands ;

* Augustus Cæsar.

† This and the following allusions are simply poetical hyperboles, to express the impossibility of a thing.

Some wander where remote Oaxes laves
 The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves ;
 In Britain some, from every comfort torn,
 From all the world removed,* are doom'd to mourn.
 When long long years have tedious roll'd away,
 Ah ! shall I yet at last, at last survey
 My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
 Where once I reign'd in walls of humble sod ?
 These lands, these harvests, must the soldier share ?
 For rude barbarians lavish we our care ?
 How are our fields become the spoil of wars !
 How are we ruin'd by intestine jars !
 Now, Melibœus, now ingraff the pear,
 Now teach the vine its tender sprays to rear !—
 Go then, my goats !—go, once an happy store—
 Once happy !—happy now (alas !) no more !
 No more shall I, beneath the bowery shade
 In rural quiet indolently laid,
 Behold you, from afar, the cliffs ascend,
 And from the shrubby precipice depend :
 No more to music wake my melting flute,
 While on the thyme you feed, and willow's wholesome
 shoot.

TITYRUS.

This night at least with me you may repose
 On the green foliage, and forget your woes.
 Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,
 And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.
 Now from yon hamlets clouds of smoke arise,
 And slowly roll along the evening skies ;
 And see projected from the mountain's brow,
 A lengthen'd shade obscures the plain below.

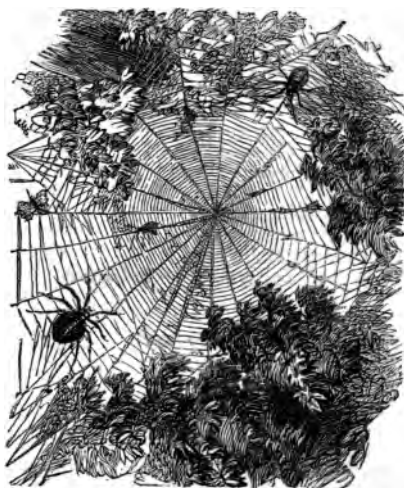


* Such was the ancient belief.

The Spider.

GOLDSMITH.

THIS delightful writer, but imprudent man, immortalized by the "Vicar of Wakefield," and celebrated as a poet, a dramatist, and an historian, was born in Ireland, 1731, and died April 4th, 1774, after a life of difficulties, unhappily chiefly owing to his own recklessness and want of management.



Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions, to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state, nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp.

Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the rear, it spins into thread, coarser or finer as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its threads when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly.

Then receding from the first point, as it recedes, the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other, wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes six-fold.

Thus far, naturalists have gone in the description of this animal: what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called the house-spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and much larger spider, which having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary, to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those, it seems, were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose; the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web; but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

On Good Breeding.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

BORN Sept. 22, 1694, educated at Cambridge, and afterwards distinguished both as a politician and a man of pleasure. He died in 1773.

Good breeding has been very justly defined to be "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience: but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally



the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general; their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments than at first one would imagine. The immoral man who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent, as justly banished society. Mutual complacences, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing! and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general. I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely

their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons, of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a block-head, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c., but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there undoubtedly a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means

be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons: and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case:—Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom as far as anybody would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connexions, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

The Brief Triumph of the Wicked.

HABINGTON,

BORN 1605, died 1654; married Lucia, daughter of the first Lord Powis, who is celebrated in his poems under the name of Castara. His poetry, though occasionally abounding in conceits and frivolities, possesses the charms of tenderness and vivacity.

Swell no more, proud man, so high!
 For enthroned where'er you sit,
 Raised by fortunè, sin, and wit,
 In a vault thou dust must lie.
 He who's lifted up by vice
 Hath a neighbouring precipice
 Dazzling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea,
 Over which you spread your sail;
 And the bark you trust to, frail
 As the winds it must obey.
 Mischief, while it prospers, brings
 Favour from the smile of kings,
 Useless, soon is thrown away.

Profit, though sin it extort,
 Princes, even accounted good,
 Courting greatness ne'er withstood,
 Since it empire doth support.
 But when death makes them repent,
 They condemn the instrument,
 And are thought religious for't.
 Pitched down from that height you bear,
 How distracted will you lie ;
 When your flattering clients fly,
 As your fate infectious were ;
 When all the obsequious throng,
 That moved by your eye and tongue,
 None shall in the storm appear !
 When that abject insolence,
 (Which submits to the more great,
 And disdains the weaker state,
 As misfortune were offence,)
 Shall at court be judged a crime,
 Though in practice, and the time
 Purchase wit at your expense.
 Each small tempest shakes the proud ;
 Whose large branches vainly sprout,
 'Bove the measure of the root.
 But let storms speak ne'er so loud,
 And the astonished day be night ;
 Yet the just shines in a light,
 Fair at noon without a cloud.

The Village Schoolmistress.

KIRKE WHITE.

IN yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
 In many a fold, the mantling woodbine falls,
 The village matron kept her little school,
 Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule ;
 Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien ;
 Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean ;
 Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
 Beneath her chin was pinned with decent care.
 And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
 Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn ;
 Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
 A pair of spectacles their want supplies ;
 These does she guard secure in leathern case,
 From thoughtless wights, in some unweested place.

Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
 The low vestibule of learning's fane ;
 Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
 Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display ;
 Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
 While I was first to school reluctant borne ;
 Severe I thought the dame, though oft she try'd
 To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd ;
 And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
 To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
 And thought of tender home, where anger never kept,
 But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
 Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles ;
 First at my form, my task for ever true,
 A little favourite rapidly I grew ;
 And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
 Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight ;
 And as she gave my diligence its praise,
 Talk'd of the honours of my future days.
 Oh ! had the venerable matron thought
 Of all the ills by talent often brought ;
 Could she have seen me when revolving years,
 Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
 Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
 Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state ;
 Wish'd that, remote from wordly woes and strife,
 Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through life.

The Dying Swan.

TENNYSON.

THE plain was glassy, wild and bare,
 Wide, wild, and open to the air,
 Which had built up everywhere
 An under-roof of doleful gray.
 With an inner voice the river ran,
 Adown it floated a dying swan,
 Which loudly did lament.
 It was the middle of the day.
 Ever the weary wind went on,
 And took the reed-tops as it went.
 Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
 And white against the cold white sky
 Shone out their crowning snows.
 One willow over the river wept,
 And shook the wave as the wind did sigh

Above in the wind was the swallow,
 Chasing itself as its own wild will,
 And far thro' the marish green and still
 The tangled water-courses slept,
 Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
 Of that waste place with joy

 Hidden in sorrow : at first to the ear
 The warble was low, and full, and clear :

 And floating about the under sky,
 Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
 Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear ;
 But anon her awful jubilant voice,
 With a music strange and manifold,
 Flow'd forth in a carol free and bold,

As when a mighty people rejoice
 With shalms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
 And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
 Through the open gates of the city afar,
 To the shepherd who watcheth the evening-star.
 And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds
 And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
 And the wavy swell of the souging reeds,
 And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
 And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
 The desolate creeks and pools among,
 Were flooded over with eddying song.

The Dead Ass.

STERNE.

BORN 1713, died 1768, followed the clerical profession, with which, unhappily, too many of his writings are wholly inconsistent. His wit is brilliant, but his sentiment insincere.

“And this,” said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—“and this should have been thy portion,” said he, “hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.” I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child ; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much ; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentations for his ; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook *his head*. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again,

as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looking wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago,* in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him; and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that neither had scarce eaten or drank till they met.

“Thou hast one comfort, friend,” said I, “at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.” “Alas!” said the mourner, “I thought so when he was alive, but now he is dead I think otherwise—I fear the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.” “Shame on the world!” said I, to myself—“Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 'twould be something.”

* Or Santiago, the Spanish name for St. James, to whom there is a celebrated cathedral, in the crypt of which the bodies of the apostle and of two of his disciples are supposed to be buried. Hence it was a favourite resort of pilgrims.

The Sword.

STERNH.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is, I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house of d'E**** in Brittany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still show to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been, their indiscretion had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obscurity, but he had two boys, who looked up to him for light—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the mountain was too expensive—and simple economy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see reblossom, but in Brittany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the marquis, attended with his two sons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side—"Here," said he, "take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it."

The president accepted the marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives* of his house, and departed.

The marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and after about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house, returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune, which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of his solemn requisition; I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The marquis entered the court with his whole family; he supported his lady, his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice.

There was a dead silence. When the marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family, he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was

* *I.e.* the place where important deeds, papers, or other valuable property were kept for security.

the shining face of a friend he had once given up. He looked attentively a long time at it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same, when, observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it, I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find," said he, "some other way to get it off."

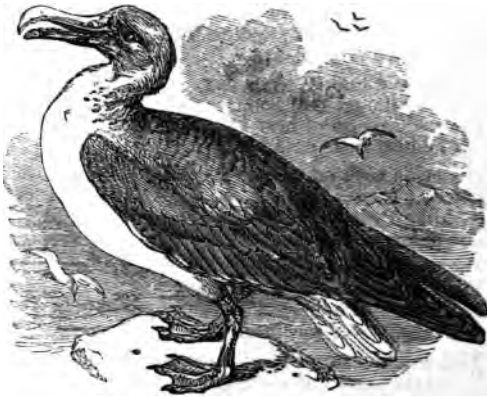
When the marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardian of it, and, with his wife and daughters, and his sons following him, walked out.

O, how I envied him his feelings!

The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner.

COLERIDGE.

THIS immortal poet, moralist, and essayist, was born at Bristol, in 1770, and died at Highgate, in 1834. His classical and literary attainments still possess many a fortunate living witness.



THE ALBATROSS.

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three,
 "By thy long gray beard and glittering eye
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with a skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right,
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The wedding guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold :
 And ice, most high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
 Did send a dismal sheen !
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around :
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled ;
 Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an albatross,
 Through the fog it came ;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
 The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
 The albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariner's hallo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perched for vespers nine ;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white moonshine.

“ God save thee, ancient mariner,
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
 Why look'st thou so ? ”—With my cross-bow
 I shot the albatross.*

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right :
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariner's hollo !

* On the solitary habits of this bird, and its habit of following ships in order to obtain the refuse thrown overboard, see Wood's "Natural History," pp.374-5. The superstition in respect to killing an albatross, on which this poem is founded, no longer holds good, although sailors are at all times apt enough to entertain such fancies.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist,
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
T'was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, shiny things did crawl with legs
Upon the shiny sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured us were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the cross, the albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time! a weary time!
 How glazed each weary eye,
 When, looking westward, I beheld
 A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist;
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it neared and neared;
 As if it dodged a water sprite,
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drouth all dumb we stood!
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

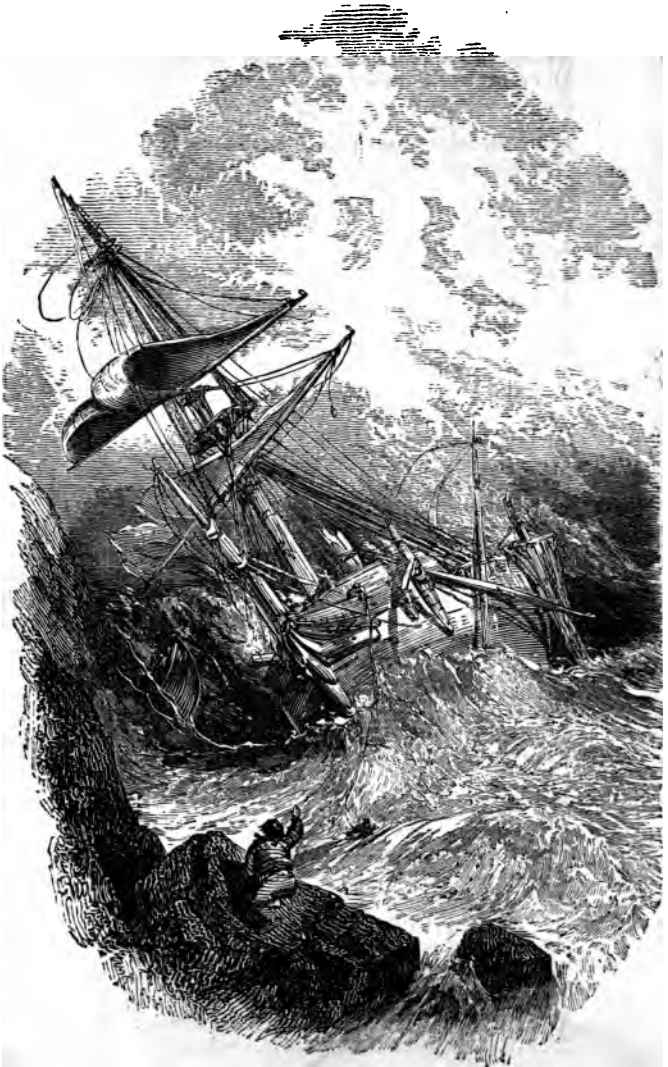
With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call:
 Grammercy! they for joy did grin,
 And all at one their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried,) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all aflame.
 The day was well-nigh done!
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
 With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud),
 How fast she nears and nears!



Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossamers?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?

And is that woman all her crew?

Is that a Death? and are there two?

Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,

Her locks were yellow as gold:

Her skin was as white as leprosy,

The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,

Who thick's man blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,

And the twain were casting dice;

"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;

At one stride comes the dark;

With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,

Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen and looked sideways up!

Fear at my heart, as at a cup,

My life-blood seemed to sip!

The stars were dim, and thick the night,

The steerman's face by his lamp gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did drip—

Till clomb above the eastern bar

The horned Moon, with one bright star

Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,

Too quick for groan or sigh,

Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,

And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,

(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),

With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,

They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—

They fled to bliss or woe!

And every soul, it passed me by,

Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!

I fear thy skinny hand!

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,

As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But, or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more terrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
And where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;

They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire:
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare:
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware:
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
 And from my neck so free
 The albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole!
 To Mary Queen the praise be given!
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
 That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
 And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
 It did not come anear;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about!
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet how the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes:
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"
Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:
For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the sky-lark sing:
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like that of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath,
Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

First Voice.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes that ship drive on so fast!
 What is the ocean doing?

Second Voice.

Still as a slave before his lord,
 The ocean hath no blast;
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the Moon is cast.

If he may know which way to go;
 For she guides him smooth or grim
 See, brother see! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.

First Voice.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice.

The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
 Or we shall be belated:
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather:
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
 All fixed on me their stony eyes
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away:
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far north, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round walks on,
 And turns no more his head;

Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
 I heard the pilot's cheer ;
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast :
 Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I hear his voice :
 It is the hermit good !
 He singeth loud his godly hymns
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
 The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea.
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
 He loves to talk with mariners
 That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
 He hath a cushion plump :
 It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
 “ Why, this is strange, I trow !
 Where are those lights so many and fair,
 That signal made but now ? ”

“ Strange, by my faith ! ” the hermit said—
 “ And they answered not our cheer !
 The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere !
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lay
 My forest-brook along :
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young.”

“ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
 (The pilot made reply)

I am a-fear'd"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shriek'd
And fell down in a fit:
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro,
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Hannibal to his Soldiers.

LIVY.

THE most elegant of Roman historians, born at Padua, and a chosen favourite among the wits of the court of Augustus. Few particulars of his life are known.

I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left; not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here, then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no man was ever wont to wish for greater than the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, these would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers; and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours: it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him

Or, shall I, who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves;

shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? A captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul? I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry: you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge!—First they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Everything must be yours and at your disposal! you are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers: but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed. Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines. Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step toward that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain! and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say? This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

On Happiness.

POPE.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
 That something still, which prompts the eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow.
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
 'Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?



Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And, fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee.
 Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind:
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
 Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain,
 Some, swell'd to gods, confess even virtue vain:

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in everything, or doubt of all.
 Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that happiness is happiness?
 Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well,
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense, and common ease.
 Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
 Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
 And makes what happiness we justly call,
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied:
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
 Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess'd,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase;
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king!
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole,
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
 And all were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content.
 Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are placed in hope, and these in fear;
 Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
 But future views of better or of worse.
 Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?

Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.

Hotspur's Description of a Fop.

SHAKSPEARE.

I REMEMBER, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: and still he smiled and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd negligently, I know not what;
He should, or should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly: and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

On Virtue.

POPE.

KNOW thou this truth (enough for man to know),
 "Virtue alone is happiness below :"
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
 Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected while another's bless'd :
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God ;
 Pursues that chain, which links the immense design,
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfid'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees why nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss :
 At once his own bright prospect to be bless'd
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.

Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss, but height of charity.



God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human race ;
 Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
 Take every creature in of ev'ry kind ;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty bless'd,
 And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

On the Knowledge of the World.

JOHNSON'S "RAMBLER."

NOTHING has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprised to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction ; and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies, where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority, and dignity of importance ; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, or affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live

in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations, which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and therefore no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits, or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable of receiving, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art, no honour will be lost: for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzles less.

On the Immortality of the Soul.

THE "SPECTATOR."*

AMONG other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of, and, were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargement, I could imagine she might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of her Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite

* A notice of various contributors to this invaluable collection of essays will be given in their proper places.

goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries.

Man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But in this life, man can never take in his full measure of knowledge; nor has he time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can He delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would He give us talents that are not to be exerted: capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all His works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next: and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick succession, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterward to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes toward the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks, this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherub, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge,

ich inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what e shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive ie glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, condered in relation to its Creator, is like one of those mathematical nes, that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a ossibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transport-ig, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to lim, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness?

On the Being of a God.

YOUNG.

RETIRE;—the world shut out—thy thoughts call home:—
 Imagination's airy wing repress;—
 Lock up thy senses—let no passions stir—
 Wake all to Reason—let her reign alone;
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire:—
 What am I? and from whence? I nothing know,
 But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
 Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been: eternal there must be,
 But what eternal?—Why not human race?
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
 That's hard to be conceived; since ev'ry link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail:
 Can every part depend, and not the whole?
 Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
 I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?
 Grant matter was eternal: still these orbs
 Would want some other Father—much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
 Design implies intelligence, and art
 That can't be from themselves—or man; that art,
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
 And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.
 Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form a universe of dust.
 Has matter none? then whence these glorious forms
 And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed?
 Has matter more than motion? has it thought,

Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
 In mathematics? has it framed such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
 If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Reside not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns;
 And if a God there is, that God how great!

Wolsey and Cromwell.

SHAKSPERE.

Wol. FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again:

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
 At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
 Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities;
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken



FALL OF WOLSEY.

A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I'm able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden—

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice,
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !

What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome :
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed !

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down : O
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king,
That sun I pray may never set ! I have told him
What and how true thou art ; he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,

Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me.
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard of, say, I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition !
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
And—prithce lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Cross. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

Battle of Crecy.

MACKINTOSH.

THE king of England at length collected a greater army than on former expeditions, which was disembarked near Cape la Hogue, about the end of July, 1346. They speedily reduced Caen and Lower Normandy, on the south of the Seine. Edward marched along the left bank of the river towards Paris, burnt St. Germain's and St. Cloud, and insulted by a few of his light troops the suburbs of the capital. Philip, who had fixed his head-quarters at St. Denis, broke down all the bridges to prevent Edward from joining



BATTLE OF CRECY.

the 60,000 Flemings who had crossed the northern frontiers. Meantime the English army so deceived the French by a feint march towards Paris, that Philip sent the larger part of his troops to the relief of his capital; so that Edward's bowmen cleared the remains of the bridge of Poissy, which was capable of being so far repaired that the English, rapidly wheeling round, were able to pass it before Philip discovered the stratagem. The king of France appears then to have resolved on defending the line of the Somme, on which his opponents had vainly attempted to force the bridges of St. Remi, Long, and Pecquigny.

Philip, who had encamped at Amiens with 100,000 men, took advantage of the checks received by the English to take possession of Airaines, which they had evacuated two hours before; having pursued their way to Oisemont, where they found themselves cooped up between the sea, the Somme, and the French army, far more numerous than their own. At midnight, on the 24th of August, 1346, they found means, with great difficulty and danger, to cross the ford of Blanchetaque, which was passable at low water. An action was fought in the centre of the river between Edward's vanguard and the troops who, under Godamar du Fay, were appointed to defend the pass. The latter was defeated, and routed with a loss of 2000 men; only a few French stragglers remained on the left bank to join Philip; and Edward took possession of Crotoi, a village on the sea-coast to the right.

Philip waited a day at Abbeville for reinforcements. This day was employed by Edward in refreshing his troops and surveying the ground. He was now master of his own place and time for the fight, and he chose his position at Crecy, a small town on the road to Hesdin. The Battle of Crecy, still memorable after the lapse of ages, was fought on Saturday the 26th of August, 1346. Edward posted his main body on the ascent of the rising ground, under his heroic son, then a stripling of fifteen years of age: a separate body covered the prince's left: the king was at the head of the reserve, which occupied the bridge. He superintended in person the refreshment and repose. Philip arrived on the ground before noon, after a long march from Abbeville, and in spite of the counsel of his wary veterans attacked the enemy with an army wearied and confused by their disorderly advance. The Genoese archers, fatigued by their heavy cross-bows, in a sultry and tempestuous march, rushed forward with loud cries to attack the English bowmen, who were the strength of Edward's army. These last stood still; even on the second charge "they stirred not one foot." When they got within shot of their foes, they let fly their arrows so thickly that they came like snow. The Genoese fled, and some of the heavy-armed troops were involved in their confusion. John of Luxemburgh, king of Bohemia, who commanded Philip's main body, though nearly blind, commanded his followers to bring him into the hottest part of the battle, and used his sword so valiantly that messengers were sent to solicit aid from the king to his son. "Is my son dead?" said Edward.—"No, sir," replied

the knight; "but he is hardly matched."—"Return to those who sent you," said the king, "and say that they send no more to me while my son is alive. Let them suffer him to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey (day) be his."

John of Luxemburgh, who disdained quarter, was slain by the young hero, who thence assumed the motto of *Ich dien*—I serve. The rout, as often happened in that age, became universal. The vast disproportion of loss showed a panic which dissolves an army, and marked the unsparing vengeance of the pursuit. Three knights only are said to have fallen among the English army. On the French sides the kings of Majorca and Bohemia, the Duke of Lorraine, the count d'Alençon, brother to Philip, with 1200 knights, 1500 gentlemen, 4000 men at arms, and 30,000 infantry, are said to have perished in this tremendous defeat.

Macbeth's Soliloquy:

SHAKSPEARE.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 (Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sound and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present hour from the time,

Which now suits with it. While I threat he lives :
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan: for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

Antony's Soliloquy over Cæsar's Body:

SHAKSPEARE.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

O, PARDON me, thou piece of bleeding earth !
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war ;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até* by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry, " Havock," and let slip the dogs of war.

* The goddess of revenge and destruction.

Antony's Funeral Oration over Cæsar's Body.

SHAKSPEARE.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears ;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;
 So are they all, all honourable men ;)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see that, on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle : I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—
 Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :—
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O ye gods! how dearly Cæsar loved him!
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar's fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To any sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable;
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.



THEBES.

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition.*

HORACE SMITH,

THE immortal author, jointly with his brother, James, of "Rejected Addresses;" born Dec. 31st, 1779; died at Tunbridge Wells, July 15th, 1849.

And hast thou walked about (how strange a story!)
 In Thebes' street three thousand years ago?
 When the Memnonium† was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
 Thou hast a tongue; come, let us hear its tune:
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
 To whom should we assign the Sphynx's fame?
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either pyramid that bears his name?
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
 Had Thebes‡ a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason,§ and forbidden
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd?

Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
 Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,

Perhaps thou wert a mason,§ and forbidden
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
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 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd?

Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
 Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,

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 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
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* The answer to this poem will be given shortly.

† i. e., the grandest portion of the city of Thebes, just as the Capitol was the name of the most splendid portion of Rome.

‡ i. e., Egyptian Thebes, as distinguished from Boeotian Thebes, which had only seven gates.

§ i. e., a free-mason, one of those who were forbidden to reveal the secrets of their craft. They were possessed of great influence in the middle ages, but in latter times morality and friendly association, rather than architecture, form the chief objects of the fraternity.

For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us, what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
 And the great deluge still had left it green ;
 Or was it then so old, that history's pages
 Contain'd no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !

Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
 But pr'ythee tell us something of thyself ;
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
 What hast thou seen ? what strange adventures number'd ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
 March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thund'ring tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
 The nature of thy private life unfold :
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd :
 Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face ?
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecay'd within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless ligament endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 Oh, let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
 In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

Early State of the English Church.

SOUTH

BORN 1774, died 1843, alike distinguished as a poet, an historian, and an essayist.



The church government, established in this island by Augustine and his fellow-labourers, was that episcopal form which had prevailed among the Britons, and which was derived from the apostles in uninterrupted descent. The dioceses were originally of the same extent as the respective kingdoms of the heptarchy; the clergy resided with the bishop, and itinerated through the diocese, preaching at a cross in the open air: there was no public provision for erecting churches and endowing them; these things might, in those ages, safely be left to individual munificence and piety. Cathedrals and monasteries were built, and lands settled upon them by royal founders and benefactors; and their estates were augmented by private grants, often given as an atonement for crimes, but unquestionably far more often from the pure impulse of devotion. Besides these endowments, tithes, the institution of which was regarded not as merely political and temporary, but as of moral and perpetual obligation, were paid by those who became Christians, the converts taking upon themselves, with the other obligations of their new religion, this payment, which was universal throughout Christendom. The full predial tithe was intended; the smaller ones were at first voluntary oblations; and the whole was received into a common fund, for the fourfold purpose of supporting the clergy, repairing the church, relieving the poor, and entertaining the pilgrim and the stranger: the distribution was left to the bishop and his assistants. Such was the practice of the Anglo-Saxon, as it seems to have been of the British church.

kingdoms of the heptarchy were united, a
pse churches had been effected, and perfect
pd under the primacy of Canterbury, by the
nth archbishop, Theodore, a native, like St.
Cilicia. This extraordinary man, whose name
among us in grateful and respectful remem-
pointed to his high station by Pope Vitalian, when,
th year of his age, he was residing as a lay-brother
tery at Rome. He was chosen because he was well
d with France, having twice been employed there, and
proof of his singular abilities; and his advanced age was
considered to be an objection, because his undecayed vigour
the energy of his spirit seemed to promise many years of
ctivity and usefulness; an expectation which was well fulfilled, for
Theodore lived to be fourscore and eight. He brought with him
what was then a large and truly an invaluable library of Greek
and Latin books: the works of Homer were among them. He
founded a school at Canterbury, the students of which are said by
Bede to have been, in his time, as well versed in Latin and Greek
as in their mother-tongue; arithmetic, astronomy, and the art of
Latin versification were taught there; the fine chanting, which
had been before peculiar to Canterbury, was by him introduced
into all our churches. He restricted the bishops and secular clergy
to their own dioceses, the monks to their own monasteries; thus
establishing due subordination and order, and forbidding that
practice of roving which led to the neglect of discipline and the
relaxation of morals: he prohibited divorce for any other cause
than the one which is allowed by the Gospel; and he procured
the first legislative provision for the clergy in these kingdoms, in
the form of a kirkscot, or tax of one Saxon penny upon every
house that was worth thirty pence of yearly rent: the payment of
tithes had at first been voluntary, though it was considered as a
religious obligation. King Ethelwolf, the father of Alfred, sub-
jected the whole kingdom to it by a legislative act: no institution
was ever more admirably adapted to its end: it relieved the clergy
from the distraction of temporal concerns; it exempted the tenth
part of all property from the ordinary course of descent, set it apart
and sanctified it for the support of a body of men who were not a
distinct tribe, like the Levites, but were chosen from all ranks of
the community for their moral and intellectual qualifications.
The cathedral was, at first, the only, and long continued to be, the
mother-church, so called, because there it was that believers
received their second birth in baptism; the rights of baptism and
burial appertaining to the cathedral, alone. The first subordinate
houses of worship were chapels or oratories, as humble as the
means of the founder, erected by the itinerant clergy, in situations
where the numbers and piety of the people, and their distance
from the cathedral, made it desirable that they should be provided
with a place for assembling, in a climate where field-worship could
not be performed during the greater part of the year. Parochial

EARLY STATE OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

churches were subsequently formed by those who desire benefit of a resident priest for their vassals and themselves; thus the limits of the estate became those of the parish. The churches were, at first, regarded as chapels of ease to the cathedral and the officiating minister, as being the bishop's curate, w appointed by him, and removable at his pleasure: this dependence was gradually lessened, till at length the priest was held to possess a legal right in his benefice; and Theodore, to encourage the building of churches, vested the patronage of them in the founder and his heirs. The tithes of the parish were then naturally appropriated to its own church. A certain portion of glebe was added, enough to supply the incumbent with those necessaries of life which were not to be purchased in those times, and could not be conveniently received from his parishioners in kind, but not enough to engage him in the business of agriculture; his pursuits, it was justly deemed, ought to be of a higher nature, and his time more worthily employed for himself and others. Without the allotment of a house and glebe, no church could be legally consecrated. The endowment of a full tenth was liberal, but not too large. The greater part of the country was then in forest and waste land, and the quantity of produce nowhere more than was consumed in the immediate vicinity; for agriculture was nowhere pursued in the spirit of trade. The parochial priest kept a register of his poor parishioners, which he called over at the church door from time to time, and distributed relief to them according to his means and their individual necessities. But in that state of society the poor were not numerous, except after some visitation of war, in which the minister suffered with his flock; while village and domestic slavery existed, pauperism, except from the consequences of hostile inroads, must have been almost unknown. The cost of hospitality was far greater than that of relieving the poor. The manse, like the monastery, was placed beside the highway, or on the edge of some wild common, for the convenience of the pilgrim and the stranger.

The ecclesiastical government was modelled, in many respects, on the established forms of civil policy; and, as among the Anglo-Saxons, the tithing-men exercised a salutary superintendance over every ten *friborgs*; so, in the church, deans, who were called urban or rural, according as their jurisdiction lay in the city or country, were appointed to superintend a certain number of parishes. At first they were elected by the clergy of the district, subject to the bishop's approval: the bishops subsequently assumed the power of appointing and removing them, and sometimes delegated to them an episcopal jurisdiction, in which they were denominated *chorepiscopi*, or "rural bishops." They held monthly chapters, corresponding to the courts-barons; and quarterly ones, which were more fully attended. The clergy of the deanery were bound to attend and present all irregularities committed in their respective parishes, as also to answer any complaints which might be brought against themselves. At these

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less, which now belongs to the ecclesiastical
 ally transacted, personal suits were adjusted,
 discipline enforced, by suspending the offending
 functions, and the laymen from their sacraments.
 came more complicated, and the hierarchy more
 ancient and most useful courts were discour-
 finally disused. The attainments of the clergy, in
 of the Anglo-Saxon church, were very considerable.
 sent for Greek masters from Athens; Aldhelm, bishop
 journe, was versed in Hebrew; and Charlemagne was
 d by Alcuin to send students from Tours to improve them-
 s at York. But a great and total degeneracy took place
 ring the latter years of the heptarchy; and for two generations
 after the union of the kingdoms. It began from natural causes.
 In the beginning none but the best and finest spirits engaged in
 the clerical profession; men who were actuated by the desire of
 intellectual and spiritual advancement, by the love of God and of
 their fellow-creatures. But the way of life which they had thus
 chosen was taken up by their successors for very different motives.
 Mere worldly views assuredly operated on a great portion of them:
 no other way of life offered so fair a prospect of power to the am-
 bitious, of security to the prudent, of tranquillity and ease to the
 easy-minded. Moreover, in the beginning, the vital truths of
 Christianity were in full action, because the clergy were labouring
 to establish a religion essentially true: after they had succeeded,
 the gross corruptions with which it was mingled began to work.

These causes of deterioration were inevitable in the order of
 events; moreover, the location of the parochial clergy upon their
 cures tended to the dissolution of manners and decay of learning;
 they were thus removed from superintendence, from the opportu-
 nities of learning and improvement, and, in great measure, from
 professional restraint. But the Danes brought on a swifter ruin.
 Their fury fell always upon the monasteries, whither they were
 attracted by the certainty of finding large booty, and little or no
 resistance; perhaps also by hatred of a religion so strongly op-
 posed in all things to their own ferocious faith and abominable
 manners. There they found not only the church-plate, and the
 abundant stores of the community, but the movable wealth of all
 the surrounding country, brought thither in vain hope of miracu-
 lous protection. The annals of those disastrous times record
 nothing so minutely as the destruction of these extensive edifices,
 and the slaughter of their unoffending inhabitants. Scholars and
 teachers (for the monasteries were then the only schools) were
 indiscriminately massacred: books, which were then so rare as to
 be almost above all price, were consumed in the same flames with
 the building; and this cause, were there no other, would be suf-
 ficient to explain the total loss of learning in the Anglo-Saxon
 Church.

The Answer of the Egyptian Mummy.

MUMMIUS.



THE SPHINX.

CHILD of the latter days, thy words have broken
 A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,
 For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath spoken,
 Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.
 Unswathed at length, I "stand at ease" before ye,—
 List then, oh! list, while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birth-place—an unrivalled city,
 With *many* gates,—but here I might declare
 Some strange plain truths, except that it were pity
 To blow a poet's fabric into air;
 Oh! I could read you quite a Theban lecture,
 And give a deadly finish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw discredit
 On grave historians—or on him who sung
 THE ILLIAD—true it is I never read it,
 But heard it read when I was very young;
 An old blind minstrel, for a trifling profit,
 Recited parts—I think the *author* of it.

All that I know about the town of HOMER

Is, that they scarce would own him in his day—
Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,

Because by this they saved their *parish-pay*.
His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest,

He says that men were once more big and bony
Than now, which is a bouncer at the best;

I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
Near seven feet high! in sooth, a lofty figure!
Now look at *me*, and tell me am I *bigger*?

Not half the size: but then I'm sadly dwindled;

Three thousand years, with that embalming glue,
Have made a serious difference, and have swindled

My face of all its beauty—there were few
Egyptian youths more gay,—behold the sequel,
Nay, smile not, you and I may soon be equal!

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance

With mortal aim—this light fantastic toe
Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance:

This heart hath throbbed at tales of love and woe,
These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion,
This withered form inspired the tender passion.

In vain! the skilful hand, and feelings warm,

The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,
The palm of genius and the manly form,

All bowed at once to death's mysterious will,
Who sealed me up where mummies sound are sleeping,
In cere-cloth,* and in tolerable keeping.

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,

And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,
Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,

With scarlet flounces and with varnished faces;
Men, birds, brutes, reptiles, fish—all crammed together,
With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather.

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,

And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust;
Princes and heroes, men of high renown,

Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust,—
Their swarthy Mummies kicked up dust in numbers,
When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumbers!

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
At Dido's table, when the wondrous tale

* *i. e.*, cloth steeped in wax, in order to preserve it.

Of "Juno's hatred"* was so well repeated?

And ever and anon the Queen turned pale;
 Meanwhile the brilliant gas-lights, hung above her,
 Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover.

Ay, *gas-lights!* mock me not; we men of yore
 Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention;
 Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore?
 Her patient toil? acuteness of invention?
 Survey the proofs,—our Pyramids are thriving,—
 Old Memnon still looks young, and I'M surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,
 On blocks gigantic building up her fame!
 Crowded with signs, and letters hieroglyphic,
 Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim!
 Yet, though her art and toil unearthly seem,
Those blocks were brought on RAIL-ROADS and by STEAM!

How, when, and why, our people came to rear
 The Pyramid of Cheops, mighty pile!
 This and the other secrets thou shalt hear;
 I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,
 The hist'ry of the Sphinx, and who began it,
 Our mystic marks, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when King Cephrenes—
 But, ah! what's this?—the shades of bards and kings
 Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is,
 I am not to reveal these hidden things.
 Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind them,
 Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.

Story of Asem, the Man-hater.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WHERE Taurus lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem, the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men, had shared in their amusements, and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection: but, from the tenderness of his disposition,

* i. e., Virgil's *Æneid*, which begins with narrating the cause of Juno's hatred against the Trojans.

he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain ; the weary traveller never passed his door ; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved ; and made his application with confidence of redress : the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity, for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them ; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist : wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew, namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather ; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food ; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature ! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes ! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds ! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility ; from hence a hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise : but man, vile man, is a solecism in nature ; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use, but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the divine Creator ? Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why then, O Alla ! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair ?"

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety ; when he perceived a most majestic being, walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose ; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something *awful and divine* in his aspect.

"Son of Adam," cried the genius, "stop thy rash purpose; the father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead; in me behold the genius of conviction, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise."

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water, till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

"I plainly perceive your amazement," said the genius; "but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great prophet; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation."

"A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!" cried Asem, in a rapture; "I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at length heard my petitions; this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. O for an immortality, to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes, that render society miserable!"

"Cease thine acclamations," replied the genius. "Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor." Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primeval wildness.

"Here," cried Asem, "I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world above our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet I would have removed this defect, and formed

no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation." "Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable," said the genius, smiling. "But with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they lived entirely on her vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction."

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. "Heavens!" cried Asem, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. "This," cried Asem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action." "Every species of animals," replied the genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers." "But they should have been destroyed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of such neglect." "Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?" replied the genius, smiling: "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice." "I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Asem; "I am now convinced, that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connexions with one another."

As they walked further up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed, "That the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show." "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, nor statuaries in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you shall have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom." "Wisdom!"

replied his instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is wisdom here? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." "All this may be right," says Asem; "but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within its own precincts, without society, or without intercourse." "That indeed is true," replied the other; "here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other, and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious." "Well then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine." "And to what purpose should either do this?" says the genius: "flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here: and wisdom is out of the question."

"Still, however," said Asem, "the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence: each has therefore leisure for pitying those that stand in need of his compassion." He had scarce spoken when his ears were assailed with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, "that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!" "Be not surprised," said the wretch, who was dying; "would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with." "They should have been supplied with more than is necessary," cried Asem; "and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never receive a favour. They have, however, another excellency yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues." "Peace, Asem," replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, "nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferably to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here." "Strange!" cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress;

“what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarcely an amusement which they enjoy: fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others.”

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when casting his eyes around he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in his solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance and ease.

Summer Evening.

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCHYARD, ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

KIRKE WHITE.

HERE would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! the sultry sun
From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant; such a one perchance did Gray



THE CHURCHYARD.

Frequent, as with a vagrant muse he wanton'd.
 Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
 For I am wearied with my summer's walk ;
 And here I may repose in silent ease ;
 And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
 My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
 The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
 Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corse cemented down
 With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth-worm
 Of its predestined dues ; no, I would lie
 Beneath a little hillock, grass-o'ergrown,
 Swathed down with osiers, just as sleep the cotters.
 Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave ;
 But there at eve may some congenial soul
 Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
 The good man's benison—no more I ask.
 And oh ! (if heavenly beings may look down
 From where, with cherubim inspired, they sit,
 Upon this little dim-discover'd spot,
 The earth), then will I cast a glance *below*,
 On him who thus my ashes shall embalm ;
 And I will weep, too, and will bless the wanderer,
 Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
 In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe,
 But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought ; as if the body,
 Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
 Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
 And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze !
 Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
 And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
 Its narrow verge of being, and provide
 A decent residence for its clayey shell,
 Endear'd to it by time. And who would lay
 His body in the city burial-place,
 To be thrown up again by some rude sexton,
 And yield its narrow house another tenant,
 Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
 Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
 Exposed to insult lewd and wantonness ?
 No, I will lay me in the *village* ground ;
 There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
 Unletter'd as he is, would scorn t'invoke
 The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
 The labourer, returning from his toil,
 Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
 And slowly spell the rudely-sculptured rhymes,
 And, in his rustic manner, moralize.

I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
 With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
 And all the honours which he paid the grave ;
 And thought on cities, where even cemetaries,
 Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
 Are not protected from the drunken insolence
 Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
 Grant, Heaven, that here my pilgrimage may close !
 Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones
 May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds,
 Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
 Or left a prey on some deserted shore
 To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
 (For why should sober reason cast away
 A thought which soothes the soul ?) yet still my spirit
 Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
 And hover o'er this spot ; oh, then I'll think
 Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew,
 In solemn rumination ; and will smile
 With joy that I have got my long'd release.

On Homer's Iliad:

BLAIR.

HUGH BLAIR was born at Edinburgh, in 1718, and died 1800. His sermons are still extremely popular, but his fame mainly rests upon his Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, in which we can almost trace the acuteness and clearness of thought which shone forth in the writings of his contemporary and friend, Dr. Johnson. The following passage forms an admirable introduction to the reading of the greatest of poems, the "Iliad."

As the epic poem is universally allowed to possess the highest rank among poetical works, it merits particular discussion, and I therefore proceed to make some observations on the most distinguished epic poems, ancient and modern.

Homer claims, on every account, our first attention, as the father not only of epic poetry, but, in some measure, of poetry in general. Whoever sits down to read Homer, must consider that he is going to read the most ancient book in the world, next to the Bible. Without making this reflection he cannot enter into the spirit, nor relish the composition of the author. He is not to look for the correctness and elegance of the Augustan age. He must divest himself of our modern ideas of dignity and refinement, and transport his imagination almost three thousand years back in the history of mankind. What he is to expect is, a picture of the ancient world. He must reckon upon finding characters and manners, that retain a considerable tincture of the savage

state; moral ideas as yet imperfectly formed; and the appetites and passions of men brought under none of those restraints, to which, in a more advanced state of society, they are accustomed; but bodily strength prized as one of the chief heroic endowments; the preparing of a meal, and the appeasing of hunger, described as very interesting objects; and the heroes boasting of themselves openly, scolding one another outrageously, and glorying, as we should now think very indecently, over their fallen enemies.

The opening of the *Iliad* possesses none of that sort of dignity which a modern looks for in a great epic poem. It turns on no higher subject than the quarrel of two chieftains about a female slave. The priest of Apollo beseeches Agamemnon to restore his daughter, who in the plunder of a city had fallen to Agamemnon's share of booty. He refuses. Apollo, at the prayer of his priest, sends a plague into the Grecian camp. The augur, when consulted, declares, that there is no way of appeasing Apollo, but by restoring the daughter of his priest. Agamemnon is enraged at the augur, professes that he likes this slave better than his wife, Clytemnestra; but since he must restore her in order to save the army, insists to have another in her place; and pitches upon Briseis, the slave of Achilles. Achilles, as was to be expected, kindles into rage at this demand; reproaches him for his rapacity and insolence, and, after giving him many hard names, solemnly swears that, if he is to be thus treated by the general, he will withdraw his troops, and assist the Grecians no more against the Trojans. He withdraws accordingly. His mother, the goddess Thetis, interests Jupiter in his cause, who to revenge the wrong which Achilles had suffered, takes part against the Greeks, and suffers them to fall into great and long distress, until Achilles is pacified, and reconciliation brought about between him and Agamemnon.

Such is the basis of the whole action of the *Iliad*. Hence rise all those *speciosa miracula*,* as Horace terms them, which fill that extraordinary poem: and which have had the power of interesting almost all the nations of Europe, in every age, since the days of Homer. The general admiration commanded by a poetical plan so very different from what any one would have formed in our times, ought not, upon reflection, to be matter of surprise. For besides that a fertile genius can enrich and beautify any subject on which it is employed, it is to be observed, that ancient manners, how much soever they contradict our present notions of dignity and refinement, afford, nevertheless, materials for poetry superior in some respects to those which are furnished by a more polished state of society. They discover human nature more open and undisguised, without any of those studied forms of behaviour which now conceal men from one another. They give free scope to the strongest and most impetuous emotions of the mind, which

* Specious wonders; i. e., possessing just sufficient probability to allow of their falling within the reach of belief,—things which one might imagine true.

make a better figure in description, than calm and temperate feelings. They show us our native prejudices, appetites, and desires, exerting themselves without control. From this state of manners, joined with the advantage of that strong and expressive style, which, as I formerly observed, commonly distinguishes the compositions of early ages, we have ground to look for more of the boldness, ease, and freedom of native genius, in compositions of such a period, than in those of more civilized times. And, accordingly, the two great characters of the Homeric poetry are fire and simplicity. Let us now proceed to make some more particular observations on the *Iliad*, under the three heads of the subject and action, the characters and narration of the poet.

The subject of the *Iliad* must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years' siege which they carried on against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves. Upon these traditions Homer grounded his poem, and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written records, tradition must by this time have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry, and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased with the remains of true history. He has not chosen for his subject the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they take up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting and most critical period of the war. By this management he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work: and he has shown the pernicious effect of discord among confederated princes. At the same time, I admit that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the *Aeneid* includes a greater compass, and a more agreeable diversity of events; whereas the *Iliad* is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters, divine and human, with which he abounds; the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds, and deaths, and little history pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an invention next to boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer, than that of invention. His story is all along conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought out, one after another, to be objects of our attention. The distress

thickens as the poem advances, and every thing is so contrived as to aggrandize Achilles, and to render him, as the poet intended he should be, the capital figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers is the characteristic part. Here he is without a rival. His lively and spirited exhibition of characters is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding everywhere with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil, or, indeed, than in any other poet. What Virgil informs us of by two words of narration, Homer brings about by a speech. We may observe here, that this method of writing is more ancient than the narrative manner. Of this we have a clear proof in the books of the Old Testament, which instead of narration, abound with speeches, with answers, and replies, upon the most familiar subjects. Thus, in the book of Genesis, "Joseph said unto his brethren, Whence come ye? And they answered, From the Land of Canaan we come to buy food. And Joseph said, Ye are spies, to see the nakedness of the land are ye come. And they said unto him, Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come; we are all one man's sons, we are true men, thy servants are no spies. And he said unto them, Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land are ye come. And they said, Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan, and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father; and one is not. And Joseph said unto them, This it is that I spake unto you, saying, ye are spies. Hereby ye shall be proved; by the life of Pharaoh, ye shall not go forth except your youngest brother come hither," &c.* Such a style as this is the most simple and artless form of writing, and must therefore, undoubtedly, have been the most ancient. It is copying directly from nature, giving a plain rehearsal of what passed, or was supposed to pass, in conversation between the persons of whom the author treats. In progress of time, when the art of writing was more studied, it was thought more elegant to compress the substance of conversation into short distinct narratives, made by the poet or historian in his own person; and to reserve direct speeches for solemn occasions only.

The ancient dramatic method which Homer practised has some advantages, balanced with some defects. It renders composition more natural and animated, and more expressive of manners and characters, but withal less grave and majestic, and sometimes tiresome. Homer, it must be admitted, has carried his propensity to the making of speeches too far, and if he be tedious anywhere, it is in these; some of them trifling, and some of them plainly unseasonable. Together with the Greek vivacity, he leaves upon our minds some impression of the Greek loquacity also. His speeches, however, are upon the whole characteristic and lively: and to them we owe, in a great measure, that admirable display which he has given of human nature. Every one who

* Genesis xliii. 7-15.

reads him, becomes familiarly and intimately acquainted with his heroes. We seem to have lived among them, and to have conversed with them. Not only has he pursued the single virtue of courage through all its different forms and features, in his different warriors, but some more delicate characters, into which courage either enters not at all, or but for an inconsiderable part, he has drawn with singular art.

How finely, for instance, has he painted the character of Helen, so as, notwithstanding her frailty and her crimes, to prevent her from being an odious object. The admiration with which the old generals behold her, in the third book, when she is coming towards them, presents her to us with much dignity. Her veiling herself and shedding tears, her confusion in the presence of Priam, her grief and self-accusations at the sight of Menelaus, her upbraiding Paris for his cowardice, and at the same time, her returning fondness for him, exhibit the most striking features of that mixed female character, which we partly condemn and partly pity. Homer never introduces her, without making her say something to move our compassion, while at the same time, he takes care to contrast her character with that of a virtuous matron, in the chaste and tender Andromache.

Paris himself, the author of all the mischief, is characterized with the utmost propriety. He is, as we should expect him, a mixture of gallantry and effeminacy. He retreats from Menelaus, on his first appearance; but immediately afterwards, enters into single combat with him. He is a great master of civility, remarkably courteous in his speeches, and receives all the reproofs of his brother Hector with modesty and deference. He is described as a person of elegance and taste. He was the architect of his own palace. He is, in the sixth book, found by Hector, burnishing and dressing up his armour; and issues forth to battle with a peculiar gaiety and ostentation of appearance, which is illustrated by one of the finest comparisons in all the *Iliad*, that of the horse prancing to the river. Homer has been blamed for making his hero, Achilles, of too brutal and unamiable a character. But I am inclined to think, that injustice is commonly done to Achilles upon the credit of two lines in Horace, who has certainly overloaded his character.

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.*

Achilles is passionate indeed, to a great degree, but he is far from being a contemner of laws and justice. In the contest with Agamemnon, though he carries it on with too much heat, yet he has reason on his side. He was notoriously wronged: but he submits, and resigns Briseis peaceably, when the heralds come to demand her, only he will fight no longer under a leader who has

* Eager, wrathful, deaf to entreaty, sharp, he denies that laws were created for him, but there is nothing that he will not arrogate to himself by force of arms.

affronted him. Besides his wonderful bravery and contempt of death, he has several other qualities of a hero. He is open and sincere. He loves his subject, and respects the gods. He is distinguished by strong friendships and attachments; he is throughout high-spirited, gallant, and honourable, and allowing for a degree of ferocity which belonged to the times, and enters into the characters of most of Homer's heroes, he is, upon the whole, abundantly fitted to raise high admiration, though not pure esteem.

Under the head of characters, Homer's gods, or his machinery,* according to the critical term, come under consideration. The gods make a great figure in the *Iliad*; much greater, indeed, than they do in the *Æneid*, or in any other epic poem; and hence Homer has become the standard of poetic theology. Concerning machinery in general, I delivered my sentiments in the former lecture. Concerning Homer's machinery in particular, we must observe, that it was not his own invention. Like every other good poet, he unquestionably followed the traditions of his country. The age of the Trojan war approached to the age of the gods and demi-gods in Greece. Several of the heroes concerned in that war were reputed to be the children of these gods. Of course the traditionary tales relating to them and to the exploits of that age, were blended with the fables of the deities. These popular legends Homer very properly adopted, though it is absurd to infer from this, that therefore poets arising in succeeding ages, and writing on quite different subjects, are obliged to follow the same system of machinery.

In the hands of Homer, it produces, on the whole, a noble effect: it is always gay and amusing, always lofty and magnificent. It introduces into his poem a great number of personages, almost as much distinguished by characters as his human actors. It diversifies his battles greatly, by the intervention of the gods; and by frequently shifting the scene from earth to heaven, it gives an agreeable relief to the mind, in the midst of so much blood and slaughter. Homer's gods, it must be confessed, though they be always lively and animated figures, yet sometimes want dignity. The conjugal contentions between Juno and Jupiter, with which he entertains us, and the indecent squabbles he describes among the inferior deities, according as they take different sides with the contending parties, would be very improper models for any modern poet to imitate. In apology for Homer, however, it must be remembered, that according to the fables of those days, the gods are but one remove above the condition of men. They had all the human passions. They drink and feast, and are vulnerable like men, they have children and kinsmen, in the opposite armies; and except that they are immortal, that they have houses on the top of Olympus, and winged chariots, in which they are often flying down

* This term is used as implying that the gods are the means or instruments by which Homer brings about the development of his story, and by which its incidents are influenced and unravelled.

to earth, and then reascending, in order to feast on nectar and ambrosia, they are in truth no higher beings than the human heroes, and therefore very fit to take part in their contentions. At the same time, though Homer so frequently degrades his divinities, yet he knows how to make them appear, in some conjunctures, with the most awful majesty. Jupiter, the father of gods and men, is for the most part introduced with great dignity; and several of the most sublime conceptions in the *Iliad* are founded on the appearances of Neptune, Minerva, and Apollo, on great occasions.

With regard to Homer's style and manner of writing, it is easy, natural, and in the highest degree animated. It will be admired by such only as relish ancient simplicity, and can make allowance for certain negligences and repetitions, which greater refinement in the art of writing has taught succeeding, though far inferior, poets to avoid. For Homer is the most simple in his style of all the great poets, and resembles most the style of the poetical parts of the Old Testament. They can have no conception of his manner, who are acquainted with him in Mr. Pope's translation only. An excellent poetical performance that translation is, and faithful in the main to the original. In some places, it may be thought to have even improved Homer. It has certainly softened some of his rudenesses, and added delicacy and grace to some of his sentiments. But withal, it is no other than Homer modernized. In the midst of the elegance and luxuriance of Mr. Pope's language, we lose sight of the old bard's simplicity. I know indeed no author to whom it is more difficult to do justice in a translation, than Homer. As the plainness of his diction, were it literally rendered, would often appear flat in any modern language, so in the midst of that plainness, and often not a little heightened by it, there are everywhere breaking forth upon us flashes of native fire, of sublimity, and beauty, which hardly any language, except his own, could preserve. His versification has been universally acknowledged to be uncommonly melodious; and to carry, beyond that of any poet, a resemblance in the sound to the sense and meaning.

In narration, Homer is, at all times, remarkably concise, which renders him lively and agreeable; though in his speeches, as I have before admitted, sometimes tedious. He is everywhere descriptive, and descriptive by means of those well-chosen particulars, which form the excellency of description. Virgil gives us the nod of Jupiter with great magnificence.

Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*—*Æn.* ix. 106.

But Homer, in describing the same thing, gives us the sable eye-brows of Jupiter bent, and his ambrosial curls shaken at the moment when he gives the nod, and thereby renders the figure more natural and lively. Whenever he seeks to draw our attention to some interesting object, he particularizes it so happily, as to paint it in a manner to our sight. The shot of Pandarus'

* "He gave the nod, and all Olympus trembled."

arrow, which broke the truce between the two armies, as related in the fourth book, may be given for an instance; and, above all, the admirable interview of Hector and Andromache in the sixth book, where all the circumstances of the conjugal and parental tenderness, the child affrighted with the view of his father's helmet, Hector taking the child in his arms, and offering up a prayer for him to the gods; Andromache receiving back the child with a smile of pleasure, and at the same instant bursting into tears,—as it is finely expressed in the original, form the most natural and affecting picture that can possibly be imagined.

In the description of battles, Homer particularly excels. He works up the hurry, the terror, and confusion of them in so masterly a manner, as to place the reader in the very midst of the engagement. It is here that the fire of his genius is most highly displayed; insomuch that Virgil's battles, and indeed those of most other poets, are cold and inanimate in comparison with Homer's.

With regard to similes, no poet abounds so much with them. Several of them are beyond doubt extremely beautiful: such as those of the fires in the Trojan camp compared to the moon and stars by night: Paris going forth to battle, to the war-horse prancing to the river; and Euphorbus slain, to the flowering shrub cut down by a sudden blast; all which are among the finest poetical passages that are anywhere to be found. I am not, however, of opinion that Homer's comparisons, taken in general, are his greatest beauties. They come too thick upon us, and often interrupt the train of his narration or description. The resemblance on which they are founded, is sometimes not clear; and the objects whence they are taken are too uniform. His lions, bulls, eagles, and herds of sheep recur too frequently; and the allusions in some of his similes, even after the allowances that are to be made for ancient manners, must be admitted to be debasing.

Cato's Soliloquy.

ADDISON.

BORN in 1672, and died in 1719. Immortal as an essayist as long as the "Spectator" and "Guardian" shall remain "household words" in the English language; he likewise distinguished himself as a poet and dramatist of no mean ability. The history of the death of Cato of Utica, who, after the fatal defeat at Pharsalia, threw himself on his sword, after reading Plato's "Phædon," or Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul, will be found well narrated in "Plutarch's Lives."

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when, or where? This world was made for *Cæsar*.—
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
 Thus am I doubly arm'd—my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point;
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Memory.

BEN JONSON.

MEMORY, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate, and frail; it is the first of our faculties that age invades. Seneca, the father, the rhetorician, confesseth of himself, he had a miraculous one, not only to receive, but to hold. I myself could, in my youth, have repeated all that ever I had made, and so continued till I was past forty; since, it is much decayed in me. Yet I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me, but shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawned with it while I was young and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops: but what I trust to it now, or have done of later years, it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loses; so that I receive mine own (though frequently called for) as if it were new and borrowed. Nor do I always find presently from it what I seek; but while I am doing another thing, that I laboured for will come: and what I sought

with trouble, will offer itself when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they read or pen, they can say without book presently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such as have a swift style, for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into council for every word, must needs fix somewhat, and make it their own at last, though but through their own vexation.

The Mariners of England.

CAMPBELL.



Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave:

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below,—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow,
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

The Spider and the Bee.

DEAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, the famous dean of St. Patrick's, was born in 1667, and died in 1745. His life was one continued state of excitement, and under happier auspices might have produced many sterling works. Through his relationship to the lady, he became secretary to Sir William Temple, and resided at Moor Park, where he wrote the "Battle of the Books," from which this extract is made.

UPON the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue; and ports to sally out upon

occasions of prey or defence: In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating awhile, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion,



SWIFT'S CHURCH, AT LARACOR.

supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects* whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the rugged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was

* *Beelzebub*, in the Hebrew, signifies lord of flies.

adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end, he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy puppy; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could you not look before you? Do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?"—"Good words, friend," said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll): "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more. I never was in such a confounded pickle since I was born."—"Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners."—"I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house."—"Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters."—"By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth

take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

Grongar Hill.

DYER.

JOHN DYER was born in 1700, and died in 1758, universally respected as a clergyman, and admired as a classic traveller and poet.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
 Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the voice of busy man,
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale,
 Come with all thy various hues,
 Come and aid thy sister Muse:
 Now while Phœbus riding high
 Gives lustre to the land and sky!
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong,
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells
 Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sate upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head;



While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,

From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day :
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal ;
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise ;
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow ;
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow !
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies ;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires !
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads !
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And lightens on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad spread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,
Hamlets of Basilis, queen of love !
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye ;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps

So both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds:
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has been, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen the broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of fate;
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swiftly, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus in Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat and ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye,
A step methinks may pass the stream;
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,

Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see !
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul ;
'Tis thus the busy beat the air ;
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie ;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will,
Search for peace with all your skill,
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor ;
In vain ye search, she is not there ;
In vain ye search the domes of care.
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountains heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side ;
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongars Hill.

Liberty and Slavery,

STER

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery ! still thou art a draught ; and though thousands in all ages have been made to of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is Liberty ! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will till Nature herself shall change ; no tint of words can smother thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron : thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is but than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gr

heaven! grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy blessings, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those wretches which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries



of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures who had no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take a picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed at his lattice. His children—

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his and bed: a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and rusty nail he was etching another day of misery, to add heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up his eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the floor. He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I saw into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement, my fancy had drawn.

The Death of Harmon,

SIR WALTER R.

WITH fruitless labour Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung—
 "In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying
 So the notes rung.
 "Avoid thee, fiend! with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
 Oh! look my son upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine!
 Oh! think on faith and bliss!
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."
 The war that for a space did fail,
 Now, trebly thundering, swell'd the gale,

And "Stanley!" was the cry.
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye;
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!
 Charge, Chester! charge! On, Stanley! on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

Remarkable Escape during the Great Floods in the Province of Moray.

SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

THE following admirable narrative of a remarkable escape, in August, 1829, cannot fail to please such of our young readers as love adventure, while the style in which it is told is at once simple, vigorous, and exciting.



Among the poor people, who were for a long time in danger, was a man of the name of Sandy Smith, whose cottage stood upon a piece of furzy pasture, not far from one of the rivers which had overflowed its banks. A great number of the inhabitants of the cottages in the part of the country nearest to him escaped early in the night of Monday to a large barn, which stood on high ground; and others were received into a gentleman's house, where they were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. All of

them thought that poor Sandy Smith would never be seen by them again, for his house was in a low situation, and already surrounded by water. But, on looking in the direction of his cottage, they were very glad to see a distant gleam of light, which came from a candle placed in his cottage window. They, therefore, had lights placed in the windows of the gentleman's house just mentioned, in order that the poor people in the distant cottage might know they were not forgotten, although it was impossible to get at them.

A dismal night had Sandy Smith in his cottage, in the midst of the waters. At break of day the kind people, who were looking out for him and his family, saw all the country laid under water, including many fields which had the day before been beautiful with yellow wheat, green tops of turnips, and other crops; and the surface of the flood was strewed with trees and every kind of wreck from farms, and barns, and houses. The heavy rain and the raging wind were yet continuing; the cattle were wandering about, and lowing for want of their usual food, and crowds of distressed families were crying and bewailing themselves. Afar off was seen the cottage of Sandy Smith—its roof like a speck above water;—and it was seen that the gable end had given way. With the help of a good telescope, the family were perceived to have got out of the cottage, and to be all huddled together on a small spot of ground not more than a few feet square, and forty or fifty yards distant from their ruined dwelling. Sandy himself was seen, sometimes standing up and sometimes sitting on a small cask; he seemed to be watching the large trees that swept past him and his wife and children, and which threatened to sweep them away. His wife was sitting on a bit of a log, covered with a blanket, having one child on her knee, and two leaning by her side. On the ground stood a bottle and glass, from which those who saw them hoped they had derived some little comfort in the midst of the cold rain and wind. Close to them were about a score of sheep, a small horse, and three cows, all glad, like themselves, to stand on that little spot of dry land.

The greatest fear which those who saw these poor people from distant houses had, was that the waters would gain upon them before any boat could be procured to go and bring them away. A lady in the neighbourhood, had, however, ordered her horses to be put to a boat, to drag it down to a convenient spot for being launched, and three bold men got into it, determined to save the lives of the poor people if possible. Before they reached Sandy Smith and his family, they thought it their duty to rescue another poor family, whose situation was still more dangerous, as they were in a house of which hardly anything was visible but the thatch. When they reached that house, the poor people within were obliged to duck down into the water before they could be dragged out of the windows.

But to reach the house, and then to get on to where Sandy Smith and his family were waiting, was a task of no small labour

and difficulty: for as the boat seemed to be going on fairly and well, it was more than once carried away by the currents that were to be crossed, and carried away with such violence, that those on shore thought the people in the boat would be lost. The activity of the men in the boat was their only safety; and one of them, whose name was Donald Munro, but who, on account of his dress, was that day called Straw Hat and Yellow Waistcoat, gained much honour for his wonderful exertions. Sometimes he was at the head of the boat, and sometimes at the stern, not unfrequently in the water up to the neck, and then again rowing with all his strength. Before they reached the spot where Sandy Smith and his family were standing in a cluster on their little spot of land, there were five raging currents to be passed. The moment the boat came to one of these, it was whirled away far down the stream; and when one current was passed, the men had to pull the boat up again all the way before they ventured to cross another. The last current which they had to cross was the worst; but Smith was so delighted to see the boat approaching, that he ran into the water to meet it, and helped to drag it towards the spot whereon his wife and children were yet remaining. They were all then safely placed in the boat, and carried back, with many difficulties, across all the currents to the shore.

It appeared that these poor people had been driven out of their house at about eight o'clock on the Monday evening, and had fled to the only dry place they could reach. They had but just time to throw blankets over them, and Smith himself, had fortunately, presence of mind enough to take with him a small bag of meal. His cows, and his pony, and his sheep, being let out, wandered to the same spot. As the water gained upon the little space of ground they had, the poor beasts, feeling chilled with the cold, pressed inwards also upon the family. Smith caught a log which was floating past, and it made a seat for his companions; an old chest served the same purpose: and a little meal and a little whiskey was all their nourishment. There they had remained all that dismal night—all dark around them; the noise of the waters roaring in their ears—great trees going crashing past them every minute, as if they would sweep them all into eternity; and all the time the wind and rain beating upon them so fiercely that it seemed as if it would be impossible for them to live long under it. Nothing was to be seen but the far-off candles, placed in the house which has already been mentioned; and the light of which, as had been intended, was still some comfort to them in their desolate situation. When the light of morning broke upon them, Sandy Smith saw the little hamlet of Stripeside, where he had lived, a heap of ruins, besides all the neighbouring hamlets; and, far above them, the bridge broken by the violence of the stream. He had the attention to hide these sorrowful sights from his wife, by wrapping her head more closely from the cold, until the waters began to fall a little, in consequence of the giving way of some embankments: and then he told her to look round about her, &c.

that now there was some hope. The Scotch peasantry are a religious people, and Sandy, who thought, when he saw the light of the candles shining across the broad and roaring water in the night, that the Providence to whom he addressed his prayers had not forgotten him and his little family, observed, after all the danger was over, that he should be grateful to God all the rest of his days.

Another family, whose cottage stood at no great distance from that of Sandy Smith, passed that terrible night in the midst of still greater dangers and struggles for life. The name of these poor people was Kerr. They left their house, which was already surrounded by water, early in the night, and tried to wade across the water to the dry ground, but the farther they waded, the deeper they found the water. Kerr's niece, a girl twelve years of age, lost heart, and began to sink : and the stream was increasing, and the darkness of night was upon them. The old man, however, did not give way ; but, taking his niece on his shoulder, waded back with his wife, and by great labour regained his own cottage. It was between eight and nine o'clock in the evening when they groped their way to it ; and they were obliged to clamber up into the garret. There they remained, in loneliness and darkness, until about two o'clock in the morning, when the roof of the cottage, damaged by the wet, began to fail. To avoid being crushed to death, the old man forced his way through a partition into the next house. Fortunately for them all the partition was only made of wood and clay. There they remained till about eight o'clock in the morning : when the strength of the water on the outside became so great, that it bent the bolt of the lock of the house-door inwards, until it had no more hold of the staple than about the eighth of an inch. If the door had given way, the water would have rushed in with such violence as to sweep away the back wall of the house ; and Kerr rummaged the garret until he was lucky enough to find a bit of board and a few nails, with which he managed to make the door more secure. At last, the roof of this second house began to fail also ; and Kerr and his wife and niece had no way of escaping but through the thatch.

Whilst the party in the cottage were undergoing all this, there were some on the shore who were very anxiously watching their fate ; and among them a son of Kerr's, who had been straining his eyes towards his father's cottage all night long ; unable to send help to them, and never expecting to see them alive more. Those about the young man tried to comfort him ; but even whilst they were speaking to him the gable of Kerr's dwelling was seen to give way, and to fall into the raging current. But a gentleman, who was looking towards the cottage with a telescope, observed a hand thrust through the thatch of the house next to it. The hand worked busily, as if in despair of life ; then a head appeared, and, at length, Kerr was seen to drag himself through the roof, and to drag up his wife and niece through the thatch after him. The three unfortunate people were then seen crawling along the roof

towards the next house, for there were three houses built in a row : Kerr went first, and behind him the woman and girl, hardly able, from the force of the wind, to keep a blanket round them. Fortunate was it for them that old Kerr possessed so much courage and sense, exactly when courage and sense were wanting, for the tottering roof they had just left fell into the water, and was swept away. Kerr now tried in vain to force a passage through the thatch into the next house, but, finding he could not do it, he attempted one of the windows with no better success. He was then seen to drop himself down from the eaves upon a small speck of ground, a little higher than the rest, close to the back wall of the houses. To that spot of ground, where there was just room for them to stand, but not to move, he managed to get his wife and niece safely down.

Among those who could see all this going on was also a nephew of old Kerr's, the brother of the little girl who was with Kerr and his wife ; and he was half distracted by the sight. " Good God ! friends," he exclaimed, " will you allow human beings to perish before your eyes, and do nothing to give them help ? If I had but a boat, I would try to save them. Will nobody give me a horse to go in search of one ? "

It has already been mentioned that a lady in the neighbourhood lent her horses to drag a boat to the place where it was wanted ; and in this boat it was that the Kerrs were taken from the dangerous spot on which they stood, before the brave men in the boat went on to Sandy Smith and his family, who, it will be remembered, had a few more yards of ground to stand upon than the Kerrs. The skill and coolness of these men, among whom was *Straw Hat* and *Yellow Waistcoat*, were witnessed by those on shore with admiration, and when they saw that they had crossed the dangerous currents, just in time to save the Kerrs, who had now only about three feet of earth left to stand upon, they gave them three hearty cheers. They were in no small degree rejoiced to see Kerr, and his poor wife, and the little girl, stowed safely into the boat ; but when, directly after, they saw the brave *Yellow Waistcoat* wading away, and sounding the depths with a pole, until he got to one end of the building, and then beheld him lay hold of a large pig, and throw it into the boat as easily as if it had been a rabbit, they were angry to think his life should have been risked for such a saving : but he must have been a good-natured fellow, for it seems that the pig belonged to a poor widow, and was all the property she had left.

When the frail boat, crossing again all the dangerous streams, arrived at the shore with the little party, they were received by many of their friends with so much heart and rejoicing, that even old Kerr, who was known for his firmness by the name of old Rodney, could not help shedding a few tears among the rest, exclaiming in his homely Scotch,— " Hoot, toot, nonsense ! What's this o't ? Toots ! I canna stand this mair than you, bairns. Od ! I maun just greet it out. "

The boat next, with considerable difficulty, reached a cottage among alders, a little way above the bridge, in which were three helpless old women, one of whom had been for years bed-ridden. When the boat reached the hut, *Yellow Waistcoat* knocked in the window, and entered with another of the boat's crew. They found the inmates sitting on chairs, immersed in water, which was four feet deep in the house. They were nearly dead with cold, and could not have existed many hours longer. They were lifted through the window, and were soon placed in safety.

To reach another family, consisting of a poor invalid old man, his infirm wife, their daughter, and grandson, it was necessary to carry the boat some distance, in order to launch it to another part of the flood. By the time the boat with its crew reached the cottage, its western side was entirely gone, and the boat was pushed in at the gap. Not a sound was heard within, and they suspected that all were drowned; but on looking through a hole in a partition, they discovered the unhappy inmates roosted, like fowls, on the beams of the roof. They were, one by one, transferred safely to the boat, half dead with cold; but the old man's mind, unable to withstand the agonizing apprehensions he had suffered, had become utterly deranged.

Henry and the Lord Chief-Justice.

SHAKSPEARE.



Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

P. Henry. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?
 What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
 The image of his power lay then in me:
 And, in the administration of his law,
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person:
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your working in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 Be now the father, and propose a son:
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, so silencing your son:
 After this cold considerance sentence me;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sov'reignty.

P. Henry. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this
 well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words:—
 Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son:
 And no less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hand of justice.—You did commit me:
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstain'd sword that you have used to bear;
 With this remembrance,—that you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;

You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt my ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world ;
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now ;
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
 Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd all our state,
 And (Heaven consigning to my good intents,)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

Hymn on the Seasons.

THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles,
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
 And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.

In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.



Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined;
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
 And all so forming a harmonious whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming, thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes
 O, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.—
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs and fruits and flowers
 In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! blest image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam His praise.

The thunder rolls! be hushed the prostrate world!
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands, all awake; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove,
 There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east—
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

Geological Proof of a Deity.

DR. BUCKLAND.

THIS interesting extract is from the admirable "Bridgewater Treatise" of this eminent geologist, now Dean of Westminster.



If it is admitted to be the high and peculiar privilege of our human nature, and a devotional exercise of our most exalted faculties, to extend our thoughts towards immensity and into eternity, to gaze on the marvellous beauty that pervades the material world, and to comprehend that witness of himself, which the

Author of the universe has set before us in the visible works of his creation ; it is clear that next to the study of those distant worlds which engage the contemplation of the astronomer, the largest and most sublime subject of physical inquiry which can occupy the mind of man, and by far the most interesting, from the personal concern we have in it, is the history of the formation and structure of the planet on which we dwell, of the many and wonderful revolutions through which it has passed, of the vast and various changes in organic life that have followed one another upon its surface, and of its multifarious adaptations to the support of its present inhabitants, and to the physical and moral condition of the human race.

These, and kindred branches of inquiry, co-extensive with the very matter of the globe itself, form the proper subject of geology, duly and cautiously pursued, as a legitimate branch of inductive science : the history of the mineral kingdom is exclusively its own ; and of the other two great departments of nature, which form the vegetable and animal kingdoms, the foundations were laid in ages whose records are entombed in the interior of earth, and are recovered only by the labours of the geologist, who, in the petrified organic remains of former conditions of our planet, deciphers documents of the wisdom in which the world was created.

Shall it any longer then be said, that a science, which unfolds such abundant evidence of the being and attributes of God, can reasonably be viewed in any other light than as the efficient auxiliary and handmaid of religion ? Some few there still may be, whom timidity or prejudice, or want of opportunity, allow not to examine its evidence, who are alarmed by the novelty, or surprised by the extent and magnitude of the views which geology forces on their attention, and who would rather have kept closed the volume of witness, which has been sealed up for ages beneath the surface of the earth, than impose on the student in natural theology the duty of investigating its contents ; a duty in which, for lack of experience, they may anticipate a hazardous or a laborious task, but which by those engaged in it is found to afford a rational, and righteous, and delightful exercise of their highest faculties, in multiplying the evidences of the existence, and attributes, and providence of God.

The alarm, however, which was excited by the novelty of its first discoveries, has well nigh passed away ; and those to whom it has been permitted to be the humble instruments of their promulgation, and who have steadily persevered, under the firm assurance that " truth can never be opposed to truth," and that the works of God when rightly understood, and viewed in their true relations, and from a right position, would at length be found to be in perfect accordance with his Word, are now receiving their high reward, in finding difficulties vanish, objections gradually withdrawn, and in seeing the evidence of geology admitted into the list of witnesses to the truth of the great fundamental doctrines of theology.

The whole course of geological inquiry shows that the physical history of our globe, in which some have seen only waste, disorder, and confusion, teems with endless examples of economy, and order, and design: and the result of all our researches, carried back through the unwritten records of past time, has been to fix more steadily our assurance of the existence of One supreme Creator of all things, to exalt more highly our conviction of the immensity of his perfections, of his might and majesty, his wisdom, and goodness, and all-sustaining providence; and to penetrate our understanding with profound and sensible perception of the "high veneration man's intellect owes to God." The earth from her deep foundations unites with the celestial orbs that roll through boundless space, to declare the glory and show forth the praise of their common Author and Preserver; and the voice of natural religion accords harmoniously with the testimonies of revelation, in ascribing the origin of the universe to the will of One eternal and dominant Intelligence, the Almighty Lord, and Supreme First Cause of all things that subsist,—“the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,”—“before the mountains were brought forth, or even the earth and the world were made, God from everlasting, and world without end.”

Ode to Fancy.

J. WARTON.

JOSEPH WARTON, the brother of Thomas Warton, was born in 1722; died in 1800. He was, in 1776, appointed head master of Winchester School, which he held for near thirty years. Although not equal to his brother as a poet, the polish and smoothness of his versification are not excelled.

O parent of each lovely Muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fatling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O nymph with loosely flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd;
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magic wand;
 Of power to bid fresh gardens grow
 'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow.
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Through air, and over earth and sea;

While the various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes ;
 O lover of the desert, hail !
 Say in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Midst falls of waters, you reside,
 'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between :
 'Midst forest dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor e'en one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd ;
 Where Nature seems to sit alone,
 Majestic on a craggy throne.



Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer tell,
 To thy unknown, sequester'd cell ;
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor ;
 And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly woven boughs

Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest.
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,
 Rapt in some wild, poetic dream ;
 In converse while methinks I rove
 With Spenser through a fairy grove ;
 Till, suddenly awaked, I hear
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear ;
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
 By the sweetly soothing sound !

Me, Goddess, by the right hand lead,
 Sometimes through the yellow mead,
 Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
 And Venus keeps her festive court,
 Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,
 Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
 Where Laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads ;
 Where Echo walks steep hills among,
 Listening to the shepherd's song.

Yet not these flowery fields of joy
 Can long my pensive mind employ :
 Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
 To meet the matron Melancholy !
 Goddess of the tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh !
 Let us with silent footsteps go
 To charnels and the house of woe ;
 To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,
 With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
 Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek ;
 Or to some abbey's mould'ring towers,
 Where, to avoid cold winter's showers,
 The naked beggar shivering lies,
 While whistling tempests round her rise,
 And trembles lest the tottering wall
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
 For my heart glows with martial fire ;
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat !
 The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear ;
 "Give me another horse !" I cry,
 Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly—
 Whence is this rage?—What spirit, say,
 To battle hurries me away?
 'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war ;

There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
 Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead:
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,
 And, pointing to th' ensanguined field,
 Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield!

O, guide me from this horrid scene,
 To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
 The fervours of the mid-day sun;
 The pangs of absence, O, remove,
 For thou canst place me near my love;
 Canst fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss.
 When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose;
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To Summer tells her tender tale;
 When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
 When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold;
 At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

O warm, enthusiastic maid,
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
 To utter an unhallow'd strain;
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
 Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.

O, hear our prayer! O, hither come,
 From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb!
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave:
 O queen of numbers! once again
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
 May boldly strike the sounding lyre,
 Who with some new unquall'd song
 May rise above the rhyming throng;
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
 With terror shake, with pity move,
 Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
 O deign t'attend his ev'ning walk,
 With him in groves and grottos talk;

Teach him to scorn, with frigid art
 Feebly to touch th' enraptured heart,
 Like lightning let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
 With native beauties win applause,
 Beyond cold critics' studied laws:
 O let each Muse's fame increase!
 O bid Britannia rival Greece!

Satire on Pretended Philosophers and Projectors.

SWIFT.

THIS Satire (moulded after the manner of Rabelais' "Queen Whim's Court,") is an admirable attack upon the absurd experiments made in the middle ages, and even in Swift's own time. Indeed, the whole spirit of "Gulliver's Travels," from which it is taken, is directed against the lovers of the marvellous, whether in story-telling or in experiments.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers.

He told me he did not doubt, in eight years more, that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers.

I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them. I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector *who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save*

the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this : in an acre of ground, you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other masts or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest ; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where in a few days they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it. It is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin. And he proposed further, that, by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks would be wholly saved ; whereof I was fully convinced when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, where-with he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them ; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turning of the winds.

I had hitherto only seen one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them the universal artist. He told us he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work : some were condensing air into a dry, tangible substance ; others, softening marble for pillows and pincushions ; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs ; the first to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs, and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided. The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with fort

pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work.

The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six and thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down. Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences, which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections. He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgments to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine, the form *and contrivance* of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper.

I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honour entire, without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country. The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns. The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity; for it is plain that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant, irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him.

I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us, who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave. But, for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss; therefore, the room where company meet to practise this art is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These

unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild, impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed me in the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions?

It is allowed that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant,* ebullient,†, and other peccant‡ humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions; with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen,§ flatus,|| vertigoes,¶ and deliriums;** with scrofulous†† tumours, full of fetid‡‡ prurulent§§ matter; with canine|||| appetites, and crudeness¶¶ of digestion; besides many others needless to mention.

This doctor therefore proposed, that upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should, on the fourth day, return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries, stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them remedies according as their several cases should require; and,

* *Redundant*, superfluous, or excessive.

† *Ebullient*, boiling over.

‡ *Peccant*, hurtful.

§ *Spleen*, ill-humour.

|| *Flatus*, wind in the stomach, or other cavities of the body.

¶ *Vertigoes*, dizziness in the head. ** *Deliriums*, wandering of the mind.

†† *Scrofulous*, diseased in the neck, or the glands; king's evil.

‡‡ *Fetid*, having an offensive smell. §§ *Purulent*, filled with offensive matter.

|||| *Canine*, belonging to a dog.

¶¶ *Crudeness*, imperfectness.

according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting.

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the dispatch of business in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again, because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity, and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or tread on his corns, or pull him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his body, or pinch his arms black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day repeat the same operation, until the business were done, or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man.

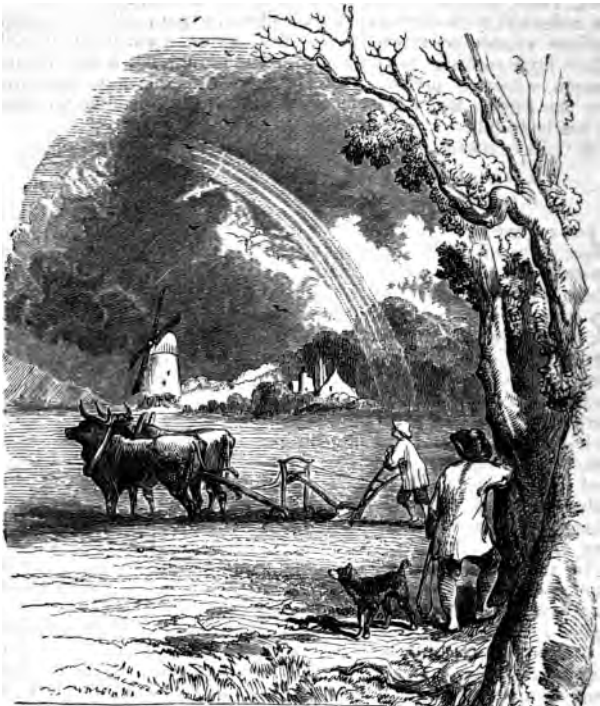
It seems, indeed, to be a work that requireth some exactness; but the professor assured us, that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: that the two half-brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they came into the world only to watch and govern its motions: and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.



HERRICK.

SWEET country life to such unknown
 Whose lives are others ; not their own ;
 But serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
 To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
 Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
 Bring'st home the ingot from the west :
 No, thy ambition's master-piece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
 All scores, and so to end the year :
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
 Not envying others' larger grounds ;
 For well thou know'st 't is not the extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet content,
 When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morn :
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
 Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know
 That the best comfort for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands :

There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
 With a hind whistling there to them ;
 And cheer'st them up, by singing how
 The kingdom's portion is the plough :
 This done, then to th' enamell'd meads
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
 Thou seest a present god-like power
 Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine ;
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
 Unto the dew-laps up in meat ;
 And as thou look'st the wanton steer,
 The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
 To make a pleasing pastime there ;
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep safe from the wolf and fox,
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool ;
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
 A shepherd piping on a hill.
 For sports, for pageantry and plays,
 Thou hast thy eves and holidays ;
 On which the young men and maids meet
 To exercise their dancing feet,
 Tripping the homely country round,
 With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
 Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
 Thy May-poles too, with garlands graced,
 Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
 Thy shearing-feast, which never fail,
 Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
 That's toss'd up after Fox i' th' hole,
 Thy mummeries, thy twelve-tide kings
 And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
 And no man pays too dear for it ;
 To these thou hast thy times to go,
 And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow ;
 Thy witty wiles to draw and get
 The lark into the trammel-net ;
 Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade,
 To take the precious pheasant made ;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls, then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
 O happy life ! if that their good
 Their husbandmen but understood ;
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these ;
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.



Omens.

DAVY.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, the great chemist, was born at Penzance, in 1778. He became president of the Royal Society, and, after a continued series of brilliant discoveries, he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-one.

Poict. I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the west.

Phys. I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.

Hal. Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?

Phys. The air when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-

making, rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have observed generally a coppery or yellow sunset to foretel rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and, consequently, the more ready to fall.

Hal. I have often observed that the proverb is correct—

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Can you explain this omen?

Phys. A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains, in this climate, are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

Poict. I have often observed that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. Can you account for this?

Hal. Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata of air are higher, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

Poict. I have often seen sea-gulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.

Orn. No such thing. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave, and you may see him flitting above the edge of the highest surge. I believe that the reason of this migration of sea-gulls, and other sea birds to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth worms and larvæ, driven out of the ground by severe floods; and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food, as we agreed on a former occasion, is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting, in the end of March, for the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome, a great flight appeared

on the 3rd of April, and the day after heavy rain set in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but *two* may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.

Poict. The singular connections of causes and effects, to which you have just referred, make superstition less to be wondered at, particularly amongst the vulgar; and when two facts, naturally unconnected, have been accidentally coincident, it is not singular that this coincidence should have been observed and registered, and that omens of the most absurd kind should be trusted in. In the west of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea coast was referred to a spirit or goblin, called Bucca, and was supposed to foretell a shipwreck; the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air, and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast, without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic.

Phys. All the instances of omens you have mentioned are founded on reason; but how can you explain such absurdities as Friday being an unlucky day, the terror of spilling salt, or meeting an old woman? I knew a man, of very high dignity, who was exceedingly moved by these omens, and who never went out shooting without a bittern's claw fastened to his button-hole by a ribbon, which he thought ensured him good luck.

Poict. These, as well as the omens of death-watches, dreams, &c., are for the most part founded upon some accidental coincidence; but spilling of salt, on an uncommon occasion, may, as I have known it, arise from a disposition to apoplexy, shown by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom; and persons, dispirited by bad omens, sometimes prepare the way for evil fortune; for confidence in success is a great means of ensuring it. The dream of Brutus, before the field of Pharsalia, probably produced a species of irresolution and despondency which was the principal cause of his losing the battle: and I have heard that the illustrious sportsman to whom you referred just now, was always observed to shoot ill, because he shot carelessly, after one of his dispiriting omens.

Hal. I have in life met with a few things which I found it impossible to explain, either by chance coincidences or by natural connections: and I have known minds of a very superior class affected by them—persons in the habit of reasoning deeply and profoundly.

Phys. In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and the referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert confidently on any abstruse subjects belonging to the ordeal of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.

Description of a Subtle Disputant.

BUTLER.

HE was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic; *
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute;
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination;
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, † he would do,
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope: ‡
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' the middle of his speech, or cough,
 He had hard words, ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by;
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk.

* *I. e.* the science of reducing things or discourses to their component parts.

† Logical terms to denote the form in which an argument is stated.

‡ Figure of speech.

For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to show't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich ;
 A Babylonish * dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect :
 It was a party-colour'd dress
 Of patch'd and piebald languages :
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if he had talk'd three parts in one ;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 He had heard three labourers of Babel ;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large ;
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit ;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em :
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones,
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.

Sir Roger de Coverley at Church.

ADDISON.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust

* Babel-like, confused.

of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel, and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he is surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times in the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife or mother, or son, or father do.

whom he does not see at church ; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place ; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire, and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers, while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year ; and the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people ; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of estate as of a man of learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

On the Order of Nature.

POPE.

SEE through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go !
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee,
 From thee to nothing. On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;

Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
 From Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to the amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky ;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
 Heaven's whole foundations to the centre nod,
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God :
 All this dread order break—for whom ? for thee ?
 Vile worm !—Oh madness ! pride ! impiety !

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head ?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this general frame :
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains,
 The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul ;*
 That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame ;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, as a hair in heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph, that adores and burns :
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

* This notion of the Deity animating the universe is commonly called Pantheism.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good:
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

On the Reformation of the Calendar.

BONNYCASTLE.

THIS excellent scholar in arithmetic and general mathematics, died in 1531. His books are still numbered among our standard treatises on such subjects.

Among the Greeks, and other ancient nations, the length of the year was generally regulated by the course of the moon; and their months were made to consist of twenty-nine and thirty days alternately, and their year of three hundred and fifty-four days: but as the time between two successive full moons is now known to be twenty-nine days twelve hours forty-four minutes and three seconds, and the time the sun takes to move from one of the solstitial points to the same point again is three hundred and sixty-five days five hours forty-eight minutes and forty-nine seconds, it is evident that this computation, although it agreed tolerably well with the course of the moon, must yet have been extremely defective, the difference between the lunar year and the true solar year being more than eleven days.

A reformation of this calendar was made in the year of Rome 708, under the reign of Julius Cæsar: and as it was computed that near ninety days had been lost by the former method of reckoning, these were now taken into the account, and the first Julian year was made to consist of four hundred and forty-four days, which was therefore called the Year of Confusion. After this the beginning of the year was fixed to the first of January, and each of the months, except February, was divided into thirty or thirty-one days, as they are at present. The odd day, which arises out of the six hours above-mentioned, was introduced into the calendar every fourth year, by reckoning the 24th of February twice over: and as this day, in the old account, was the same as the sixth of the calends of March, which had been long celebrated on account of the expulsion of Tarquin, it was called *bis-sextus calendas Martii*; from which we have derived our name of Bissextile or leap year. The Julian account, as this method of reckoning has since been called, though far superior to any which preceded it, was, however, still imperfect; for as the time in which the sun performs his annual revolution is not exactly three hundred and sixty-five days six hours, but three

hundred and sixty-five days five hours forty-eight minutes and forty-nine seconds, the civil year must, therefore, have exceeded the solar year by eleven minutes and eleven seconds, which, in the space of one hundred and thirty years, amounted to a whole day; and consequently, in forty-seven thousand four hundred and fifty years, the beginning of the year would have advanced forwards through all the seasons; so that in half the space of time the summer solstice, according to the Julian calendar, would have fallen in the midst of winter, and the earth been covered with frost when the bloom of vegetation was expected.

Among the first who discovered the imperfections of the Julian calendar were our countryman the Venerable Bede, Sacro Bosco, and Roger Bacon. Those great men, who were the ornaments of the times in which they lived, had observed that the true equinox preceded the civil one by about a day in a hundred and thirty years: and as the vernal equinox had been fixed in the year 325 to the 21st of March, it was accordingly found that from this time to the year 1582, when the next reformation was effected, the accumulated error amounted to about ten days; so that the vernal equinox was now found to happen on the 11th of March instead of the 21st, as it ought to have done had the Julian account agreed with the course of the sun.

This constant anticipation of the equinox, which in the course of more than a thousand years, had become too obvious not to be noticed, demanded some alteration: and Pope Gregory XIII. had the honour of accomplishing what several preceding pontiffs and councils had attempted in vain. This was, therefore, called the Gregorian account, or new style, and is that which is now in use throughout Europe.

The first object of the reformers was to correct the errors of the former methods of reckoning, and to make the length of the year agree more exactly with the course of the sun. For this purpose it was agreed that the ten days which had been gained by the old account should be taken from the month of October of the year then current, and the equinox brought back to the 21st of March.

The difference between the old and new style occasioned in England much inconvenience; but popular prejudices greatly retarded the introduction of the reformed calendar, till the year 1752, when an act of parliament was obtained for that purpose. And as a hundred and seventy years had elapsed since the Gregorian alteration took place, the old style had consequently gained above a day more upon the course of the sun than it had at that time; it was therefore enacted, that, instead of cancelling ten days, as had been done by the Pope, eleven days should be left out of the month of September; and accordingly, on the second of that month the old style ceased, and the next day instead of being the third, was called the fourteenth. There is now a difference of twelve days between the old and the new style.

Brutus and Cassius.

SHAKSPEARE.

Cas. WILL you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one);
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Caesar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus;
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester: if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

Bru. What means this shouting! I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay? do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on death indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born as free as Cæsar; so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god: and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake,
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend does awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried—Give me some drink, Titinius—
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus! and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time, are masters of their fates;
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together: yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meats does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus, one that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might entreat you)
 Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but this much show of fire from Brutus.

The Rescue.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

It was the end of March, and the weather was mild for the season. Humphrey arrived at the pit, and it was sufficiently light for him to perceive that the covering had been broken in, and therefore, in all probability, something must have been trapped. He sat down and waited for daylight, but at times he thought he heard a heavy breathing, and once a low groan. This made him more anxious, and he again peered into the pit, but could not for a long while discover anything, until at last he thought that he could make out a human figure lying at the bottom. Humphrey called out, asking if there was any one there. A groan was the reply, and now Humphrey was horrified at the idea that somebody had fallen into the pit, and had perished, or was perishing, for want of succour. Recollecting that the rough ladder which he had made to take the soil up out of the pit was against an oak tree, close at hand, he ran for it, and put it down the pit, and then cautiously descended. On his arrival at the bottom, his fears were found to be verified, for he found the body of a lad half-clothed, lying there. He turned it up as it was lying with its face to the ground, and attempted to remove it and to ascertain if there was life in it, which he was delighted to find was the case. The lad groaned several times, and opened his eyes. Humphrey was afraid that he was not strong enough to lift it on his shoulders and carry it up the ladder ; but on making the attempt, he found that from exhaustion, the poor lad's body was so very light that he experienced no difficulty in getting up to the surface in safety.

Recollecting that the watering-place of the herd of cattle was not far off, Humphrey then hastened to it, and filled his hat half full of water. The lad, although he could not speak, drank eagerly, and in a few minutes appeared much recovered. Humphrey gave him some more, and bathed his face and temples. The sun had now risen, and it was broad daylight. The lad attempted to speak, but what he did say was in so low a tone, and evidently in a foreign language, that Humphrey could not make it out. He therefore made signs to the lad that he was going away, and would be back soon ; and having, as he thought, made the lad comprehend this,



HUMPHREY RESCUING PABLO.

Humphrey ran away to the cottage as fast as he could; and as soon as he arrived, he called for Edward, who came out, and when Humphrey told him in few words what had happened, Edward went into the cottage again for some milk and some cake, while Humphrey put the pony into the cart.

In a few moments they were off again, and soon arrived at the pit-fall, where they found the lad still lying where Humphrey had left him. They soaked the cake in the milk, and as soon as it was soft, gave him some; after a time, he swallowed pretty freely, and was so much recovered as to be able to sit up. They then lifted him into the cart, and drove gently home to their cottage.

"What do you think he is, Edward?" said Humphrey.

"Some poor beggar lad, who has been crossing the forest."

"No, not exactly: he appears to me to be one of the Zingaros or gipsies, as they call them: he is very dark, and has black eyes and white teeth, just like those I saw once near Arnwood, when I was out with Jacob. Jacob said, that no one knew where they came from, but that they were all over the country, and that they were great thieves, and told fortunes, and played all manner of tricks."

"Perhaps it may be so; I do not think that he can speak English."

"I am most thankful to Heaven that I chanced this morning to visit the pit-fall. Only suppose that I had found the poor boy starved and dead! I should have been very unhappy, and never should have had any pleasure in looking at the cows, as they would always have reminded me of such a melancholy accident,"

"Very true, Humphrey; but you have been saved that misfortune, and ought to be grateful to Heaven that such is the case. What shall we do with him now we have him?"

"Why, if he chooses to remain with us, he will be very useful in the cow-yard," said Humphrey.

"Of course," replied Edward, laughing, "as he was taken in the pit-fall, he must go into the yard with all the others who were captured in the same way."

"Well, Edward, let us get him all right again first, and then we will see what is to be done with him; perhaps he will refuse to remain with us."

As soon as they arrived at the cottage, they lifted the lad out of the cart, and carried him into Jacob's room, and laid him on the bed, for he was too weak to stand.

Alice and Edith, who were much surprised at the new visitor, and the way in which he had been caught, hastened to get some gruel ready for him. As soon as it was ready, they gave it to the boy, who then fell back on the bed with exhaustion, and was soon in a sound sleep. He slept soundly all that night; and the next morning, when he awoke, he appeared much better, although very hungry. This last complaint was easy to remedy, and then the lad got up and walked into the sitting-room.

"What's your name?" said Humphrey to the lad.

"Pablo," replied the lad.

"Can you speak English?"

"Yes, little," replied he.

"How did you happen to fall into the pit?"

"Not see hole."

"Are you a gipsy?"

"Yes, Gitano—same thing."

Humphrey put a great many more questions to the lad, and elicited from him, in his imperfect English, the following particulars.

That he was in company with several others of his race, going down to the sea-coast on one of their usual migrations, and that they had pitched their tents not far from the pit-fall. That during the night he had gone out to set some snares for rabbits, and going back to the tents, it being quite dark, he had fallen into the hole. That he had remained there three days and nights, having in vain attempted to get out. His mother was with the party of gipsies to which he belonged; but he had no father. He did not know where to follow the gang, as they had not said where they were going, farther than to the sea-coast. That it was no use looking for them; and that he did not care much about leaving them, as he was very unkindly treated. In reply to the question as to whether he would like to remain with them, and work with them on the farm, he replied, that he should like it very much if they would be kind to him, and not make him work too hard; that he would cook the dinner, and catch them rabbits and birds, and make a great many things.

Address to a Wild Deer.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

MAGNIFICENT creature! so stately and bright!
 In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
 For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
 Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming head;
 Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!—
 Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
 Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
 O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn,
 Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
 As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
 For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
 Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee,
 Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
 O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
 A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
 Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
 There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,
 Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;

And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill
 In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still!—
 Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight
 Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
 One moment—thou bright apparition—delay!
 Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.
 His voyage is o'er—As if struck by a spell,
 He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;
 There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
 In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.



A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
 A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
 A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
 A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.
 Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee:
 Magnificent prison enclosing the free;
 With rock wall-encircled—with precipice crown'd—
 Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
 'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
 One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
 And close to that covert, as clear to the skies,
 When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
 Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
 Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold.

Yes: fierce looks thy nature, e'en hush'd in repose—
 In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
 Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
 With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
 No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
 The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
 As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
 And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
 In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death,
 In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
 In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
 In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
 Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign:
 —But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
 On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
 Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
 While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
 From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet;—
 And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
 As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

Napoleon's Passage of the Alps.

ANONYMOUS.

THE Chief Consul had resolved upon conducting, in person, one of the most adventurous enterprises recorded in the history of war. The formation of the army of reserve at Dijon was a mere deceit. A numerous staff, indeed, assembled in that town; and the preparation of the munitions of war proceeded there and elsewhere with the utmost energy: but the troops collected at Dijon were few; and,—it being universally circulated and believed, that they were the force meant to re-establish the once glorious army of Italy, by marching to the head-quarters of Massena at Genoa,—the Austrians received the accounts of their numbers and appearance, not only with indifference but with derision. Buonaparte, meanwhile, had spent three months in recruiting his armies throughout the interior of France; and the troops, by means of which it was his purpose to change the face of affairs beyond the Alps, were already marching by different routes, each detachment in total ignorance of the other's destination, upon the territory of Switzerland. To that quarter Buonaparte had already sent forward Berthier, the most confidential of his military friends, and other officers of the highest skill, with orders to reconnoitre the various passes in the great Alpine chain, and make every other preparation for the movement, of which they alone were, as yet, in the secret.

The statesmen who ventured, even after Brumaire, to oppose



the investiture of Buonaparte with the whole power of the state, had, at first (as we have seen), attempted to confine him to the military department; or so arrange it that his orders, as to civil affairs, should, at least, not be absolute. Failing in this, they then proposed that the Chief Consul should be incapable of heading an army in the field, without abdicating previously his magistracy: and, to their surprise, Napoleon at once acceded to a proposition which, it had been expected, would rouse his indignation. It now turned out how much the saving clause in question was worth. The Chief Consul could not, indeed, be general-in-chief of an army; but he could appoint whom he pleased to that post; and there was no law against his being present, in his own person, as a spectator of the campaign. It signified little that a Berthier should write himself commander, when a Napoleon was known to be in the camp.

It was now time that the great project should be realised. The situation of the "army of Italy" was most critical. After a variety of petty engagements, its general saw his left wing (under Suchet) wholly cut off from his main body; and, while Suchet was forced to retire behind the Var, where his troops had the utmost difficulty in presenting any serious opposition to the Austrians, Massena had been compelled to throw himself with the remainder into Genoa. In that city he was speedily blockaded by the Austrian general Ott; while the imperial commander-in-chief, Melas, advanced, with 30,000, upon Nice—of which place he took possession on the 11th of May. The Austrians, having shut up Massena, and well knowing the feebleness of Suchet's division, were in a delirium of joy. The gates of France appeared, at length, to be open before them; and it was not such an army of reserve as had excited the merriment of their spies at Dijon that could hope to withstand them in their long-meditated march on Provence—where Pichegru, as they supposed, was prepared to assume the command of a numerous body of Royalist insurgents, so soon as he should receive intelligence of their entrance into France. But they were soon to hear news of another complexion from whence they least expected it—from behind them.

The Chief Consul remained in Paris until he received Berthier's decisive despatch from Geneva—it was in these words: "I wish to see you here. There are orders to be given by which three armies may act in concert, and you alone can give them in the lines. Measures decided on in Paris are too late." He instantly quitted the capital; and, on the 7th of May, appeared at Dijon, where he reviewed, in great form, some 7000 or 8000 raw and half-clad troops, and committed them to the care of Brune. The spies of Austria reaped new satisfaction from this consular review: meanwhile, Napoleon had halted but two hours at Dijon; and, travelling all night, arrived, the next day, at Geneva. Here he was met by Marescot, who had been employed in exploring the wild passes of the Great St. Bernard, and received from him an appalling picture of the difficulties of marching an army by that

route into Italy. "Is it possible to pass?" said Napoleon, cutting the engineer's narrative short. "The thing is barely possible," answered Marescot. "Very well," said the Chief Consul, "*en avant*"—let us proceed.

While the Austrians were thinking only of the frontier where Suchet commanded an enfeebled and dispirited division—destined, as they doubted not, to be re-inforced by the army, such as it was, of Dijon,—the Chief Consul had resolved to penetrate into Italy, as Hannibal had done of old, through all the dangers and difficulties of the great Alps themselves. The march on the Var and Genoa might have been executed with comparative ease, and might, in all likelihood, have led to victory; but mere victory would not suffice. It was urgently necessary that the name of Buonaparte should be surrounded with some blaze of almost supernatural renown; and his plan for purchasing this splendour was to rush down from the Alps, at whatever hazard, upon the rear of Melas, cut off all his communications with Austria, and then force him to a conflict, in which, Massena and Suchet being on the other side of him, reverse must needs be ruin.

For the treble purpose of more easily collecting a sufficient stock of provisions for the march, of making its accomplishment more rapid, and of perplexing the enemy on its termination, Napoleon determined that his army should pass in four divisions, by as many separate routes. The left wing, under Moncey, consisting of 15,000 detached from the army of Moreau, was ordered to debouche by the way of St. Gothard. The corps of Thureau, 5000 strong, took the direction of Mount Cenis: that of Chabran, of similar strength, moved by the Little St. Bernard. Of the main body, consisting of 35,000, the Chief Consul himself took care; and he reserved for them the gigantic task of surmounting, with the artillery, the huge barriers of the Great St. Bernard. Thus along the Alpine Chain—from the sources of the Rhine and the Rhone to Isere and Durance—about 60,000 men, in all, lay prepared for the adventure. It must be added, if we would form a fair conception of the enterprise, that Napoleon well knew not one-third of these men had ever seen a shot fired in earnest.

The difficulties encountered by Moncey, Thureau, and Chabran, will be sufficiently understood from the narrative of Buonaparte's own march. From the 15th to the 18th of May all his columns were put in motion: Lannes, with the advanced guard, cleared the way before them; the general, Berthier, and the Chief Consul himself, superintending the rear-guard, which, as having with it the artillery, was the object of highest importance. At St. Pierre all semblance of a road disappeared. Thenceforth an army, horse and foot, laden with all the munitions of a campaign, a park of forty field-pieces included, were to be urged up and along airy ridges of rock and eternal snow, where the goatherd, the hunter of the chamois, and the outlaw-smuggler are alone accustomed to venture; amidst precipices where to slip a foot is death; beneath glaciers from which the percussion of a musket-shot is often suffi-

cient to hurl an avalanche; across bottomless chasms caked over with frost or snow-drift; and breathing

"The difficult air of the iced mountain-top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flits o'er the herbless granite."²

The transport of the artillery and ammunition was the most difficult point: and to this, accordingly, the Chief Consul gave his personal superintendence. The guns were dismounted, grooved into the trunks of trees hollowed out so as to suit each calibre, and then dragged on by sheer strength of muscle—not less than an hundred soldiers being sometimes harnessed to a single cannon. The carriages and wheels being taken to pieces, were slung on poles, and borne on men's shoulders. The powder and shot, packed into boxes of fir-wood, formed the lading of all the mules that could be collected over a wide range of the Alpine country. These preparations had been made during the week that elapsed between Buonaparte's arrival at Geneva and the commencement of Lannes' march. He himself travelled, sometimes on a mule, but mostly on foot, cheering on the soldiers who had the burden of the great guns. The fatigue undergone is not to be described. The men in front durst not halt to breathe, because the least stoppage there might have thrown the column behind into confusion, on the brink of deadly precipices; and those in the rear had to flounder knee-deep, through snow and ice trampled into sludge by the feet and hoofs of the preceding divisions. Happily the march of Napoleon was not harassed, like that of Hannibal, by the assaults of living enemies. The mountaineers, on the contrary, flocked in to reap the liberal rewards which he offered to all who were willing to lighten the drudgery of his troops.

On the 16th of May, Napoleon slept at the convent of St. Maurice; and, in the course of the four following days, the whole army passed the Great St. Bernard. It was on the 20th that Buonaparte himself halted an hour at the convent of the Hospitallers, which stands on the summit of this mighty mountain. The good fathers of the monastery had furnished every soldier as he passed with a luncheon of bread and cheese and a glass of wine; and, for this seasonable kindness, they received the warm acknowledgments of the chief.† It was here that he took his leave of a peasant youth, who had walked by him as his guide, all the way from the convent of St. Maurice. Napoleon conversed freely with the young man, and was much interested with his simplicity. At parting, Buonaparte asked

* Byron's "Manfred."

† The worthy Hospitallers of St. Bernard have stationed themselves on that wild eminence, for the purpose of alleviating the misery of travellers lost or bewildered amidst the neighbouring desiles. They entertain a pack of dogs, of extraordinary sagacity, who roam over the hills night and day, and frequently drag to light and safety pilgrims who have been buried in the snow.

guide some particulars about his personal situation; and, having read his reply, gave him money and a billet to the head of the monastery of St. Maurice. The peasant delivered it accordingly, and was surprised to find that, in consequence of a scrap of writing, which he could not read, his worldly comforts were to be permanently increased. The object of this generosity remembered, nevertheless, but little of his conversation with the Consul. He described Napoleon as being "a very dark man" (this was the set of the Syrian sun), and having an eye that, notwithstanding his affability, he could not encounter without a sense of fear. The only saying of the hero which he treasured in his memory was, "I have spoiled a hat among your mountains: well, I shall find a new one on the other side."—Thus spoke Napoleon, wringing the rain from his covering as he approached the hospice of St. Bernard.—The guide described, however, very strikingly, the effects of Buonaparte's appearance and voice, when any obstacle checked the advance of his soldiery along that fearful wilderness which is called phatically, "The valley of Desolation." A single look or word was commonly sufficient to set all in motion again. But if the way presented some new and apparently insuperable difficulty, the Consul bade the drums beat and the trumpets sound, as if for the charge; and this never failed. Of such gallant temper were the orders which Napoleon had at command, and with such admirable skill did he wield them!

On the 16th the vanguard, under Lannes, reached the beautiful vale of Aosta, and the other divisions descended rapidly on their steps. This part of the progress was not less difficult than the rest before. The horses, mules, and guns, were to be led down the slippery steep after another—and we may judge with what anxious care, since Napoleon himself was once contented to slide singly a hundred yards together, *scated*.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

GRAY.

THE curfew tells the knell of parting day,
 The howling herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
*Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.*



THE LOWING HERD WINDS SLOWLY O'ER THE LEA.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a Gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his Country's blood.
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy Text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
 For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.
 For Thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—
 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;
 "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook, that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt’ring his wayward fancies, would he rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss’d him from the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

“The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay
Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

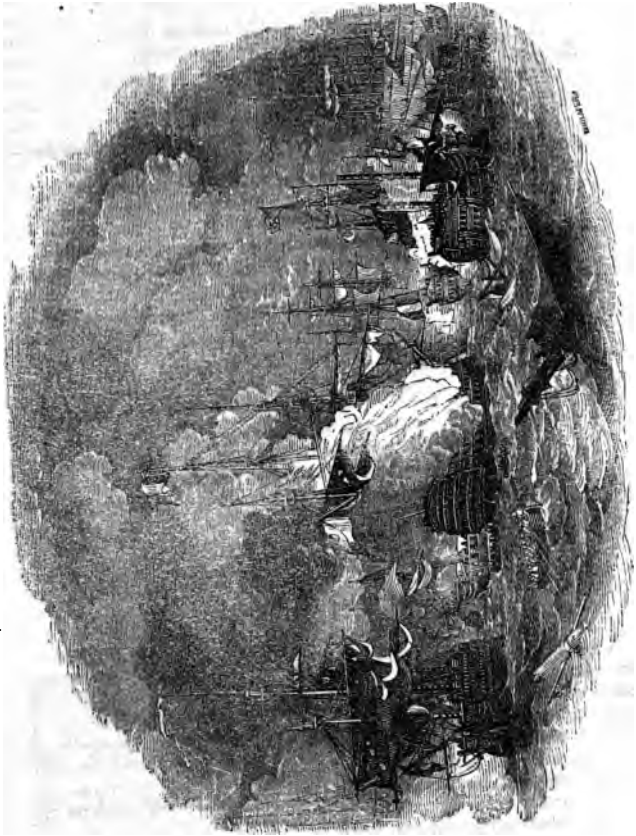
Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The Bosom of his Father and his God.

The Battle of the Nile.

SOUTHEY.

THE French fleet arrived at Alexandria on the first of July, 1798, and Admiral Brueys, not being able to enter the port, which time and neglect had ruined, moored the ships in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle; the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the north-west, and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the south-west.

The advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying 1196 guns, and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one fifty-gun ship, carrying 1012 guns, and 8068 men. The English ships were all seventy-fours: the French had three eighty-gun ships, and one three-decker of one hundred and twenty.



BATTLE OF THE NILE.

During the whole pursuit it had been Nelson's practice, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the *Vanguard*, and explain to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack, and such plans as he proposed to execute on falling in with the enemy, whatever their situation might be. There is no possible position, it is said, which he did not take into consideration. His officers were thus fully acquainted with his principles of tactics; and such was his confidence in their abilities, that the only thing determined upon, in case they should find the French at anchor, was for the ships to form as most convenient for their mutual support, and to anchor by the stern. "First gain your victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can." The moment he perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which Nelson was endowed displayed itself; and it instantly struck him that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing there was room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow and another on the outer quarter of each of the enemy's. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the admiral; "that we shall succeed is certain—who may live to tell the story, is a very different question."

As the squadron advanced, they were assailed by a shower of shot and shell from the batteries on the island, and the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, within half gunshot distance, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence; the men on board every ship were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in tending the braces, and making ready for anchoring;—a miserable sight for the French, who, with all their skill and all their courage, and all their advantages of number and situation, were upon that element on which, when the hour of trial comes, a Frenchman has no hope. Admiral Brueys was a brave and able man; yet the indelible character of his country broke out in one of his letters, wherein he delivered it as his private opinion that the English had missed him, because, not being superior in force, they did not think it prudent to try their strength with him. The moment was now come in which he was to be undeceived.

A French brig was instructed to decoy the English, by manœuvring so as to tempt them towards a shoal lying off the island of Beguieres; but Nelson either knew the danger, or suspected some deceit, and the lure was unsuccessful. Captain Foley led the way in the *Goliath*, outsailing the *Zealous*, which for some minutes disputed this post of honour with him. He had long conceived that, if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, because the French guns on that

side were not likely to be manned, nor even ready for action. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and, having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquérant*, before it was cleared, then anchored by the stern, inside of her, and in ten minutes shot away her masts. Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the station which the *Goliath* intended to have occupied, and totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Sir J. Saumarez; she passed to windward of the *Zealous*, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier*; then, passing inside the *Goliath*, sunk a frigate which annoyed her, hauled toward the French line, and, anchoring inside between the fifth and six ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin* and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down. The *Audacious*, Captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the *Guerrier* and the *Conquérant*, fixed herself on the larboard bow of the latter, and when that ship struck, passed on to the *Peuple Souverain*. The *Theseus*, Captain Miller, followed, brought down the *Guerrier's* remaining main and mizen masts, then anchored inside the *Spartiate*, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half-pistol shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different part of the rigging, lest they should be shot away—that they should be struck, no British admiral considers as a possibility. He veered half a cable, and instantly opened a tremendous fire, under cover of which the other four ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, sailed on ahead of the admiral. In a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the *Vanguard's* deck was killed or wounded—these guns were three times cleared. Captain Louis, in the *Minotaur*, anchored next ahead, and took off the fire of the *Aquilon*, the fourth in the enemy's line. The *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, passed ahead, and dropped her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, seventh in the line, Bruce's own ship, of one hundred and twenty guns, whose difference in force was in proportion of more than seven to three, and whose weight of ball, from the lower deck alone, exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Peyton, in the *Defence*, took his station ahead of the *Minotaur* and engaged the *Franklin*, the sixth in the line; by which judicious movement the British line remained unbroken. The *Majestic*, Captain Wescott, got entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships astern of the *Orient*, and suffered dreadfully from that three-decker's fire; but she swung clear, and closely engaging the *Heureux* the ninth ship in the starboard bow, received also the fire of the *Ton-*

nant, which was the eighth in the line. The other four ships of the British squadron, having been detached previous to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance when the action began. It commenced at half-after six, about seven the night closed, and there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, then foremost of the remaining ships, was two leagues astern. He came on sounding, as the others had done. As he advanced, the increasing darkness increased the difficulty of the navigation, and suddenly, after having found eleven fathoms' water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast ground; nor could all his own exertions, joined to those of the *Leander* and *Mutiné* brig, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to bear a part in the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which would else, from the course they were holding, have gone considerably further on the reef, and must inevitably have been lost. These ships entered the bay and took their stations, in the darkness, in a manner still spoken of with admiration by all who remember it. Captain Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure*, as he was bearing down, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail. Nelson had directed his ships to hoist four lights horizontally at the mizen peak as soon as it became dark, and this vessel had no such distinction. Hallowell, however, with great judgment, ordered his men not to fire. "If she was an enemy," he said, "she was in too disabled a state to escape; but, from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship." It was the *Bellerophon*, overpowered by the huge *Orient*. Her lights had gone overboard, nearly two hundred of her crew were killed or wounded, all her masts and cables had been shot away, and she was drifting out of the line towards the lee-side of the bay. Her station at this important time was occupied by the *Swiftsure*, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin* and the bows of the French admiral. At the same instant Captain Ball, with the *Alexander*, passed under his stern, and anchored within sight on his larboard quarter, raking him, and keeping a severe fire of musketry upon his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy was the *Leander*. Captain Thompson, finding that nothing could be done that night to get off the *Culloden*, advanced with the intention of anchoring athwart-hawse of the *Orient*. The *Franklin* was so near her ahead, that there was not room for him to pass clear of the two; he therefore took his station athwart-hawse of the latter, in such a position as to rake both.

The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action; and the others in that time suffered so severely, that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot. Captain Berry caught him

in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so; a large flap of the skin of the forehead cut from the bone, had fallen over the eye; and, the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon, in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors—with a natural but pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. "No!" said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined, till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson; he then sent for Captain Louis on board, from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance he had rendered to the *Vanguard*; and, ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory. When the surgeon came in due time to examine the wound (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger. The surgeon requested, and, as far as he could, ordered him to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the Admiral that he was unable to write. The chaplain was sent for; but before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone; when suddenly a cry was heard on the deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed; and, to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead; he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his spot; a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted, and the oil-jars and paint-buckets were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers

and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck with which the sea was strewn; others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momentarily dreaded. Some were picked up by our boats; and some, even in the heat and fury of the action, were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British ships by the British sailors. The greater part of her crew, however, stood the danger to the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful; the firing immediately ceased on both sides; and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record, that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake:—such an event would be felt like a miracle: but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this coinstantaneous pause, and all its circumstances.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the Commodore, Casa Bianca, and his son, a brave boy only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up. She had money on board (the plunder of Malta) to the amount of six hundred thousand pounds sterling. The masses of burning wreck which were scattered by the explosion, excited for some moments apprehensions in the English which they had never felt from any other danger. Two large pieces fell into the main and foretops of the *Swiftsure*, without injuring any person. A port-fire also fell into the main-royal of the *Alexander*: the fire which it occasioned was speedily extinguished. Captain Ball had provided, as far as human foresight could provide, against any such danger. All the shrouds and sails of his ship, not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted, and so rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At daybreak the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreuse*, the two rear ships of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying; they cut their cables in the forenoon, not having been engaged, and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The *Zealous* pursued; but, as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. It was generally believed by the officers that, if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships could have escaped; the four certainly could not, if the *Culloden* had got into action; and, if the frigates belonging to the squadron had been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These four vessels, however, were all that escaped; and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene;" he called it a conquest. Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt;

of the four frigates, one was sunk; another, the *Artemise*, was burnt in a villainous manner by her captain, M. Estandlet, who, having fired a broadside at the *Theseus*, struck his colours, then set fire to the ship, and escaped with most of his crew to shore. The British loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to 895. Westcott was the only captain who fell; 3105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel, and 5225 perished.

Thus ended this eventful battle, which exalted the name of Nelson to a level at least with that of the celebrated conqueror, whose surprising success at the head of the French armies had then begun to draw the attention of the civilized world. Buonaparte had stained his laurels by the unprecedented baseness of his private conduct; he had not scrupled to turn Turk, and all his public proclamations were disgraced by the absurd phrases of Mahometan superstition: Nelson, on the other hand, had no occasion of showing that he was an Englishman and a Christian; the first words of his despatches on this memorable occasion prove his gratitude to that Providence which had protected him:—*“Almighty God has blessed his Majesty’s arms.”*

The Deserted Village.

GOLDSMITH.



SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd—
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please—

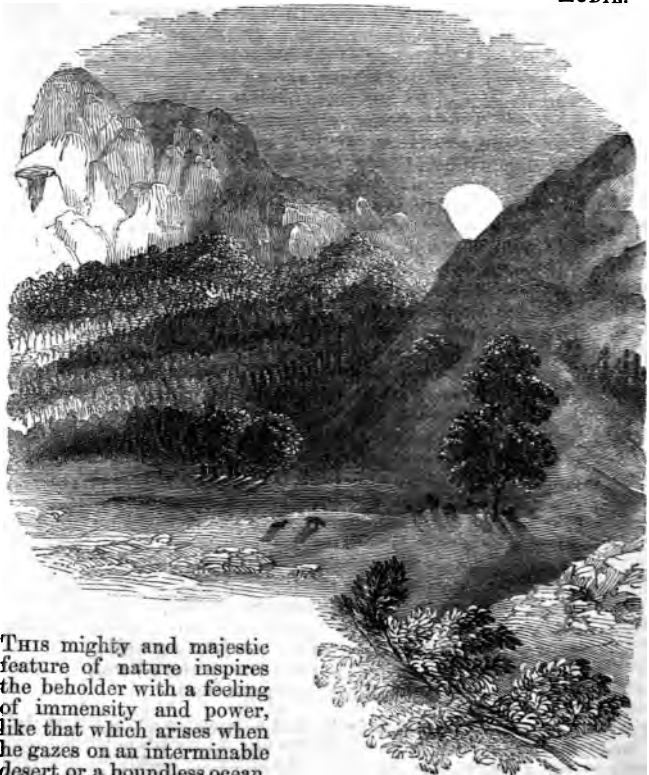
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene ;
 How often have I paused on every charm—
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made ;
 How often have I blest the coming day
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree—
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed,
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round :
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired—
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down,
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place,
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed ;
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
 Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But choked with sedges works its weedy way ;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern* guards its nest ;
 Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

* The bittern may be said to be the bird of desolation: "the bittern shall dwell there" is the final curse, and implies that the place is to become uninhabited and uninhabitable. Its hollow and dismal cry sounds like the voices of a bull and a horse combined. The lapwing is a bird of the wild and marshy moor, extremely shy and watchful, and on the least alarm utters a loud and painful note.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

The Mountain.

MUDIE.



THIS mighty and majestic feature of nature inspires the beholder with a feeling of immensity and power, like that which arises when he gazes on an interminable desert or a boundless ocean.

No eye, however uninstructed, and no heart, however stealed, can fail to have been impressed by a sense and a feeling of the sublime

and the awful, as he beholds those huge and mysterious bulwarks; towering through the air, like pyramids connecting earth with heaven,—their sides girdled with the forest, and their summits crowned with the snows of a thousand years. Whether we look upon them from the plain, rearing their dark and giant forms into the regions of the sky, and flinging down their cataracts with the resistlessness of time and the roar of thunder,—or wander amid their vast solitudes and horrid wastes, listening to the rush of the wind among their pine-organs, startling the eagle from his eyrie, and intruding upon the birth-place of the storm; and glancing down through some cleft in the clouds, far below us, upon the earth, which we seem to have left, with its towns and rivers lying like the painted dots and lines upon a map,—we are alike struck by a revelation of wonders, before which the spirit falls prostrate, and acknowledges that, with a presence which there is no doubting, "God is" indeed "here."

But it is not to be imagined that these mighty evidences of an immortal workmanship are idle and unnecessary excrescences upon the otherwise fair and even surface of the earth which they overlook; or that their wildernesses are set apart as the dwelling-place of desolation, or their caverns as the home in which the "blackness of darkness" abides. It is not to be supposed that Nature (all whose other schemes are so replete with a visible beneficence), where she has worked upon her mightiest scale, has worked idly or ill; or that she has created a machinery before whose stupendous materials and motions the feeble imitations of man are as the productions of insignificance, but in the service of him to whose good her minutest operations tend. To say nothing of the stones, crystals, and metals which they contain within their womb,—to say nothing of the animals which furnish food or clothing to man, that wander by their torrents, or start amid their echoes,—to say nothing of the timber which hardens on their sides, or the fuel which forms in their hearts,—not even to mention the medicinal plants which owe their birth to the chill air of these upland wastes,—nor the thousand other benefits which man, in his civilized and social state, gathers from these great garner-houses,—they are the reservoirs from which the world is watered, and the fertilizing principle shed abroad throughout the earth. By a process infinitely designed and beautifully framed, working with immensity as unerringly as if it were with atoms, the peaks of the mountains are fitted for the arrest and distillation of the clouds which gather round and overhang them, making half their mystery and horror; and their interior is formed into a thousand basins and canals in which the waters are gathered, and by which they are poured out, in streams of life and with voices of gladness, through the plains. By that beneficent working which, "from seeming evil still educes good," the waste of glacier and the wilderness of snow send forth, upon their triumphant paths, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Nile; and of the apparent desolation of the mountains are born the beauty, the glory, and the fruitfulness of the earth.

But to the eye of science they present yet another source of interest and gratitude, scarcely less important. Piled up as they are, like huge portions of the central earth, flung out by an antediluvian convulsion, and with their sides laid bare by the violence of tempests, and exhibiting the naked strata of which they are constructed, they enable us to investigate many of the secrets of that earth on which we tread, and which must, otherwise, remain concealed, within its inaccessible depths. They are like vast warehouses, in which Nature has congregated samples of her works for the inspection of science—like libraries, written by no mortal hand, in which may be read her mysteries, by whom study has made acquainted with her language. By a careful perusal of their construction, and of the materials of which they are composed, by observation of their various phenomena, and of that of the atmosphere by which they are surrounded, together with the relative influences of each upon the other,—we may at length, discover the mechanism of the earth, and the great problem regarding the formation of the world may be, one day, solved.



The Lake.

THE consideration of this division of the more striking features of the earth's surface properly follows the last—inasmuch as they are usual accompaniments of mountain scenery, and form part of the machinery by which nature works for the transmission of those waters which are distilled by, and gathered into the lakes, as well as for the provision of those vapours with which the atmosphere feeds these huge alembics of the earth. In what is, unscientifically enough, called the New World, and particularly in Canada,

MUD

inland waters have a character somewhat different from that which they assume in the portion of the globe of which our island forms a part;—extending to the magnitude, and exhibiting most of the phenomena of seas, and standing in less immediate and visible connexion with mountain ranges, to which they owe their birth. In Europe, the principal lakes are those of Switzerland; to which, with the surrounding scenery, those in the northern parts of our own island bear, in all respects, a close resemblance.

Here they present to the eye an appearance which at once indicates their origin; and exhibit in immediate connexion with each other, the various parts of that eternal process by which the vivifying principle is preserved from stagnation,



and the spirit of fruitfulness poured over the earth. Embosomed in deep valleys, and shut in by circling hills,—fed by the streams and torrents that pour from the uplands, opening chasms in the mountains, and wearing fissures in the cliffs; or by the countless streams that penetrate towards the earth's centre, till, turned by some stratum of rock, they burst upward, in springs, amid the hidden depths,—and presenting a surface from which, in turn, the air may gather exhalations, and send up to the mountain-peaks volumes of clouds, laden with fresh materials for the action of their appointed part in the beautiful design,—they afford to the naturalist a field of never-wearying interest, and to rational man a theme for gratitude, adoration, and love.

To the enthusiast in the picturesque, nature nowhere presents an aspect of such varied beauty as amid these combinations of hill and water and glade. That monotony which characterizes a wide expanse of unbroken plain, even when clothed in a mantle of uniform hue, and that unrelieved sense of awe and loneliness which a mountain range, without this soothing accompaniment, is apt to suggest, are, alike, absent here. All that is most sublime is softened by all that is most beautiful; and all that is most beautiful is elevated by all that is most sublime. The pervading and perpetual presence of water clothes the earth in its richest robe of verdure; and there is a spirit of life and motion over all, which prevents that feeling of oppression and melancholy with which man finds himself bowed down in the immediate presence of nature, in her mightier agencies. The air is full of soothing sounds, poured from a thousand natural sources,—the ripple of the mimic wave upon the mimic beach; the murmur of the cascade; the roaring of the cataract; the sighing of the breeze, or the rushing of the blast among the rocking woods; all blend into one wild, but enchanting harmony,—repeated by a thousand voices from hill and grove and glade,—that it might well suggest a mythology like that of the Greeks of old, and lead the imagination to people every cliff and stream and tree with a dryad or a faun.

Battle of Blenheim.

SOUTHEY.

It was a summer's evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done;
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 That he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
 Who fell in the great victory.



STORY OF THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

I find them in the garden, for
 There's many here about.
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out;
 For many thousand men, said he,
 Were slain in the great victory.
 Now tell us what 'twas all about,
 Young Peterkin he cries,
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
 That put the French to rout;
 But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said, quoth he,
 That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
 You little stream hard by,
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a child and mother then,
 And new-born infant died.
 But things like that, you know, must be,
 At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won,
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that you know must be
 After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene.—
 Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
 It was a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who such a fight did win.
 But what good came of it at last?—
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 Why that I cannot tell, said he,
 But 'twas a famous victory.

Night Lights.

MUDIE.

THE beams of the moon contain little of the red or the heating rays; and it is well known how very efficient moonlight is in the performing those operations which are more immediately performed by the rays towards the de-oxydizing end of the spectrum. Every housewife knows how nicely her linen is whitened if she can leave it out during the moonlight; and many know that muslins which the sun would render yellow or brown, can be preserved as white as snow if dried by the light of the moon. Every farmer, too, that takes notice (and surely the most unobserving farmers watch the progress of their crops), must have observed how very rapidly the moonlight, not merely whitens, but actually matures and ripens his corn. In that respect, one fine moonlight night is equal to at least two days of sunshine; and that circumstance, while it lets us see that moonlight has other qualities besides poetical beauty, tells us, that Nature is a WHOLE, and that the parts which we would suppose to be the most distant and unconnected, yet co-operate with each other in the most perfect and wonderful manner.

In consequence of that obliquity in the earth's path round the sun, which gives summer and winter alternately to the two hemispheres, and a regular succession of the four seasons to all the temperate latitudes, and in consequence of an additional obliquity in the moon's path round the earth, the full moon rises just at sunset for about a week together. That takes place during the harvest; its mean season being about the twenty-second of September, and the middle never more than fifteen days sooner or later than that. That is called the harvest moon, and though in the early districts, where there is plenty of solar action to ripen the crops, it be not much heeded, it is very beneficial in the cold districts; and as the obliquity to which it is owing, increases as the latitude increases, the harvest moon continues for the greatest number of nights in the cold climates. Thus we see how far the influence of what we would deem a simple cause extends in the operations of nature, and how well that which our ignorance is apt to regard as a disadvantage, works for our good. Indeed, there is not an object or an occurrence in nature which has not its use, if we would but look for it; and it is just because we are ignorant of the uses of little things, that we fail in the execution of great ones.

It is in the perceiving of these connexions which appear remote and unexpected, that men who combine science and observation together have so much the advantage of mere men of science or mere surface observers. One would not at first suppose that the study of the mere motions of the earth and moon, and the fact that the light of the moon is a secondary or reflected light, had *anything to do with the whitening of linen, or the ripening!*

corn: and yet the two are as closely connected as if they were parts of one single process. That should teach us not to pass any one thing or occurrence unobserved, or any one observation without reflecting on it; because there is knowledge in them all; and, at a time when we may have no means of obtaining it, we may be greatly at a loss for that very knowledge which we pass over unheeded.

There is another circumstance connected with moonlight which is worthy of notice, and that is, that where there is least sunshine there is most moonlight. The full moon is not always directly opposite to the sun, but sometimes a little higher and sometimes a little lower than the point opposite, but directly opposite is the average place of the full moon; and thus the full moon is, on the average, just as long above the horizon and shining, as the sun is below it and set; and if the sun is high at noon, the moon is low at midnight; also, if the mid-day sun is low, the midnight moon is correspondingly high. The influence, or action of the light, both of the sun and the moon, is in proportion to the length of time that they shine, and also to their height above the horizon; and thus, during winter, there is the greatest duration as well as the greatest strength of moonlight; and always as one goes into a higher latitude, the winter full moons shine longer and more brightly. The Lapland moon is an object far more beautiful than they who live in more genial climates and have the atmosphere loaded with vapour can easily imagine. The intense frost there sends down every particle of water in a state of finely powdered snow, each little piece as hard and bright as rock crystal; and the strong power of crystallization so holds the particles of those little pieces together, that even when there is a glimmer of mid-day sun, that produces no vapour. The winter sky is in consequence perfectly pure, dry, and transparent. No sapphire can rival the depth of its blue; every star blazes like a diamond; and the light of the moon, of which every particle is sent down through the pure air, well deserves Milton's epithet of "peerless." It is so bright and silvery, and so gratifying, without being the least painful to the eye, that it is probably the most glorious sight in nature. But it can be seen only at some distance from the unfrozen sea, and the collected habitations of men, as there is always some action in the atmosphere at such places.

Moonlight is not the only instance that we have of cold light; for the first beginnings of flame, in substances that are easily kindled, and also the last glimmers of smouldering fires, are cold and blue as compared with the light of vigorous combustion. That may be seen in the lighting of a common match, the flame of the easily burned sulphur on which is cold and blue in comparison with the flame after it has reached the splinter of wood. Phosphorus, and also those substances which give out light that are called phosphorescent, are also cold and blue. One of the *most remarkable* of these is the *IGNIS FATUUS*, or "*Lantern Jack*," which floats over marshy places, and, in all probability,

consists of hydrogen gas combined with phosphorus and sulphur, which being exceedingly inflammable, may be set on fire by the friction of the air in a breeze too gentle for agitating the branches or rustling the leaves. The motion of a human being through an atmosphere strongly impregnated with those highly inflammable gases, may be sufficient to produce a train of the cold blue flame.



It is from the decomposition of animal and vegetable matters that those gases are produced. The quantity of small animals—chiefly of the insect tribes, that are continually perishing in marshes—by falling from their island habitations in their rushes and reeds into the water between, is much greater than would readily be

supposed; and when those waters are shallow, and the air and light, in consequence, act powerfully upon them, there are materials and means enough for the production of ten times the number of *ignes fatui*, that ever were observed. Churchyards are very favourable for their appearance; and hence probably the reason why they have been associated with spirits, and considered objects of terror, while they are in themselves not only perfectly harmless, but exceedingly beautiful, especially when seen in lonely places and amid trees.

In tropical countries, where the action of the sun is more powerful during the day, and longer suspended during the night than with us, and where consequently both growth and decomposition go on much more rapidly, those airy meteors of the night are much more common than they are with us. They are more common at sea, too, than they are on land; though there they seldom rise above the surface unless the water is agitated. But when that is done, in certain states of the weather, namely, after long calms, when the water has not been much disturbed, there is a ripple of light at the bows of the vessel, and her wake bears some resemblance to the tail of a comet. Every splash of the oars flings radiance, and a hand skilfully dipped in the water appears to be kindling. There seems little reason to doubt, that all those lights are produced by decomposition, whether of the ultimate destruction of dead animals or of the separation of waste in living ones; and that they are nothing more than some of the highly inflammable gaseous compounds kindled by the friction of motion. That they do exist in living animals is seen in the various species of fire-flies, which in some parts of the tropical countries make the evening sky as brilliant as if the whole heavens were hung with countless myriads of little lamps, and all those lamps were dancing in mazes of incessant motion. We have no luminous



flying insect in this country; but the female GLOW-WORM, which is not uncommon under hedges in the warmer places of England, and at the warm season of the year, emits a beautiful bluish white light, which appears much brighter in consequence of the dark and shady places in which it is seen. The male of the glow-worm is a winged insect, which flies low in the evenings, but emits no light.



LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chesnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

